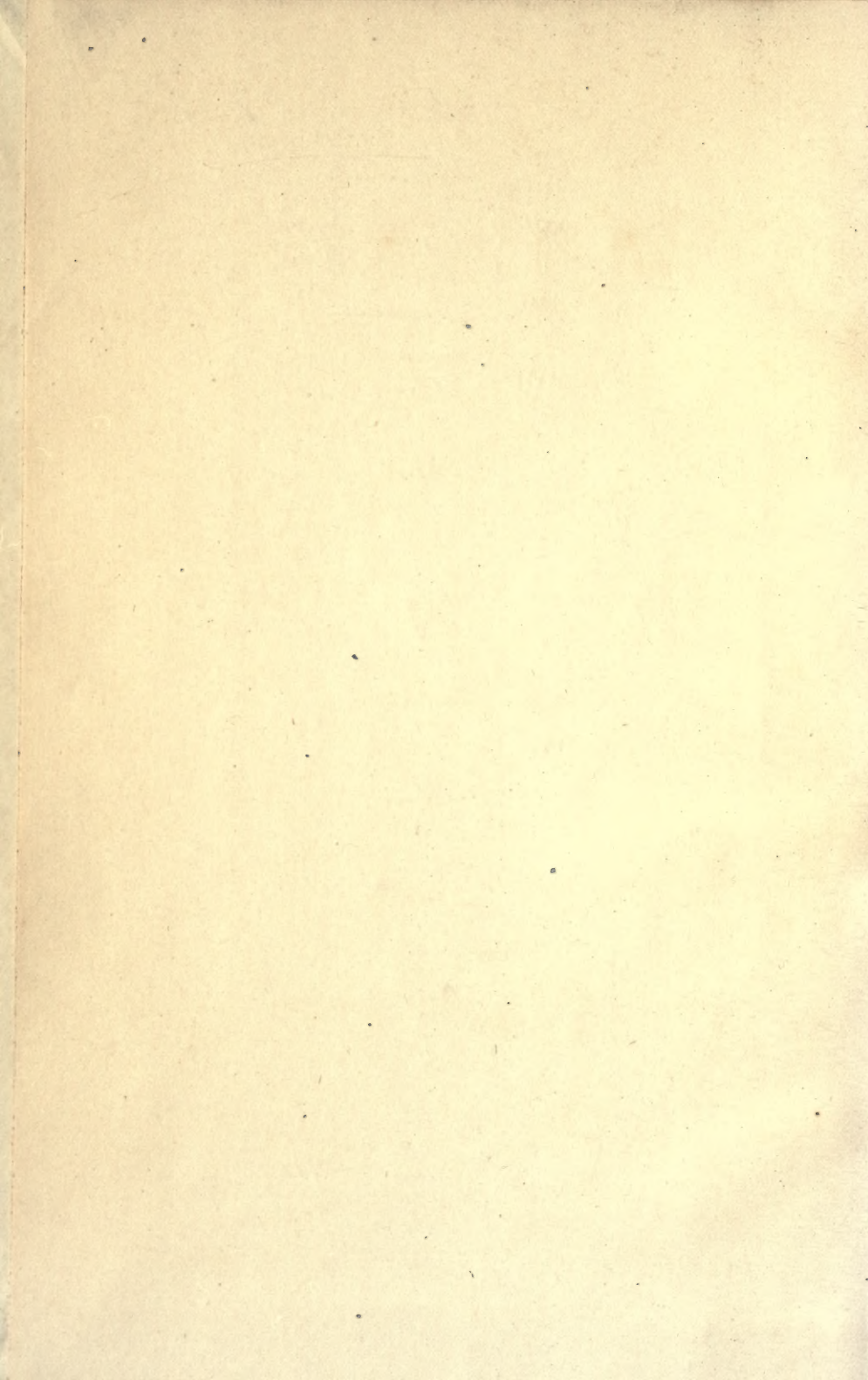


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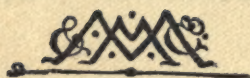
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VOL. LXXXVIII





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INDEX.

	PAGE
A Toiler's Romance	455
A Village Cricket Club	290
A Village Feud	193
A White Stranger; by MRS. CHAN-TOON	68
Aldwych in London; by LAURENCE GOMME	199
Amusements of the People, The; by J. G. LEIGH	445
Arcady; by MARCUS REED	219
Battle of Shrewsbury, The; by A. G. BRADLEY	188
Blackbirds at Lancing; by JOSEPH TRUMAN	51
Borough Councils and Rising Rates; by ALOYS N. EMMEL, PH.D.	483
Cloud in the Far East, The	354
Colonies and Imperial Defence, The; by the Editor of the "United Service Magazine"	99, 286
Colonies and Imperial Defence, The; A Rejoinder; by ARTHUR H. LORING	218
Elizabeth's Rooinck; by EDGAR JEPSON	389
Fiscal Question, The: History's Argument; by C. B. ROYLANCE KENT	336
Fledgeling Republic, A; by W. S. BARCLAY	107
Foundations of our Fighting Power, The; by LIEUT.-COL. F. N. MAUDE	14
Golden Vale, The; by ERNEST ENSOR	114
Handicrafts, The; by MISS A. S. GALBRAITH	225
Hector Berlioz; by J. CUTHBERT HADDEN	295
Hope	444
Irregulars of the Navy, The; by W. J. FLETCHER	465
John Maxwell's Marriage; by STEPHEN GWYNN—	
Chapters IX.—XII.	1
„ XIII.—XVI.	81
„ XVII.—XX.	161
„ XXI.—XXIV.	241
„ XXV.—XXVIII.	321
„ XXIX.—XXXII.	401
La Petite	262
Little Sister of the Poor, The; by Miss EDITH SELLERS	28
Middle-Aged Meditation, A; by POSTUMUS	141
Mr. George Moore and Ireland's Vocation; by PROFESSOR R. Y. TYRELL	206
My Great-Grandmother's Lute	344

Index.

	PAGE
Old Days in a Wessex Village; by A. MONTEFIORE-BRICE	363
Pleasures of the Table, The	53
Progress of Temperance, The; by R. E. MACNAGHTEN	379
Protection or Free Trade? by P. F. ROWLAND	255
Ralph Waldo Emerson	37
Sayings of Sir Oracle, The	426
Seville Cathedral; by HAVELOCK ELLIS	23
Slipping Backwards; by PEVERIL JOLLIFFE	372
Some Aspects of Modern University Education; by SIR RICHARD JEBB, M.P.	268
Some Opinions of a Pedagogue; by S. T. IRWIN	450
Some Principles of Poetic Criticism; by H. H. DODWELL	123
Switzerland of the Wayside; by H. C. MACDOWALL	46
Tammany and the Puritans	303
The Baronet	284
The Four Packmen	192
The Gipsy Maid; by W. H. OGILVIE	121
The Nine Penguins' Eggs	146
The Saint of Baalbec	309
The Valley of Shades; by W. W. GIBSON	352
The Visionary	277
The Youth of Fear; by W. H. CHESSON	13
Two Peoples and a Prophecy; by G. D. HAZZLEDINE	60
Venus; by ED. VINCENT HEWARD	131
Verdict of the Past, The; by A. G. HYDE	278
Wreckage of Empire; by HUGH CLIFFORD, C.M.G.	416

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUMES I. TO LXXXVIII., COMPRISING NUMBERS 1—528.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1903.

JOHN MAXWELL'S MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER IX.

It was now well advanced in the afternoon, and the sunlight began to slant into the end of the dining-room by a tall window which faced toward the slope of lawn and wooded hill-side. Mr. Nesbit sat at the head of his table, Jack on his right, the Dean on his left. Next the Dean was Sir Garrett Lambert. Jack's right hand neighbour was sunk into sonorous sleep; and the group of four at the head of the board were marked off from the rest of the company, who drank hard, noisily enough, yet with a kind of fear that kept their faces averted, save now and then for a quick glance in Mr. Nesbit's direction.

The severance was by no will of the host's; he exerted himself to be affable with men to whom at other times he would scarcely have addressed a roadside salutation. "A glass of wine with you, Major Pearse," he said to a sodden half-pay officer who sat at the further end of the board. But the clear hard cut accents had something sinister behind their affability.

Major Pearse bowed awkwardly and tossed off his glass. "He's mighty civil, then, this day," he grumbled to his neighbour, "but, begad, it's like drinking wine with a thunderstorm."

Dean Vigors, however, lent an air

of geniality that somewhat mitigated the aspect of the gathering. With his wig a trifle pushed back, his white bands a little rumped, yet preserving an elegance in their disorder, he smiled with a glow of condescension on the entire company. Refilling his glass from the great punch-bowl before it set out on yet another circuit, "James," he said, "I wonder to see you so exotic in your habits. You are constant to the claret—excellent claret, though a rascal purveyed it. But I hold that a man should drink at Rome what Rome drinks; and at Rome I drink Falernian, at Paris Bordeaux or Burgundy, and in Ireland the whisky of your mountains. Mr. Maxwell, I am glad to see you are of my party."

Jack indeed had not spared the claret, and now he was drinking the punch fiercely. What would at another time have stupefied him, now in the high-strung state of his nerves only added to his excitement. He was in that confident stage of wine when a man has no suspicion that he is drunk, but feels convinced of his own wit and perspicacity. Skilfully drawn on by Dean Vigors, he spoke out all the schemes which hurt vanity, swift in such inventions, proffered to his young imagination. And the coarse commentary of Garrett Lambert, though it offended, did not reduce him to the silence of disgust.

It irritated without checking his desire for self-assertion.

"Yes, Mr. Dean," he replied to the challenge, stumbling slightly over the syllables as he turned the phrase, "I drink whisky. Whisky is better to laugh on."

"Excellent, Mr. Maxwell," assented the Dean. "You are determined to laugh, then."

"Why, sir," replied Jack, leaning with flushed face across his host, "some one said there were two sorts of people in the world—the laughers and the laughed-at. And to my thinking it lies in your own choice which you shall belong to. And you see now, sir, being so situated that I must either cry or laugh, I laugh, sir. *Aut comœdia aut trœgia*. Life is as you take it." And he drained his glass.

"Damme, Maxwell," struck in Sir Garrett, who had listened with a sarcastic smile, "I admire your philosophy. I doubt if I should find it so laughable to be jilted. But every man to his taste. What do you say, Mr. Nesbit?"

Mr. Nesbit started slightly. He had seemed as if listening to the talk, yet it was but with half his mind. "Say, sir?" he answered, "I say that Jack's is a wise method. Laughter is a rapier that can parry as well as thrust. But for my part," he added grimly, "I trust to heavier weapons. I should have word soon from Ross, and the hue and cry is out by this after O'Donnell."

"Well, James," put in the Dean, with a leer that sat ill on his clerical countenance, "I say nothing against these measures. Revenge is sweet doubtless. But were I Mr. Maxwell I would seek revenge in a more palatable direction."

"You would provide yourself with a mistress, sir?" broke in Sir Garrett with his coarse laugh, "if you were not

already provided, as would be the more reasonable, and, may be, the more likely."

The Dean made a bland gesture of deprecation. "I speak, sir, according to the flesh, and I speak impersonally."

"By God, Mr. Dean," answered Sir Garrett with a grin, "I doubt there is more of the flesh in your composition than in Mr. Maxwell's. Have you not noticed, sir, that these mischances befall none so often as your delicate lovers?"

Jack flushed angrily. "Delicacy," he said,—and, his tongue tripping a little, he repeated the word with careful enunciation,—"delicacy has never stood in your way, I am sure, Lambert."

"No, by God, then, neither it has, sir," answered the other with his whinnying laugh. "I never gave a woman the chance to change her mind yet."

Dean Vigors leaned persuasively across the table towards Jack. "Believe me, Mr. Maxwell, that, although our friend here expresses himself with some lack of refinement, there is sound philosophy in what he says. Woman, sir, is naturally hesitant, and she abhors the state of doubt; her gratitude is all for the one who—cuts the Gordian knot, shall I say?"

Lambert laughed uproariously, and Jack looked at him with intensified dislike. "Well, sir," he answered, "I cannot promise to find my consolations so easily as Sir Garrett. I must pursue my own methods—but I promise you it shall be to find my own pleasure."

Mr. Nesbit looked at the lad's angry face as he spoke; then raising his glass he touched it on Jack's. "Your health, Jack. I never knew you yet speak otherwise than as a gentleman should. I am of your mind. No, sir, it is not by picking

up with some dirty street-wench or cast mistress that you shall make your reprisals, but by providing yourself, if that is to be the word, with better than you lost."

It was Sir Garrett's turn to flush now, and he turned an ugly red as Mr. Nesbit spoke. But before he could answer the door opened, and old George came in hurriedly.

"Paddy Kelly is back, your honour, and a note with him."

Mr. Nesbit's eyes gleamed. "Bid him come in," he said, with a touch of jubilation. Then turning to the company, "Gentlemen, I trust I shall have news for you."

There was an expectant silence in the room, broken by the snores of Jack's neighbour. Two other drunken men awoke, and rubbing their eyes, asked sleepily, "What is it?" In the hush, the door opened, and a lad of about nineteen came in, looking sullen and frightened. He was dressed in a soiled hunting coat, tattered breeches, and burst boots.

Mr. Nesbit snatched the letter which he carried from his hand, and read, the whole company watching him as he fixed eager eyes on the sheet. For an instant, a contraction that was almost a spasm crossed his face; he drew in his shoulders and his hands tightened on the paper. Then he set a fierce stare on the boy who shuffled from foot to foot under the scrutiny.

Smoothing out the letter which he had crumpled to a ball, Mr. Nesbit again looked at it. No word was said in the room. Then he spoke, and his cold voice was vibrant with restrained passion. "Mr. Ross says he did not receive my message till two in the afternoon. I saw you cross the hill at twenty minutes after nine. You have come back in three hours. What kept you on your way in the morning?"

"Please your honour, the horse

went lame on me, but I got a new shoe put on him in Portnakill, and he was well able for it coming back." The boy spoke volubly enough, but he avoided Mr. Nesbit's eye. Mr. Nesbit pushed his chair back a little, and turned sideways to face him full. "He went lame, did he? Listen to me, Paddy," he went on, gentle as a cat with a mouse. "From half-past nine to two o'clock is four hours and a half. And what distance is it from the top of the Slieve Alt road to Portnakill? Speak up, sir," he snapped, with a sudden flash of violence.

The boy's body writhed, as he shifted on his feet, answering, "Twelve long mile, your honour."

"Twelve long miles, Paddy. You may say that, since it took you four and a half hours to travel them. Two miles and three quarters in the hour. And you could not borrow a horse? Or leave the horse and run? I will teach you, sir, to loiter," he said with a snap of his teeth, rising to his feet. "Excuse me, gentlemen, for a moment. Come, boy."

Jack Maxwell listened to all this in a kind of dream. Since he had stopped talking, his mind grew sluggish. He guessed well enough what all this meant. Every servant on the place was devoted to Mary Nesbit, and Paddy, like the rest, had conspired to help her. Paddy doubtless had shaken his sides over the cleverness of the girl who used one lover to help her to a meeting with his favoured rival. Well, Paddy was going to pay for it.

As the door closed upon Mr. Nesbit, Dean Vigors picked up the letter which had been flung on the table and glanced at it. "Read it out, Mr. Dean," said Sir Garrett chuckling; "let us see what stuck so in Nesbit's gizzard. By God, I thought he would choke when he read it."

The Dean read :

SIR,—Your messenger reaches me at two of the afternoon, when I am sitting down to dinner. By what I can learn from him, it appears that McLoughlin's sloop went out of Douros early in the morning, and with this favourable breeze, she must be off Malin Head by now. Pursuit is therefore useless, and her passengers stand every chance of a fair voyage. I take occasion, Sir, to observe that had you, in your zeal for the King's service, warned me earlier of McLoughlin's movements the information could have reached me in time to make a seizure certain. I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient, JAMES ROSS.

A murmur went up from the table. "Begad," said Major Pearse, speaking the feeling of many, "it's long since James Nesbit got a slap in the face like that. I wouldn't be in Paddy's shoes for a hundred."

"Open the door, Pearse," Sir Garrett cried, "I'll wager we shall hear some of the fun. Ay—hark to that," he added, as the door was opened, and through the stone hall there came from the direction of Nesbit's office the thud of desperate blows between cries of pain.

"I trust there may be no misadventure," said Dean Vigors lazily, but with a quickening of the eye. "I saw James thrash a dog once that had snapped at him. He got it by the scruff of the neck, and when he was done beating it the animal did not get up again."

"Well, the play is ended now, any way," said Pearse, closing the door and stumbling drunkenly to his seat, in haste like a schoolboy who fears detection. In a moment Mr. Nesbit entered, his thin face flushed, his quick decisive step a little quickened, his breathing heightened. His dress was still neat, and as he entered he smoothed out the ruffles at his wrists. But the seam of the coat was burst at the shoulder.

"I ask your pardon for deserting you, gentlemen," he said, resuming his

seat at the head of the table, but in a posture very different from the lounging sprawl of his company. "I find myself in the presence of a conspiracy and I am obliged to correct at once. It is hard to say where the treachery may spread."

His words roused Jack's half forgotten resentment. "Spread, sir!" he stammered, finding speech an increasing difficulty. "The whole country-side has been in the plot, and you and I the only souls who were in ignorance. There was the whole rabble of your tenantry gathered in your avenue to jeer at me and Hamilton when we passed this morning."

Mr. Nesbit pushed his chair back with the air of one who finally arrives at a decision. "Did they so?" he said. "Well, Jack, you and I will take order with them when we have settled this business. There is satisfaction owing to you from this house, and you shall have it, here and now, sir. My daughter has jilted you; that cannot be helped. But I have another daughter of some name for beauty, and, sir, she shall be yours."

CHAPTER X.

A HUSH of stupefaction fell on the room. Jack's mind, working dizzily through a mist of wine, had only one clear perception. Full opposite him was the leering face of Garrett Lambert, which through all that interminable day had acted as an irritant on his nerves. And now, with the quickness of hate, he saw a dull flush spread over Lambert's face, an aspect of discomfiture and what he knew to be envy. He saw, and a sullen joy rose in his heart. Here beyond a doubt was his triumph—here was the confusion of this chief of the mockers.

Dean Vigors leaned across Mr.

Nesbit and stretched out a moist hand. "Mr. Maxwell, I congratulate you on the rarest good fortune. 'Tis as though a man should lose a goose and be compensated with a swan."

But Lambert rose clumsily from his seat and, lurching as he walked, came round to Mr. Nesbit. "Sir," he said, "this is a bad hour for business, but I wish a word with you in private before this goes farther."

Jack flung himself back in his seat with an insolent gesture. "If Sir Garrett Lambert desires to advance any claim in opposition to mine, I am ready to settle the matter between us by the customary methods."

But Mr. Nesbit rose to his feet. "Come, gentlemen, there is no occasion for this. Pray be seated, Sir Garrett. I have made my offer, and if Jack Maxwell chooses to put upon me the indignity of a refusal, I have nothing to say against it."

The young baronet was clumsily resuming his seat, but he paused to speak. "I should have thought, sir," he said with a venomous malignity, "that the delicacy of which Mr. Maxwell makes so much, would prevent him from offering to marry a lady who had never set eyes upon him, and who may have other prospects. Miss Nesbit is entitled to look for a better match."

"Sir Garrett, sir, would prefer the matter to be decided by a comparison," said Jack, triumphantly but with laborious elocution,—"a comparison of rent-rolls, rather than by the method of decision which I set before him."

Sir Garrett only scowled. "Damn your methods," he retorted. "I say the girl should be allowed to choose for herself."

"Sir Garrett," broke in Mr. Nesbit sharply, "you will be pleased to observe proper civility. And I would have you to understand, sir, that

Miss Nesbit knows her duty and will do it when it is placed before her."

"But, James," said Dean Vigors, "is it not proper at least that the young lady and gentleman should be presented to each other. As I understand, they have not met."

The Dean, as he spoke, passed his tongue luxuriously round his full lips. He loved a scene, and here were the makings of one. And to embellish his vinous imaginings with the present spectacle of so beautiful a woman would be entirely to his liking.

The company chimed in with their various voices. "Ay, sir, let him see the girl." "Twill hearten him better than all our consolations." "Let Miss Isabel come down: why, the half of us came here to-day to look at her."

Mr. Nesbit rose and stepped over to the bell. "Certainly, gentlemen, it is the least ceremony that we can show you. But you must allow the ladies a little time to make themselves fine; we need not part you so soon from the bottle."

Hurrying steps were heard in the hall in answer to his ring, and old George entered with a countenance full of relief. "Glory be to God, your honour," he cried, "he's come to himself!"

Mr. Nesbit frowned. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Pat Kelly, sir. I made sure you would be ringing to know if he was dead."

"Do you think, you blockhead, that I would disturb gentlemen over their wine to have news of that young blackguard?" was the fierce answer. "Go up at once to Mrs. Nesbit's room and say that Mr. Maxwell wishes to be presented to Miss Isabella, and that I desire her and her mother to make themselves ready to receive their company in the drawing-room."

The old man's face fell and he hesi-

tated for a moment; then, as his master snarled at him "Go, sir," he hurried out of the door, muttering confusedly.

Mr. Nesbit rose again to his feet. "You must excuse me once more, gentlemen: and you, Thorpe," he said to his attorney, who sat near the foot of the table, "will come with me. It will be necessary, Jack, to alter the names in the settlements; but I need not trouble you with that formality. When they are ready, Thorpe and I will bring them here for your signature. Vigors, will you take my place and keep the bottle moving? By your leave, gentlemen."

As he went out at the door, alert as ever, followed by the rolling feet of Mr. Thorpe, who lurched heavily on the polished boards, a general sense of relief came over his guests. Tongues were unloosed. "Trust Nesbit not to forget the settlements," was the first sentence in half-a-dozen mouths. Then they settled down to rally the bridegroom with all the freedom of that age, which, till then, Mr. Nesbit's punctilious nicety of language had restrained.

Who says there is truth in wine? Drink distorts, exaggerates, over-emphasises, plays on a foible till it becomes a passion ready to flash into crimes. And of all foibles none is so strong and universal in the drunken as the fear and resentment of ridicule. Dread of ridicule is specially a young man's weakness, and Jack had perhaps more than his share of it; and all this day hurt vanity, supersensitive, had been screaming with rage in him. Now he saw himself in a pass where to recede would be to double and treble the load of ridicule upon him. To stick at nothing had become a fixed idea in his imagination. And beside it was implanted another. To go back was to give a triumph to Garrett Lambert, and Lambert stood to him for the whole

sniggering world, in whose sneering face he had been tempted half-a-dozen times to dash a wineglass. To go on, was to make this Lambert green with envy and mortification. Such was the choice. And so Jack accepted the coarse raillery and the coarse congratulation, with all his squeamishness in revolt, yet with a fierce kind of triumph. As for the girl, he scarcely gave her a thought; his one desire was to be through with his period of torment, to be loosed from the stake to which he was bound. He realised nothing beyond the moment; there was no forecast even of sensuality in his thought. Still, he felt a stirring of curiosity, mingled with some proprietary resentment, as the new bride was canvassed over the table. Dean Vigors rose to a tipsy eloquence upon the charms of her person.

"Ay, Mr. Dean," bawled Major Pearse from his end of the table, "but don't forget she's James Nesbit's daughter. By God, Maxwell, she won't let you forget it. There's little of the mother in her. A touch-me-if-you-dare woman as ever I saw. Faith,"—and he made a show of whispering to his next neighbour, who burst into drunken guffaws.

"What's that, Pearse?" said Sir Garrett with his ugly sneer, "are you wondering if delicacy will answer better with her than with her sister?"

A roar of laughter followed, and Jack, pushing back his chair, stumbled to his feet. "Sir!" he cried, flaming with anger. But at the same instant the door opened, and Mr. Nesbit entered, followed by the lawyer bearing documents and an inkhorn.

"Come, gentlemen," he said, seeing Jack's angry gesture, "let us have no quarrelling. We shall join the ladies in a moment." He rang again. As the old butler appeared, "Go up, George," he said, "and enquire of

Mrs. Nesbit if she and Miss Isabel are ready."

The delay lengthened to several minutes, and Mr. Nesbit beat impatiently on the floor with his foot, while curious and amused expectation was in the eyes of all. Pearse at the far end spoke aside to his neighbour, but Mr. Nesbit's ear caught the whisper.

"What is that you say, sir?" he cried angrily. "Refuse to come down! By heaven, sir, you seem to think I am not master in my own house!"

As he spoke, the door opened, and old George appeared with a frightened face. - "Well, sir," thundered his master.

"Please your honour," he answered tremulously, "Mrs. Nesbit is not fit to stir."

Mr. Nesbit sprang to his feet. "Not fit to stir! Go up then, and bid Miss Isabel come down instantly."

Men nudged each other under the table. The old butler shook where he stood, as he spoke again in deprecating accents. "Please your honour, maybe you would go up yourself and speak to Miss Isabel. She wouldn't listen to a word."

Nesbit's face went dead white, his eyes contracted to a point, his nose grew pinched. "So, sir?" he said. And without another word, he walked out of the room, his body quivering.

CHAPTER XI.

THE centre of Douros House was a square well, lit from the top, and occupied by the broad, white stone stair, with its balustrade of wrought iron. Round the top ran galleries from which the bedrooms opened. Mrs. Nesbit's room was over the drawing-room, with a window east and a window south; its door in the east gallery nearly faced the top of the stair.

Mr. Nesbit ran up the broad steps with his light quick tread, and went to open the door. He found it locked, and in a sudden passion shook at the handle with all his force, crying, "Open." He heard his wife's voice tremulous and pleading.

"It's Mr. Nesbit, my dear; it's your father. Be quick now and let him in. You must, you know."

A sullen step crossed the room and the door was thrown open. The angry man strode into the spacious cool bed-chamber, its walls hung with white flowered paper, the great bed canopied with a pink chintz. Mrs. Nesbit loved air and faint cool colours.

She was lying now, rather than seated, on a great chintz-covered sofa, and she struggled to rise as he entered, a loose pink dressing-gown falling about her. Isabella stood beside her mother, a strange contrast to the little soft, frail, pleading figure. She was fully dressed, and the great hoop spread out the gorgeous plum-coloured silk of her sacque in heavy folds. The frills of her sleeves, a yard wide, fell over the stiff structure with imposing dignity; her cap, peaked in the centre, Mary Stuart fashion, rose high over her drawn-back hair. She was not above the middle height, but she had that perfection of figure which makes it easy for a skilful costumier to produce the effect that is desired, and Isabella always desired to be of commanding presence.

Her face conformed exactly to the taste of that time in beauty. It was a pure oval; the forehead was high, slightly receding, and a little narrow; nothing square cut, whether in the line of jaw or temple; the eyes long and full. Her year of fine society had given just that touch of definition and distinction to her carriage, and even, as it seemed, to the moulding of her features, which in girlhood they had lacked; but neither

balls nor card-parties had taken from her the supreme feminine attraction so seldom allied with dignity of feature. She had by nature, inherited from her parents, and brought to perfection by the soft airs of her home, the beauty which all cosmetics vainly endeavour to imitate—that exquisite bloom of the skin which is libelled in the comparison to peach or plum. She had it, too, combined with a rare type of colouring. Under dark brown hair and brows was the deep blue eye that goes only with dark hair, and her cheek was a mixture of two complexions, soft as the blonde, rich as the brown.

Her long neck rose clear from the low corsage, showing that slope of the shoulders which was then accounted the final perfection of beauty—and it had the whiteness of milk. Yet now there was an angry red through it, and her cheeks burned. A dispassionate observer would have deplored the sullen droop at the corner of her mouth. As she faced her father it was obduracy pitted against fierceness.

Her father however for the moment took no note of her, but addressed himself to his wife. "What is the meaning of this, Mrs. Nesbit?" he said. "Did I not send word to you to dress yourself and come down?"

"Oh, James," the poor lady cried, tremulously clasping her hands, "I thought it must be some joke. Surely you could not ask Isabel and me to do such a thing."

"And why not, madam? Because you put an affront on your company this morning, is that a reason you should not show respect to my guests now?"

"You may see for yourself, sir," said Isabella angrily, "that my mother is not fit to come down. And if she were, it would be no place for ladies among the drunken riff-raff you have with you."

Mr. Nesbit looked her up and down with a grim smile. "So, madam. These are the fine manners you have brought back with you. Your father's guests are not good enough to associate with." He paused for a moment, as the girl stood before him in lowering silence. "But I am glad to see," he went on, "that you at least have had the sense to dress yourself in a becoming fashion." Then, turning to his wife, "Put on your clothes at once, Mrs. Nesbit," he commanded.

Timorously, as if obeying a mechanical impulse too strong for her to resist, the gentle little lady went over to her wardrobe and began confusedly to open drawers, the tears streaming from her eyes, sobs shaking her. But the girl maintained her obstinate attitude.

"My mother may do as she likes, sir," she said. "I refuse to go down. There is no reason why we should be subjected to this indignity."

Mr. Nesbit bowed ironically. "Madam," he said, "with all deference to your judgment, there is the best of reasons. Mr. Maxwell, whom you are to marry, is below, and it is proper that you should be presented to him before the ceremony."

Mrs. Nesbit gave a little gasping cry, dropping the robe that was in her hands. Hurrying with uncertain feet across the room, she fell on her knees before her husband. "Oh James," she cried, "you cannot mean this."

Isabella remained motionless, but a flush of crimson spread over her neck and brow. "This is some drunken folly," she said in a tone of bitter scorn. "Sir, it is painful to my mother that you should expose yourself thus."

Mr. Nesbit started as if he had received a blow in the face. For an instant it seemed as if he would leap at the girl. His hands clenched

themselves, while his wife clung about his knees. Then mastering himself he spoke with a terrible voice. "Rise up, Mrs. Nesbit. You have heard your daughter accuse her father of drunkenness."

"Oh James, don't mind her," cried the woman between her sobs; "she doesn't know what she is saying."

Her husband helped her to rise and with some gentleness seated her in a chair. Then, turning to the girl, "This matter must be made clear. You are aware, miss," he said to her sternly, "that your sister has broken her engagement to Maxwell. I stand, therefore, in his debt and there is only one means for me to acquit it. I have made this proposal to him publicly, he has publicly accepted it; the settlements are even now being prepared, and where the family honour is concerned, your personal inclinations cannot be considered."

Isabella drew herself up, a statue of wrath. "Family honour!" she cried. "You mean the family mortgage. You may well talk of debt. You owe him the money that has been squandered here in building this house, and I am to be sacrificed to pay for it."

Mrs. Nesbit stretched out her arms towards her daughter. "Isabel dear," she said faintly, "Jack Maxwell is a good boy, and a kind boy, and he will make you a good husband."

"Thank you, madam," returned her daughter disdainfully. "I have other prospects than to take up with Mary's leavings." Then she turned to her father. "My last word, sir, is that I will neither marry this young cub, nor speak to him, nor see him."

"Enough of this, child," said her father, coldly. Then to his wife he added, "Mrs. Nesbit, you have ten minutes in which to prepare yourself and your daughter." And with that he walked out of the room.

CHAPTER XII.

MEANWHILE, down-stairs, the atmosphere had changed. Men had seen Nesbit defied, and they had lost their fear of him. Laughter was now unrestrained, wagers flew from mouth to mouth. "Two to one she refuses."—"An even hundred Maxwell does not get her." And when Nesbit entered again, he was greeted with noisy enquiries.

Jack too felt the same uncertainty, and it roused in him a fury of opposition. There was Dean Vigors smiling and deprecating; there was Lambert grinning and whispering. By heaven, he would have her.

"Well, sir?" he asked as Mr. Nesbit seated himself at the head of his table; and the question was echoed through the room, with amplifications, "When shall we see the beauty?"—"When is Maxwell to know his fate?"

The master of Douros saw what was before him; he felt his ascendancy challenged. But he knew well the ways of drunkenness and was determined to enlist on his side all the recklessness of a drunken frolic. Taking out his watch, and looking at it, he laid it before him. "Restrain your impatience, gentlemen," he said; "you have yet eight minutes and a half to wait. Send along the bottle, there is full time for a couple of rounds, and I will be your time-keeper."

A shout of applause greeted his proposal; the wine passed, fresh bottles were opened. Mr. Nesbit, at the end of the table, leaning forward cheered on the drinkers, exhorted the sleepers to rouse themselves, exhorted the others to rouse them. And minute by minute, he called out the time. Five minutes! Mr. Macrae's fumbling fingers had to be helped to fasten a loosened stock, that he might

be fit to face the ladies. Four minutes. Gradually the sleep was being rubbed out of drunken eyes. Three minutes, two minutes. Every man was now tolerably erect on his seat, and the contagion of excitement spread, as the host, rising, cried, "Are we all ready? Then, gentlemen, a last bumper, and standing."

Not one of them but struggled somehow to his feet. And when Mr. Nesbit, raising his glass, and giving the toast, "Success to the bridegroom," drained his glass and flung it to shiver on the floor, his example was followed with wild cheers,—in which a note of mockery might easily be distinguished.

Mr. Nesbit took up his watch and looked at it. "Time's up, gentlemen! Now, if you please we will join the ladies. Your arm, Jack."

Solemnly, like performers in a play, the pair marched down the long room, Jack's knees wavering under him, Mr. Nesbit's tread firm as ever. Solemnly they opened the door, solemnly they crossed the hall, while at their heels the disorderly rout came tumbling. Mr. Nesbit threw the drawing-room door wide. The vast room was empty and silent in the light of evening.

Turning on his heel, while Jack still gazed confusedly into the vacant saloon, he fronted the mob of men, the last of whom was still stumbling out of the other door.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "we must seek the ladies in their own apartment. Follow me."

And, quick as a boy, he ran across the stone flags and up the white stair; the company with a common impulse rushed jostlingly after him. Major Pearse raised a view-halloo, the rest caught it up and "Yoicks forrard—stole away—stole away!" went roaring and ringing through the galleries. Jack was close at Mr. Nesbit's heels;

the Dean decorously brought up the rear of the procession.

Reaching the top of the stair, Mr. Nesbit tried the door. It was locked. Without an instant's hesitation, "Break that in for me," he cried. And as he spoke he pointed to an instrument, — the long oak settle standing in the south gallery.

The child's instinct for destruction is strong in the drunken. Instantly as many hands as could find room seized the improvised ram.

"Lord," cried Major Pearse, "I wouldn't have missed this for a hundred. All together, boys!"

There was a rush of feet, a crash, a scream from within, the splintering of wood, and the door burst from its hinges. The drunken crew, following their ram, tumbled headlong into the room—Jack in the midst of them, cheering with the loudest. He was now mad drunk; the stimulus of physical violence acting on his over-excited nerves had galvanised the powers of his body at the cost of his brain.

There was a hush for a moment. Mrs. Nesbit lay swooning in her chair; Isabella stood beside her with flaming eyes. Then rage overmastered the proud girl and she marched on them with out-swung arm, pointing to the door.

"Out with you, you drunken sots! What do you mean by this outrage? Out, I say!"

For an instant they were cowed. Then Mr. Nesbit, pushing his way through the pack, came forward. "Silence, madam!" he cried. "What authority have you to bar doors against me in this house?"

The life-long ascendancy reasserted itself. Isabella would have faced the mob and beaten it. To her father alone she might have opposed a dogged resistance. But the cold imperious voice and impassive bearing of this

despot, succeeding to the fierce shock of the crashing door and the inrush, mastered her, and she shrank back to her mother's side.

Mr. Nesbit stepped over to his wife and laid his hand on her arm, yet not roughly. "Rouse yourself, Mrs. Nesbit," he said.

Even in her swoon the poor lady's nerves answered to that summons. Slowly and tremulously she sat up, her beautiful face discomposed, her soft hair ruffled.

Tongues were unloosed in the group by the door. Jack found himself thrust to the front with laughter. "Don't be hiding now." "By God, Maxwell, you're the bold man. She'll put the fear of God into you." "She's a virago, Jack my boy. Better cry off."

But in Jack's drunken mind one idea was paramount. "That's the woman I'm going to marry," he stut-tered. "Lambert sha'n't have her. Where's Lambert? He's afraid to fight. Lambert sha'n't have her."

Mr. Nesbit was assisting his wife to rise. "Stand up, if you please, madam," he commanded. The poor lady caught at her daughter's arm, and Isabella felt in a shudder all the contagion of her fear. She tried to shake her arm free, but Mrs. Nesbit clung to it.

"Do what he bids you, my dear," she whispered, "it's the only way."

Mr. Nesbit crossed the room and taking Jack by the hand, led him across to the girl. Jack surveyed her with the unseeing stare of the drunken, and said no word.

"This is Mr. Maxwell," Mr. Nesbit said, "whom your sister has so vilely abused. You are to marry him."

Isabella's mouth drew down at the corners. "I will not marry him," she cried, raising her voice, and shaking herself clear of her mother's arm. "I refuse," she repeated, with a bold gesture. "Dean Vigors, you are a

gentleman at least, and not a savage; I appeal to you."

The Dean reeled forward, with a benign leer. "Madam," he said, with hazy utterance, "you place me in a most difficult position."

"I refuse, sir," she cried again. "You understand. I refuse to marry him. I would sooner marry any bumpkin in this drunken rabble."

The words struck to Jack's dim apprehension. "She shall marry me, Mr. Dean," he cried, with flushed face. "She sha'n't marry Lambert. I came here to be married, and she shall marry me."

Drunken cheers of derision burst from the group of men. "That's the way, Maxwell." "Stick to her." "By God, you'll get a wife yet, one way or the other."

Mr. Nesbit's thin lips met tighter. "Have you a prayer-book, Vigors? There's one on that table. We may begin at once."

The Dean stumbled cautiously over towards the part of the room which Mr. Nesbit indicated. "At your service, sir," he said. But as he passed Isabella rushed swiftly to him and caught his arm. "I refuse to be married, sir!" she said fiercely. "You do this at your peril. I have friends as you know. Lady Dungannon will not desert me. I refuse, and you do this at your peril."

The Dean hesitated. Even in his cups, the name of a peeress was not to be disregarded. Mr. Nesbit saw his uncertainty. "Wait a moment, sir," he said. Then going to his daughter's side he caught her by her wrist, and drew her after him to the dressing-room. "Come with us, Mrs. Nesbit," he said imperiously to his wife, and she followed, sobbing.

Then, as he closed the door, and found himself alone with the two women, he let go the girl's arm, but glared fiercely in her face. "You

refuse to be married. Very well. Here is your mother who will tell you that there are circumstances in which a woman may change her mind on that matter."

As he spoke these words, Mrs. Nesbit sank in a heap on the floor, covering her face with her hands, "Spare me, James," she sobbed. "Spare me before my child. Oh, Isabel, do what he bids you."

But her husband disregarded her sobs, and still maintained his sinister gaze on his daughter. "Your mother will tell you, Isabel, that you may find yourself glad enough to get the name of Mrs. Maxwell."

"What do you mean, sir?" retorted the girl uneasily, cowed by her mother's terror, and the savage mockery in her father's face.

"I mean that Jack Maxwell is entitled to a wife out of this house to-day, and if she will not come by consent, he may take her by force. These gentlemen that you have been miscalling will be quick enough to lend a hand. And then, how will your fine friends like it if they learn you had to go on your knees to him to marry you? Ask your mother, I say."

Mrs. Nesbit sobbed and moaned. "Oh, James, you would not let them do it."

"Would not, madam? I have given my word to Jack Maxwell and he shall take his own way. If he takes her," and he stopped to fix his eyes again in bitter mockery on Isabella, "why then, I promise you, Isabel, I will see to it that he shall make your condition as honourable as it may be. But hinder him, I will not,—and I could not if I wanted to," he added, in a tone less menacing, more persuasive. "You see yourself the crew he has with him; they were mad before, but now with the affronts you have put on them, God Almighty

would not hold them. Now, madam," he continued, "make your choice at once. Will you be married here and now, under your father's roof by a distinguished clergyman, or will you take your chance of finding some couple-beggar when you are only too glad to get him?"

A passion of fierce unnatural sobbing shook the girl. Tears did not come to her, though her eyes swelled. She was beaten at last. Her mother flung gentle arms about her.

"Isabel, Isabel darling, do as he bids you. You'll have a good husband and a good estate."

The girl's attitude showed her surrender. Mr. Nesbit threw the door open. Broken and sullen she let herself be dragged back into the other room.

A cheer greeted her appearance.

"My daughter is now in a better frame of mind. Make quick work, Vigers," said Mr. Nesbit. "There has been too much delay. Come, Jack."

The drunken bridegroom took his place at the right of the bride, who stood with eyes hidden while her father kept his pressure on her wrist. The drunken divine, with his back to the window, stumbled through the service.

Isabella's consent was given by a scowling silence. When it came to the giving of the ring, Jack suddenly flushed. "I lost it," he said. Mr. Nesbit quickly spied on the bridegroom's finger a small hoop set with diamonds—it had belonged to his mother. It was torn off hurriedly and put into his hand; and then for the first time Jack's hot fingers touched the bride. She drew her hand away from the contact with a swift motion of disgust.

Dean Vigers sought to end the ceremony with a facetious address,

but Mr. Nesbit cut him short. Then, turning to the company, "Gentlemen," he said, "it has been a day of some fatigue. The young couple have earned their repose. Mrs. Nesbit, you

will prepare your daughter to retire, while we drink their health downstairs in a parting cup."

The Dean continued his exhortation to Jack in private.

(To be continued.)

THE YOUTH OF FEAR.

I SAW a scoundrel impotently base
Whose mask had fallen between us on the ground,
And in the pride of judgement saw our race
File past him with contempt too felt for sound.

He did not speak; a sudden scorching wind
Dried up an eloquence of fair repute.
His lips pulsated, hinting "I have sinned,"
While all the alphabets in him were mute

And then I saw him human, and his past,
Blown like a bubble from his puckered mouth,
Burst in the air. Almost I was aghast
For fear had made him younger than a youth.

Methought I saw—as in thought's interplay
Hints of a likeness in unlikeness gleam—
Lips, ignorant of any speech, obey
The dictates of a babe's first foolish dream.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF OUR FIGHTING POWER.

THE formation of a supreme Council of Defence recently announced by the Prime Minister sets the key-stone in the arch of our naval and military system, which for so long, under pressure of public opinion, has been in process of evolution, and furnishes a striking instance of the power of adaptability inherent in all living organisms. It is in itself the best possible proof that the Empire has not yet reached the zenith of its power.

Owing to the long immunity from European warfare that we have enjoyed, and the small numerical proportion which our fighting forces have borne to the population of the whole nation, until quite recent years the idea of "war," as statesmen upon the continent have been compelled to conceive it, (that is to say as a struggle for the survival of the fittest) has found no place in our political economy, and our views as to the functions of armies and navies remain very much where they were in Europe before Napoleon taught the Continent the lesson of their true value. Our soldiers and sailors view fleets and armies as means to the winning of *victories*, but the statesman must see in them primarily the means of *averting war*, and to estimate their power to avert this calamity needs a wider outlook than the present training of the services affords.

This point of view has been thoroughly grasped by some at least of our possible enemies, who recognise in every debate and ministerial utterance the want of co-ordination between the navy, the army and the

civil departments, and see therein the real point of our weakness. They realise to the full our potential resources, but decline to believe that, without previous national study of the conditions of civil existence which a state of war must involve, our statesmen will be able to meet the many emergencies as they arise; and not till it becomes evident to them that these problems have received full and fitting attention, shall we cease to invite attack.

But as recent events have only too clearly shown, even councils of defence need public opinion behind them, and it is in the hope of familiarising the country with the nature of the work which must engage the most earnest attention of the new creation, that the following pages have been prepared.

In the event of our becoming involved in a great European conflict, (a struggle for the survival of the fittest among the nations) our chief danger lies in the wide-spread ignorance of our potential fighting strength and the relative weakness of our possible enemies. This ignorance is deplorable but it is the necessary outcome of the conditions under which we live, and rightly considered shows a strong vitality in the national organism, for without the vivid interest in our defences, indicated by the ceaseless storm of criticism to which every detail of our organisations is subjected, all hope of healthy progress would have to be abandoned. The phenomenon is common to all nations, only it happens that as a consequence of our previous history and our

geographical position we have difficulties of our own to contend with which are or have been absent in other cases. Of all civilised races, we alone have had no recent experience of what warfare within our own frontiers really signifies. Not only have we escaped invasion—the memory of which is after all growing dim even in Germany—but because of the gradual differentiation of a fighting caste from the bulk of the population, which began some centuries ago and has only been slightly modified by the return to short service conditions, the manhood of the nation has no personal experience of the conditions under which war is waged, and altogether fails to appreciate the strain which even victorious operations entail upon the victors.

After the Franco-German war there was hardly an able-bodied man in Germany who had not learnt by experience what the crisis of a great battle really signifies, and could not realise the consequences which a want of resolution in the directing minds, or even an infinitesimal diminution in the endurance and discipline of the rank and file might have entailed. With us this knowledge is almost entirely lacking. From our conduct during the so-called “black week” in December, 1899, from the mere fact that three in themselves unimportant outpost incidents (for, relatively to the scale of modern warfare, that is all they amounted to) were accepted as a national humiliation, one hesitates to predict our bearing under the far more severe strains that a great European war must inevitably bring with it.

It has been said that the recent war has greatly increased our prestige abroad; Mr. Stead and the pro-Boers have vigorously contested the statement. The truth as usual lies somewhere between the two extremes—

rather nearer if anything to the first. No foreign War Office questions the restraining influence exercised by our navy, though the Fashoda incident really brought home the lesson, and the adaptability of our army organisation to meet even a far greater strain, an adaptability greatly in excess of that with which it was previously credited, is also admitted; but the actual tactical conduct of operations has revealed weaknesses (well understood in all countries, for they have been through the same mill themselves), and the conduct of the civil population and its readiness to condemn every general officer, and to stigmatise as “disasters” the mishaps unavoidable in any campaign, have raised doubts in their minds as to our tenacity in adversity, which are by no means favourable for the maintenance of peace. While one is compelled to accept the correctness of their conclusions from the evidence with which our newspapers have supplied them, I submit that there are many substantial facts in the situation viewed as a whole which deserve more correct appreciation on both sides of the water before a final opinion can be arrived at, and, since military history furnishes conclusive proof that a false conception of a nation's power of resistance has been at the bottom of most resolutions to disturb existing peaceful relations,¹ I consider that public interests will be well served at the present juncture by calling attention to the most important of these forgotten factors.

¹ The latest example of this is furnished by the letters of P. S. in the *MORNING POST* and by various Boer documents. No one who has studied these documents and compared them with the utterances of our own irresponsible statesmen and Press can doubt that but for the entirely fictitious estimate of our power derived from these sources, the peace of South Africa would never have been disturbed.

Between nations of apparently equal fighting strength victory has always inclined ultimately to the race which united the highest standard of honesty and duty with individual intelligence and initiative, these factors being combined to give the greatest product, for intelligence and initiative without honesty will not suffice, and without a sense of national duty both are barren.

Compared with the three most formidable rivals which under certain circumstances might conceivably combine against us, how do we stand?

I will take the individual qualities first. No one who has encountered the sailors, colonists or raw recruits of all four nations will hesitate to award us the palm. Our merchant-seaman may be often drunken and difficult to manage, but I have never met a captain who does not prefer him in a tight corner; for the fitness of the Englishman as a colonist the Empire is there to speak for itself; and as the raw material for making soldiers (in which term I include blue-jackets) after most careful study of both the French and German armies, I consider our men by far the easiest to train. The Russians we may leave out of the question; in a country where some ninety-three per cent. of selected recruits are entirely illiterate intelligence and initiative are not to be ranked high.

The sense of national duty taken as a whole and viewed from the military stand-point only is more difficult to gauge. The Germans undoubtedly head the list, for, roughly, 200,000 men leave the colours annually with a thorough training in its practical signification, and the total number in the Fatherland who have been through this course cannot fall far short of six million men. There are at the present moment about four million men under forty-five years of

age who are trained soldiers. Of men who have actually been through the ranks of the navy or army in England there are about one million only, but including ex-militiamen and volunteers who have at least received a rudimentary grounding in the military conception of duty, the numbers cannot fall far short of four millions, since for the last thirty years we have been enrolling annually, under one head or the other, almost as large a proportion of our population as the French and Germans,¹ and though the discipline in this somewhat heterogeneous force must average lower, it is probable that the sense of duty, being voluntarily rendered, is higher and suffers less deterioration from discontent.

Further,—and this is a very important point consistently over-looked by all advocates of conscription at home and abroad—whereas in Germany, France and Russia the pick of the population is taken, leaving the residue without the moral training and physical development, which would accrue to them in the ranks, to be crushed under in the struggle for existence in civil life (hence Socialism with all its evils) our system, which does not select the fittest exactly, does afford an opportunity to many who would otherwise sink into the “submerged tenth” to raise themselves up to and beyond the level of the average wage earner, as the following figures taken from a War Office return, called for by Mr. Arnold Foster and dated July 30th, 1898, sufficiently prove:

In December, 1897, there were in Class I. Army Reserve about 81,800 men. Of these there were in receipt of relief

¹ Before the war the average enrolments were in round numbers Navy 20,000, Regular Army 40,000, Militia 30,000, and Volunteers 60,000. Total 150,000 out of 40 millions against 200,000 out of 56 millions.

320 in all, or 1 in 256, but 117 could not prove that they were reservists, and were probably men discharged without character by court-martial sentence, &c. At the same date there were known to be about 80,224 pensioners, of whom 1905, or 1 in 42, were in receipt of relief. Of these 231 were doubtful. Exclusive of reserve men, pensioners, and deserters, there were at the same date 407,784 men who had served in the army, and of these 6,662 were in receipt of relief, or 1 in 61; but of these no less than 5,333 could not prove that they had been in the service. The total number of reserve men and discharged soldiers was 569,758, and of these only 3,242 in receipt of relief could prove their connection with the army, or 1 in 176. Of the whole male population of the United Kingdom over 20 years of age (excluding soldiers and ex-soldiers, but not counting deserters as such), estimated at 9,907,000, 1 in 45 was in receipt of relief, and of the industrial population, 1 in 37.

Probably the best test as to the value of the sense of duty in England, Germany and France (I omit Russia as beyond power of analysis) will be found in the relative danger to existing orders of society to be feared from the Socialists and Anarchists. Judged by this scale England must easily stand first, for even if we include Trades Unionists in this category (against which most of themselves would be the first to protest) Socialism with us is practically a negligible quantity.

Of international honesty it is more difficult to speak; a fair test however exists in the ratio of coin required in the several countries to carry on internal trade. According to Mulhall's *WEALTH OF NATIONS* (1896) the figures stand thus.

	Millions sterling.		Ratio of Money.
	Trade.	Money.	
United Kingdom	1,619	... 150	... 9.4
Canada 205	... 13	... 6.5
Australia 177	... 84	... 19.2
Germany 1,353	... 238	... 17.6
France 1,201	... 467	... 39.0
Russia Not quoted		

These figures can hardly be taken as an absolute measure of the integrity of the individuals of each race, for intelligence and business experience must obviously account for much of the growth of facilities for commerce which has rendered it possible for each sovereign to do so much work, facilities which might be almost entirely destroyed by panic terror at the outbreak of war. But, if such panic can be averted by educating the people to understand our position and prospects in the event of war, these statistics furnish, in conjunction with our great wealth in property and freedom from debt, conclusive proof of our power to bear the strain of hostilities for a far longer period than any of our possible opponents.

The functions of a fly-wheel in steam machinery are well known. Briefly stated, its purpose is to store up energy as in a reservoir to meet the changing demands on the engine, and the engineer does not grudge the power needed to set it in motion in the first instance. Rightly understood, the national debt is to the machinery of the State as the fly-wheel to the steam engine; if it has been suitably proportioned to its task it guarantees the country against the shocks and jars of commercial panic, and carries it over the dead points resulting from endless changes in international affairs by alternately absorbing and giving out money rendered temporarily superfluous in other channels. When war suddenly breaks out a tremendous disturbance of commercial credit immediately arises. Money is thrown out of profitable employment, but, provided the ultimate prospects for the State are good, that is to say, that the fly-wheel has been suitably designed, the State offers the best guarantee for the *bona fide* investor and absorbs his money to redistribute it amongst all

those of the working classes who are directly or indirectly concerned in the defence of the country. If our organisation for war is adequate and sound in principle, then, though there will be a great disruption of the channels in which money normally flows, what is set free in one quarter will be taken up in another, and the total amount of coin circulating in the country will be available for commercial operations as before, until, when peace supervenes, the direction of the current is reversed and normal pursuits are resumed, the actual expenditure of the State being made good by the acquisition of fresh areas for trade, by increased prestige with better credit and so forth.

It is curious that though this cycle of events was well understood in the case of besieged fortresses and formed in effect the substance of the secret instructions for finance usually issued to their governors¹ the idea has never been applied to the wider question of nations as a whole.

For generations we have been taught to consider our national debt simply in the light of an incubus on industry and progress, whereas rightly considered it is merely the price we have given for the purchase of trading facilities which have repaid their cost many times over, and the balance of debt at any moment remaining unpaid should be regarded as the invisible foundation of our national stability.

When a doubt arises as to the

stability of an architectural structure, engineers and architects are usually called in to investigate its foundations and possible panic is often averted by timely recourse to this precautionary measure. May not the analogy hold good with our national institutions? I believe it may, and though such a task is beyond the limitations of individual strength, I will venture to suggest certain lines of enquiry which it will be profitable for the country to follow up.

The prime guarantee for the stability of the nation is an overpowering navy. Let us see how far our expenditure in the past has contributed to this end. The acquisition of our colonies has dotted the ocean for us with docks and coaling stations in numbers to which no other nation or probable coalition of nations can at present approach, and, apart from the obvious strategical advantages their possession affords us on which it is presumably unnecessary to dwell, these possessions have the further advantage of making every sovereign spent in naval construction and armament go further in securing fighting value than equal sums spent in foreign countries. A battleship is not a thing which, under all circumstances, possesses an equal fighting value, as those critics who base their jeremiads on mere numerical returns would have us believe, but requires facilities for coaling, docking, etc., only to be found in suitably equipped harbours, and a nation attempting to build ships against us has to sink a disproportionate amount of capital in the provision of these facilities.

Let anyone take the charts of the Baltic and German coasts and supplement them by the information obtainable from geological surveys and then estimate for the cost of the dockyards both in construction and maintenance (maintenance will before long

¹ Compare the instructions of Frederick the Great to his Fortress Commandants. In substance he says: As soon as the place is invested invite the richest merchants to contribute to a loan, pointing out that the money will be expended in pay to the inhabitants and garrison who must purchase their necessities through the usual channels. Thus the coin will find its way back to their hands in a very short time, and then you can call on them for a further loan and so on, the State settling up on the conclusion of hostilities.

prove an important factor) required to place each Russian or German ship on an equality with our own. Merely on the ground of home facilities alone I imagine that the result will astonish him, and though the Germans with an equal standard of commercial morality have a slight advantage in cheapness of labour, the amount is not sufficient to make up for the balance of natural drawbacks under which they labour. France is under more favourable natural conditions, but against this the cost of ship construction is thirty per cent. higher, and all the money voted does not find its way to its intended destination. In Russia all these drawbacks are more pronounced.

But this by no means exhausts the advantages we purchased by our national debt. Practically it secured for us the command of the seas, and this, so long as we strike hard and *first*, carries with it an enormous access to our offensive strength. Our colliers can roam the seas almost without fear of molestation and the lee side of every island, I might even say of every sandbank, gives us a mobile base where we can coal at our convenience. Hence, provided we assert the initiative and keep it, we can always at a critical point rely on a higher rate of speed in our ships and our enemy can never count on our actual striking radius.

Now let anyone play for himself a naval war-game on the Jane system and see whither this leads him. The gain is precisely identical in quality with that which gave De Wet his ubiquity in the recent war and compelled us to employ 350,000 men to hunt down 50,000 Boers. No one could believe until he has tried it, even on paper, the advantage the knowledge of full bunkers confers on the fortunate possessor. In the open sea he can hang on the enemy's flanks for

days till he knows his time has come and then practically dictate his own terms. If in the future we succeed in introducing oil fuel the advantage of the mobile base remains ours, and is indeed intensified, provided our intelligence department is properly served.

Taking these known advantages as a basis let us consider the distribution of our enemies' ships and their readiness for war. As regards Germany we can assume an equal degree of preparation, but Fashoda showed the difference between English and French dockyard efficiency, and in Russia matters are known to be worse. Making reasonable deductions under these headings then with a map of Europe before us let us endeavour to effect a concentration of these several fleets. Until the introduction of wireless telegraphy the possession of land lines secure against all interruption was a point of enormous value to a coalition, for fog or other causes might prevent timely communication with our fleets at sea, but Marconi's discovery has altered all this in our favour and I cannot bring myself to believe that our Admiralty is not capable of devising a scheme to defeat our enemies' ends. Let the critics again refer to the charts of the Baltic and Elbe and endeavour to extricate a fleet of battleships from those tortuous channels in face of even our destroyers. The enemy uses either the Ship Canal or the Skager Rack or both. In the one case he must debouch in a single column and run the risk of defeat in detail; in the other he must divide his forces, with, strategically, equally disastrous results. Or if we take the Dardanelles, who would care to run the gauntlet of our destroyers lying in wait behind the Greek Islands from Gallipoli to Crete?

Let us however assume the worst, and imagine our ships everywhere out-

numbered by our enemies. How many of our adversaries would be fit for action again within six months of a general engagement? Ships are not like army corps which can take part in a battle to-day and if victorious fight again to-morrow in even better form; their damages take months to repair, and here our superior docking facilities would stand us in good stead. Meanwhile in the relative absence of fighting ships every merchant vessel becomes a potential blockader; her bows and a towing torpedo in default of better means will prove sufficiently destructive, and here our superior numbers would soon begin to tell.

The end of such a struggle I submit cannot be doubtful. It means three European powers, with widely divergent interests and impaired credit, against the rest of a world united by the two strongest cements, identity of commercial interests and the ocean. Our sufferings would be the hardest at the beginning of the war but theirs would soon overtake ours, for all three nations are in this dilemma; either they mobilise all their forces at once, in which case the estimated cost of one million sterling each per diem would soon bring the strongest to bankruptcy; or by calling up their coast line army corps and the *inscription maritime* they disorganise the whole balance of internal commerce, thus making each corps district a focus of discontent. With the rich tradesman in the mobilised districts complaining of want of hands and the poor in the unmobilised ones of want of employment, then would come the opportunity of the Socialists and Anarchists.

But "battleships cannot climb hills," as the Sultan of Turkey sagely remarked on the occasion of the Dulcigno affair, and under the stress of our inevitable sufferings the temper

of our people would soon rise to flashing point. They would demand a great effort, or even a series of efforts to bring our foes to their knees, and it is to meet this demand that our Army must be organised. It will be no "three army corps" expedition that will be required, but a force capable of meeting at least one great Continental army on its own grounds, and under the pressure of necessity the recruits will soon be forthcoming; indeed we shall have to form such an army simply as a council of expediency, to relieve the pressure on the labour market which must result from the cessation of all private undertaking.

Into the details of such an organisation I have no space to enter but the following figures deserve to be borne in mind. Given a law of conscription on the same lines as that in force in France, our fighting force would amount in round numbers to four million men, in other words there must be not less than that number of able bodied-men in this country between the ages of twenty and forty-five.

Exclusive of the Regular Army and its reserves, according to the War Office return quoted above, there were in the country at the time 569,000 men who had served in the Regular Army, of whom 80,000 were pensioners, and the rest men still under forty-five years of age who had enlisted since the introduction of short service. The Volunteers have been passing about 60,000 a year through their ranks for at least a generation, and, making all reasonable deductions, there must therefore be about one and a half million of them in the country. The militia is more difficult to estimate, but it may safely be taken as good for at least 100,000 more. We have therefore out of four million men rather more

than half that number who have undergone some military training—training at any rate far in advance of what was available in the United States during their great Civil War. If therefore the Federal Government managed in two years to raise and equip, under far less serious pressure, some two millions of the hardest fighting men the world has ever seen (compare the casualty lists of their principal battles with those of any army in the world, our own included) can there be any reasonable cause to question our ability under a sterner necessity to equal their achievement, and can any serious student of military history entertain a doubt as to the influence the existence of these two million bayonets, backed by an unassailable supremacy at sea, would exert on a coalition riven by all the consequences two years of war must inevitably entail? For myself I doubt very much whether a single one of these bayonets would ever be called upon to cross the Channel at all.

As to whether the men would come forward the reply is that they would not be free agents; hunger would compel them. If in the recent troubles more than 100,000 came forward voluntarily in one year without any appreciable disorganisation of the labour market to favour such action, how many will come when for the time being the army is the only refuge for the homeless and starving? The history of the raising of the French revolutionary armies in 1793-4 and of the Germans in 1813, which is too little studied in this country, supplies the answer. Even our own performance in 1803, (over 500,000 under arms out of a population of ten millions) shows that such an effort is not beyond our power.

Our enemies however possess one

marked advantage which it would be well for us to realise. Each of the three nations knows what war means by ages of tradition and by relatively recent experience, and their leaders and administrations know what steps to take and when to take them. Our population is wholly ignorant of these matters and, when even a small emergency, such as the recent war, arises, our statesmen appeal for guidance to the man in the street. Still their instincts proved sound if their knowledge was lacking and no one of any eminence counselled "surrender." But how will it be when an angry mob is surging up Whitehall? Will they have the resolution to oppose the only possible barrier?

The better plan would be to study the question in peace and mature the steps which can be taken to prevent these crowds arising. They are not numerous, expensive or intricate—they merely imply the recognition of the ultimate facts that "individual suffering is not cumulative" and what was possible in besieged cities of the past is possible, thanks to development of communications, in the partly invested island of the future. Half a dozen Indian Civilians with Famine Relief experience could fill in the details, but a special department needs to be created to deal with these questions, since at present neither War Office nor Admiralty nor Home Office admits its responsibility. Meanwhile each individual can do good service by analysing his own position in the event of war and the consequences "surrender" would entail, and estimating where in the following generalisation his position would come in.

The cost of the war and indemnity cannot reasonably be taken at less than two thousand millions which we should not be able to raise at two and a half per cent exactly. The charge

for interest alone even on half that sum would tax all industrial profits out of existence, with the consequence that upwards of six millions of working men would be thrown out of employment, for such capital as remained would take wings to more favourable climates; what would become of these six millions and their dependants? The history of Ireland supplies part but only part of the answer, for now there are no longer undeveloped districts willing to receive a flood of paupers. They could not enter the United States or Australia, and how long would Canada and the Cape consent to endure the conditions this avalanche of cheap labour would create?

It is possible that, if our enemies were orthodox free traders, they might hesitate before they killed the goose with the golden eggs; but such foresight has never yet distinguished any of the three powers in their dealings with a conquered territory, and it is extremely unlikely that they will be suddenly converted to the doctrine of the Manchester School in the full flush of their long desired success.

More probably they would prefer to share the trade of the world, temporarily diminished by the British fraction, among themselves, rather than the half of that trade which at present is about all that we leave to them.

They may calculate that our capital and labour driven to other countries will soon create fresh demands for the commodities, which freed from our competition they alone will be in a position to supply; for our maritime resources, both for war and commerce will pass to the victors, and with them they will be strong enough to deal with American competition in any way that may suit their convenience.

It is a gloomy picture, but one at which we should do well to look; for I am convinced that once the true consequences of "surrender" are realised by the nation, the "driving force" necessary to carry our fleets and armies to victory will be automatically evolved, and—given that force—then we need fear no possible coalition.

F. N. MAUDE,
Lt.-Col., late Royal Engineers.

SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.

THE largest of all Gothic churches, and indeed, after St. Peter's at Rome, the largest church in Christendom, Seville Cathedral during recent years has practically been closed. In 1888, as the result of a series of earthquake shocks, the dome fell in with a mighty crash, every precious object below, from the east end of the choir to the screen of the *capilla mayor*, or high altar, being inevitably destroyed, and the pavement was covered by a vast mass of confused masonry. On a former visit to Seville I had been unable to obtain any conception of the interior, for although one could penetrate at certain points the way was blocked in every direction and no vista left open. Now, the cathedral has been really opened; the ceremonies of Holy Week are no longer robbed of their splendour, and the remains of Columbus have found a last resting-place in the city which has the best right to claim them. Fortunately it is possible to compliment the Sevillians on their skill in church restoration. Whatever views one may hold on restoration, here certainly was a case where everyone must admit its necessity, and this inevitable restoration has been accomplished in the most judicious manner possible. The fine taste of the Sevillians, and the conservatism natural to all Spaniards, have here at all events been happily united; nothing has been done that was not absolutely necessary to preserve the harmony of the edifice, and no foolish attempt has been made either to extend the operations beyond the field of damage

or to do anything better than the original builders.

It was a fitting time to inaugurate afresh this great centre of Christian worship. It is five hundred years since Seville Cathedral was planned. In 1401 the Chapter resolved to build a basilica "so magnificent that coming ages should call them mad for attempting it." The cathedral was planned by foreign architects, possibly German, who took a century to complete the work, though externally some of the portals are not completed even yet. In some respects one may compare it with another Gothic church, the cathedral of Cologne. Each was meant to be stupendous, and each represented an essentially foreign idea, for alike on the banks of the Rhine and in Andalusia, though not everywhere in Germany nor everywhere in Spain, Gothic architecture is an exotic art. It is this exotic character which enabled both churches to preserve their unity of design, and in the case of Cologne even of detail, over a very long period of construction, unaffected by the developments which always modify every living form of architecture in its own home. But with these points of resemblance there could not be a greater contrast. Cologne Cathedral, though in design and on paper it seems to be one of the most perfect and impressive works of man, is in reality to an extreme degree artificial, cold, uninspiring, dead. One feels that in form and in spirit it is utterly alien to the men of the Rhine, and that they have never even attempted

to make it live. Catholicism in Germany has itself a distinctly Protestant character, and Cologne Cathedral, with its French nobility and harmonious logic, is even more foreign to the Rhine than the Renaissance temple of St. Paul's is to foggy Protestant London. But Seville Cathedral is alive, after half a millennium, alive with a full exuberance of life which, it seems to me, can be found in no other great church. To make the vast expanse of St. Peter's alive with worship would be beyond human faculty. And if we turn to a great French and Gothic church, like Notre Dame of Paris, again we feel the lack of life. Cologne and St. Peter's can never have been alive; at Notre Dame the life has departed. Once it may have been filled with splendid ritual; now it is shrunken and cold. Notre Dame has been swept bare by the Revolution and has never quite recovered from the effects of that storm; the very orderliness, elegance, and comfort of the worship now carried on there are an incongruity and indicate an attenuation of the true spirit of worship. But Seville Cathedral is still alive; if less so than once it was, the difference is one which in our time cannot be perceived.

The arrangement of a typical large Spanish church, which we find at Seville in its completely developed form, is unlike that we are familiar with in England and France. The northern Gothic church is shaped like a cross, the eastern arm of which is the most sacred, most filled with light, most exquisitely decorated. All the active functions of the Church are concentrated into the eastern end; here is at once the stage and the orchestra of that great sacred drama which every religious office, and above all the Mass, essentially is. The mystery and solemnity

of divine service are thus secured by distance, by placing the sacred ceremonial in a remote blaze of light, as far away as possible from the worshippers in the body of the church. The worshippers are scattered and isolated, in comparative gloom, throughout the building, an arrangement which probably has its source in the northerner's love of solitude.

Very different is the arrangement in a cathedral like that of Seville. Here the whole object of the very construction of the church is to attain that filling of the edifice with active worship which is in fact so perfectly attained. The building is strictly of a broad oblong shape, without projecting transepts, without more than a rudimentary apse. The choir is almost in the centre of the church, slightly to the west, and the *capilla mayor* containing the high altar is slightly to the east. We may see a somewhat similar arrangement in this respect, though here combined with the cruciform plan of northern Gothic, in Westminster Abbey. Between the choir and the *capilla mayor* is a square space, underneath the dome, which can be enclosed as required and in which some of the most characteristic ceremonies take place, such as the consecration of the holy oil and the washing of feet. Choir and *capilla mayor* are alike massively enclosed and constitute a church within a church. Thus the choral part of the service is completely separated from the ceremonial function, from which it is naturally distinct, and yet the whole actively dramatic movement of the service takes place in the centre of the edifice. The sense of mystery is here attained not by distance but by enclosure and height, and at the same time the conditions are secured for filling the vast edifice with the maximum effect of worship. Such

an arrangement perfectly fits this cathedral for the uses of Spanish ritual; the noble simplicity of the building in its elements of construction, and the boldly flowing rhetoric of its decoration lend themselves admirably to that mysteriously grandiose and romantic quality which is the note of these functions and expresses itself in every detail and every various appeal to the senses.

As the great festivals of the year come round the whole of this vast edifice is not too vast for its part in the functions; it seems to live, to change perpetually with the changes in the rich and varied atmosphere that fills it, the one great and conspicuous object in this city built on a plain, seated broadly and solidly in the midst of the city, as the beauties of Seville know how to seat themselves, alert and robust under the semblance of languor.

Seville Cathedral remains to-day the supreme visible embodiment of the romantic spirit. It was not an accident that Victor Hugo came to Spain in childhood, that it was Spain that aroused his early imagination, and Spain that through all the years of his early literary activity moulded his ideals. In Spain the Middle Ages survive to a greater extent than in any other European country; the fact that all movements, even those of medieval times, have been late to reach Spain, has favoured this survival. The Spaniards are profoundly conservative; an ecclesiastical organisation is always conservative, and here there has been no social upheaval to disturb that natural conservatism. This great church remains to us, the focus of the ancient religious spirit of Spain, a great vessel full of mystery and romance.

The elements that go to make up the charm of this building are highly complex, even if we disregard the

worship and the worshippers it is so admirably fitted for.~ I have spent many hours, morning, afternoon, and night during several weeks, within its walls, and at the end it seemed as elusively delightful, as full of novel surprises, as at the first. One learns to detect, however, certain of the elements of the place's charm. It is perfectly lighted; the light is of medium intensity, midway between the clearness of a northern cathedral, which detracts from the sense of mystery, and the extreme and sombre gloom of a typically southern cathedral, like Barcelona or Perpignan, where the obscurity, however impressive it may be, renders all details invisible. The prevailingly medium light in this vast edifice is really made up of a number of kinds of light from many sources, separately of a wide range of intensity, and the atmosphere itself thus becomes here a visible component in the structural harmony of the place. Its varieties of atmospherical effect, its long vistas of light, are produced by various planes of air coming from the doors in every direction, from the veiled and unveiled stained windows at different angles and at different heights, never too dazzling to neutralise altogether the illumination of candles and lamps.

While all the main constructional features of the building are bold and harmoniously planned and proportioned, it has to be confessed that Seville Cathedral is not, and as an exotic phenomenon could not be, a model of exquisite Gothic workmanship in its decorative details, either internally or externally. Anyone who comes fresh to Seville from those great Gothic buildings which arose among a people with a genius for architecture, whether in Amiens and Chartres, or in Barcelona and Tarragona, may easily find cause for offence here. But where the builders

have fallen short in delicate architectural sense, they have made up in their fine artistic felicity, in their instinct for bold and noble proportion; and in the end even the somewhat coarse, peculiar or meaningless decorative detail in the stone, which is, indeed, always restrained and never obtrusive, takes its place as an essential element in the whole effect.

Apart from architecture proper, the decorative feeling becomes right at once. Here, for instance, we see everywhere the bold and splendid iron screens, or *rejas*, which the Sevillians use so frequently, and design with so fine, varied, and happy a decorative feeling. The stained windows, again, are an element in the character of the church; every one of the windows, nearly a hundred in number, is stained, and they are for the most part harmonious, usually in the rich and florid Flemish manner of the seventeenth century which is here entirely in place. These windows are often veiled by semi-transparent curtains, and are generally very highly placed, the clerestory being at a great height, and they are by no means very large. The varied patches of colour which they throw on the walls and piers and pavement, bringing out the crystalline nature of the marble, harmonise happily with the impression of the whole place. All the accessories, moreover, of the cathedral's equipment are on the same scale of harmonious vastness as the edifice itself. The great candles, the bells clanged in the choir at the elevation of the Host, the immense choir-books, the enormous font for the consecrated oil, the huge iron-bound chests to hold the contributions of the faithful, all these and the like accessories are on the same grandiose scale.

While romantic and mysterious

splendour, and a harmonious rhetoric, confidently and happily bold, are the dominant notes of Seville Cathedral, there is yet a certain negligence and familiarity, a certain homeliness, about the splendour that are not the least part of its effectiveness. Merely as a museum of pictures and antiquities it would rank high among the galleries of Europe. Yet it is not mainly or primarily a show-place, like St. Peter's with its cold and vacuous magnificence, or our painfully well-kept English Cathedrals. There is no extreme care for spotless cleanliness, for the perfect repair of every detail, for rigid neatness and orderliness. Here and there the marble is broken and the stone-work crumbled away; fragments have fallen out of some of the gorgeous stained windows. But a faint crumbling of decay seems part of the very vitality of Seville Cathedral; a spotlessly neat and trim church is scarcely likely to be put to much use. This church is a place of real and constant use; people of all classes frequent it; the flutter of ceremonial, the sound of worship, seem seldom to cease within its walls. There are eighty-two altars besides the high altar, and one hesitates to say that there are too many.

The Cathedral is the chief scene of all the great church ceremonies, as well as the centre towards which the characteristic popular religious processions, the *pasos*, are naturally directed. These *pasos* take place everywhere and all day long on Good Friday, and to some extent on the two preceding days. The whole city is given up to them, all vehicular traffic is stopped, and everyone from the mayor and civic dignitaries downwards is present, either in special seats in the public squares, or at the windows or in the streets. It is impossible to cross or penetrate the main arteries of traffic; the visitor

must see the *pasos*, for he cannot see anything else. Every procession consists of a single sacred figure, or a group representing a scene from the Passion, of more than life-size proportions, borne on the heads of some twenty-five invisible men, at an extremely slow pace, and accompanied by the members of the *cofradía*, or lay brotherhood, to which it belongs, dressed in their peculiar costume, which varies in colour in the different brotherhoods, but is essentially a long gown with a tall stiff peaked cowl, covering the face, with loop-holes for the eyes, while each brother carries a great lighted candle. Many of the figures are very finely conceived, and are dramatic in expression; some of them are the work of Montañes, the seventeenth century Sevillian sculptor, and the best and most characteristic exponent of the Sevillian spirit as applied to polychrome carving. More impressive, and to the crowd also more peculiarly sacred, are some of the single figures of the Virgin, in which the quality of the carving is not visible. Such is the Virgen de Regla—a gracious Virgin, slightly bowed forward, with a delicate lace handkerchief in her hand, and enfolded in a vast and gorgeous mantle of dark velvet, gold-embroidered in a large flowing decorative scheme. Candles and bouquets are placed in front of her; a few marigolds are sprinkled on the edge of her mantle, and now and then from among the crowd a child or young girl, in a timid yet ardent voice, sings a brief *saeta* with eyes fixed on the Virgin's face. As the gracious hieratic goddess is thus borne towards the Cathedral on the heads of men, through the reverent bareheaded crowd, to the sound of music, with exceeding slowness and a tremulous vibration which seems to impart to her a kind of living move-

ment, one begins to realise Ashtaroth and the great Mediterranean goddess of Spring, the Berecynthian Mother, borne, as Virgil describes her, on a car, through Phrygian cities; one begins to understand the potent life with which custom and faith and art can endow a mere symbol, and the fascination with which such a symbol may hold the imagination of men.

If Seville Cathedral is ceaselessly rich and interesting in daylight, it gains a new and profound impressiveness at night. Nothing could exceed the overwhelming impression produced by the Cathedral at night during the days before Easter Sunday. All the vast doors were opened wide, and at one corner a brilliant glimpse of the electrically lighted streets streamed in. Yet the cathedral was very dim, for the most part only lighted by a few candles placed high against the great piers of the nave; all round the choir the crowd was impassable; in the rest of the church characteristic Spanish groups crouched at the bases of the great clustered shafts and chattered and used their fans familiarly, as if in their own homes, while dogs ran about unmolested. The MISERERE of Eslava was being performed, and the vast church lent itself superbly to the music and to the scene. It was a scene, as the artist-friend who accompanied me remarked, stranger than the designs of Martin, as bizarre as something out of Poe or Baudelaire. In the dim light the huge piers seemed larger and higher than ever, while the faint altar-lights dimly lit up the iron screen of the *capilla mayor*, as in Rembrandt's conception of the Temple at Jerusalem. In this scene of enchantment one felt that Santa Maria of Seville had delivered up the last secret of her mystery and romance.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

THE LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR.

HAD Jeanne Jugan lived in mediæval days, instead of in the nineteenth century, she would certainly have taken high rank as a worker of miracles, always providing she had not been burnt as a witch. For she spent many long years of her life doing just what all common-sense folk declare cannot be done—making bricks without straw, feeding multitudes without even a loaf or a fish. At an age when most women feel that their work in this world is done, she took on herself a burden so overwhelmingly heavy that the strongest man's courage might well have failed him at the thought of having it to bear. Although beyond reading and writing she had no education whatever, and could hardly do a sum for her life, she found a solution, "all out of her own head," for a problem which had driven to his wits' end many an eminent financier. She outraged, through sheer ignorance, every law of political economy, and set openly at defiance all the precepts of the prudent and the wise; none the less she was practically the leader of a movement which has had an all important influence for good on latter-day social life. Yet she was no genius, she had no special gift indeed of any kind, so far as men could see; and she knew no more of the world and its ways than a child—never was there a woman more naïvely guileless. "*Mes bons amis, réjouissez-vous avec moi : j'ai gagné le prix de vertu, et j'ai trois milles francs pour mes pauvres,*" she went about exclaiming when the Monthyon Prix de Vertu was adjudged to her, and

all Paris, nay all France, was ringing with her praise. To the day of her death she could never be made to understand that the Prix Monthyon was not a mere lottery prize, given without any regard whatever to merit.

* * * *

It was the day of the St. Malo races, a holiday for rich and poor alike; the whole countryside had turned out and the course was crowded. Peasants from distant villages were there, in the quaint Breton dress; fisherfolk, from island hamlets; and all the butchers, bakers, and candle-stick makers for miles around. The quality of the district were there, too, in well-worn clothes for the most part; for they are richer by far in ancestors than in guineas. And side by side with them were smart ladies hailing from Paris, as one could see at a glance, in Bretagne only as sojourners. Then the whole garrison was there, from the Colonel to the latest recruit, together with quite a tribe of sportsmen *à la mode* and tourists of all degrees—men whose yachts were lying off the coast, men on the tramp with holes in their shoes. It was a motley company of course: many of the jokes that were bandied about were none too nice, and the mirth they excited was decidedly noisy. Still the day was lovely, the very air was alive with sunshine and everyone was on pleasure bent. Even he who had put his money on the wrong horse, railed only against the Fates and not against his fellows.

It chanced that a local favourite

gained a notable victory that day to the wild delight of the natives, who cheered and cheered when the Breton horse passed the goal, until the huge trees on the Ramparts were all in a tremble. Just when the excitement was at its height, when the laughter was loudest and the uproar at its worst, two women who had been watching the scene from a distance made their way on to the course. Many curious glances were cast at them as they passed, and little wonder was it, for one of them was a strangely incongruous figure in such a place; the contrast indeed between her and those around her was so startling that it smacked of the grotesque. It was as if some latterday hermit (or belated vestal virgin perhaps) had gone astray and found herself on a race course. She was a tall woman, taller by far than a good half of the men on the field; and she was thin, nay gaunt as the veriest scarecrow. There was not a curve in her figure; she was all straight lines, and just the same width from head to foot,—no human being was ever more ungainly. She was in the dress of a nun, a hood that fell around her in folds and a cloak that nearly touched the ground. Once black her garments now had that greyish shade that tells of hard wear, of exposure to dust and sun, of struggles against wind and rain. She had an odd face, a face of the kind that makes one think instinctively of some weatherbeaten rock. It was ugly; that is a point on which there could be no doubt at all; not only was it rugged, but ill shapen, as if it had been cut out with blunt scissors. Still with all its faults, it had a certain subtle charm of its own, it was so peaceful, kindly and strong, so frank and yet so shrewdly wary.

She stood for a moment on the outskirts of the crowd, and glanced

around her with a somewhat humorous look in her eyes, a look in which the worldly wisdom of a wily old diplomatist was combined, in the oddest fashion, with the trustful simplicity of a child. There was no touch of nervousness or fear in her bearing; evidently she recked no more of the men and women around her than if they had been sparrows. She scrutinised them sharply one after another, weighing pros and cons, as it was easy to see, and calculating chances; then with an emphatic little nod of her head, she walked straight up to a group of fashionable young men and held out a well-worn leather satchel. "*Pour les pauvres, mon bon Monsieur,*" she said gently; "*pour les pauvres.* Please give me something for the poor."

The man she addressed started back angrily. Evidently he resented the appeal; but, before he had time to refuse it, the woman was pleading with him and with those around him, was telling them of the old folk for whose sake she had turned out to beg; telling how poor they were, how they must go supperless to bed that night unless she took them back the money wherewith to buy food. "It is terrible to hear old men and women crying for bread, you know," she whispered confidentially. Her voice was low, sweet and persuasive. "It just breaks one's heart to see them suffer. You must give me something for my poor old folk, you must indeed, *mes bons Messieurs.* And you will, I know you will. Why you could not find it in your hearts to let me go home to them empty-handed. Now could you, so good and kind as you are?"

These young sportsmen looked at each other quite shyly, with something near akin to shame in their faces; for this strange woman seemed to take it for granted that they loved

the poor as she did, and were just as eager to help the helpless. Why, had they one and all been the veriest St. Vincent de Pauls, she could not have smiled on them more kindly, or have held her bag before them with more implicit faith in their munificence. Their eyes fell before hers; every man's hand made its way into his pocket as if by instinct; there was a rattling of gold and silver; and Jeanne Jugan was radiant; for she knew that those for whom she was begging were secure of their dinners for many a long day to come.

Jeanne Jugan was born in 1793, just when the old state of things was passing away in France, and all heads were in a whirl with new ideas. She was the eldest daughter of a peasant farmer, a thrifty, good-hearted man who lived at Petites Croix, near Cancale, in Bretagne. As a child her favourite occupation was tending sheep; she would wander about the fields the whole day long with some poor maimed beast or bird in her arms, if she could find one; for, even then she had a quite special tenderness for the unfortunate. She seems to have been kindly and helpful by nature; and she had a certain homely mother wit of her own, which appealed strongly to those around her.

Although even in her young days Jeanne was singularly lacking in beauty, she won the devoted love of a man who was in all respects a suitable match; and, if the testimony of her neighbours is to be trusted, she gave him her own in return. It chanced however that, a few months before the marriage was to have taken place, a priest held a mission at Cancale, and the burden of his preaching was the duty of giving a helping hand to the poor. His sermons impressed Jeanne vividly, the more vividly perhaps, because in them were

put into words the very thoughts that had long been floating about in an incoherent form in her own mind. She had grown up with the poor around her and had realised to the full all the misery of their lot; one of the troubles of her life indeed had always been that she could do so little for them, that she must so often stand aside with folded hands and see them suffer. Thus, when this missionary came with his stirring appeal, she was soon all aglow with sympathy; and when he declared that the work best worth doing in the world was the work of helping the poor, she felt she would give her right hand gladly to be able to do it. And before the mission was ended, she had firmly made up her mind that do it she would, nay that the doing of it should be the one business of her life. A strange resolution for a girl to take on the eve of her marriage with a man whom she loved; a girl, too, who had not a penny in the world and was earning her own daily bread. Had her friends and relatives known of it, they would certainly have declared that she was mad.

When next we hear of her she is living at St. Servan, a seaport a few miles away from Cancale, whither she had betaken herself, it seems, after breaking off her engagement with her sailor lover. She had discovered, she told him, that she had no vocation for married life and must therefore turn her hand to other work. At St. Servan she passed some time in a hospital, nursing a poor old priest; then she went to live as maid with a Mlle. Le Coq, a charming old lady between whom and herself there soon sprang up a warm friendship. Mlle. Le Coq was alone in the world (her brother had died on the guillotine) and she was poor; so small was her income, indeed, that it was only with

a struggle that she could make both ends meet. Jeanne, however, soon invented so many devices for forcing one sou to do the work of two, that Mlle. Le Coq was able not only to live in comfort but to save money; and every farthing that was saved was given away in charity, for she was as keenly interested in the poor as her maid, and as eager to help them. For more than twenty years (the best twenty years of a woman's life too) Jeanne led a quiet uneventful existence taking care of Mlle. Le Coq. She had not indeed much choice in the matter, for during the greater part of this time she was too sorely hampered by lack of strength—she was threatened with consumption—to undertake more arduous duties. This was a terrible trial for her of course; still, even when she was weakest, her faith never wavered; she was perfectly sure that her health would be restored, perfectly sure, too, that sooner or later the chance would be given her of doing something, something definite, to help the poor—what, where, or when she did not know. Meanwhile she was not wasting her time, for she was going about among these people whose interests she had so keenly at heart, not only helping them, so far as she could, but, what was still more important, learning to know them and finding out how best they could be helped.

St. Servan was a poverty-stricken town in those days; it was thronged with beggars, and at every turn, haggard, hungry-looking faces were to be seen. There were no fewer than four thousand names on the pauper list, the list of those who were authorised to appeal for alms, and of these four thousand the great majority were widows, helpless old women whose husbands had been lost at sea. There was no refuge for

these people, not even a workhouse; there was no relief system, no organised charity. Thus beg they must so long as they could, and when they had no longer the strength even to beg they must starve. And many of them were decent thrifty old folk, who had worked hard in their time on scant commons, and it was owing to no fault of their own that poverty had overtaken them. Little wonder Jeanne's heart was sorely troubled as she went about in this town; or that she came to look upon the aged poor as a class apart even from the poor, a class who were being cruelly wronged by their fellows.

When Mlle. Le Coq died, she left her furniture and what money she had (it was but little) to Jeanne who, as she was much stronger now than in her young days, decided to try to earn a livelihood by going out to work as a charwoman. She therefore installed herself and her belongings in an old tumble-down house which she shared with a friend of hers, a Mlle. Aubert. Just when all was going well with her in her new home, when she by dint of hard work was earning not only enough to live on, but something to give away, a little incident occurred which changed the whole current of her life. One autumn evening, in the year 1840, she received a visit from two young girls, Virginie Trédaniel and Marie Jamet, who came to beg her to sub-let to them part of her house, as they had heard that she had more rooms than she required. She found that it was not for themselves alone that they sought a lodging, but also for a blind old woman, who, although she was, as they confessed, no relative of theirs, was under their care. This excited Jeanne's interest, especially as the girls were not only young (the

elder of them was under twenty) but evidently poor; indeed they were both earning their bread by the work of their hands. On questioning them she learned that they had taken charge of the old woman, who was penniless, out of charity at the suggestion of a certain Abbé Le Pailleur, a young priest who had come to St. Servan two years before, and was doing a great work there. They had both had a strong desire to enter a convent and would have done so, had not the Abbé convinced them that they would do much better to stay in the world and serve God by tending His poor.

The girls' story touched Jeanne to the quick; she at once took them and their charge into her house as permanent guests; then, sure that M. Le Pailleur must be a man after her own heart, she went off to see him. There was a strong bond of sympathy between them, as they both felt from the first; for he had the welfare of the destitute as keenly at heart as she had, and was just as sorely grieved at the misery of their condition. The sight of all those helpless old paupers loitering about the streets had stirred him, and already, before ever he had met her, he had resolved that something must and should be done to better their lot. Nay he had in his head even then a rough plan for the doing of this something, and was only waiting until he found suitable help-mates to give it a trial. Thus the day he met Jeanne Jugan was an all important one in his life as in hers; for in her he found the very help-mate he wanted, if this work on which both their hearts were set were to be done; while she found in him the inspirer and guide whom she had so long been seeking. Until he joined forces with her, he was helpless, owing to the practical difficulties that stood in

the way of the carrying out of this plan of his; and she, too, was helpless, for she had no plan at all, and knew not how to set about framing one.

The Abbé and Jeanne had many long consultations together, in the course of which he insisted that the first thing to be done towards mitigating this great misery they saw around them was to provide the more helpless of the old paupers with some place where they could sleep. The scheme indeed which he had thought out was one for opening a sort of refuge, where these people might be lodged and tended free; and he proposed that she, Marie Jamet and Virginie Trédaniel, should throw in their lots together, and try what could be done in this way, beginning of course on a very humble scale. Without a moment's hesitation Jeanne consented, gladly, even gratefully, although the Abbé warned her of all the difficulties they would have to contend against, warned her that whatever money were required they would have to find, as he had none to give them. And she was forty-seven at the time (a woman of forty-seven, it must be remembered, is as a rule as old as a man at sixty) and all she possessed in the world was her furniture and some six hundred francs.

Not a moment was lost; three decrepit old women were at once installed in her house, and so many more applied for admission, that in the course of a few months she removed to a larger house. Within two years she removed again, to the street known to-day as Rue Jeanne Jugan, where she had quite a mansion; for by this time she had no fewer than fifty old men and women on her hands and hundreds more were clamouring to be admitted. Never was there, surely, a philanthropic undertaking that developed so rapidly from such a

humble beginning. When these three poor working women bade their first guests welcome, they had to explain to them that they could provide them only with beds, not with food, much as they would have liked to do so. They had to explain to them, too, that they could not stay with them all day, as they must go out to earn money, money for the rent. Every morning when they had cleaned the house and helped their charges to dress they went off to work; otherwise they would have had to starve, for they had nothing but their earnings to rely upon either for their own support or the support of the home.

When they started their undertaking, their plan was that the old people whom they lodged and tended should go out during the day and obtain food for themselves by begging. They were quite alive to the inconvenience, and possible danger, of this arrangement; still, as there seemed then to be no alternative, they gave it a trial. And a disastrous failure it proved. Begging at best is a demoralising calling and these people were neither better nor worse than their fellows. Some of them brought back too much, others too little; and then there were quarrels. Some declared themselves too weak to go out; others went out and returned in a state that made their hostesses' hair stand on end. Troubles and annoyances of all sorts followed, and there were even scandals; so that at length Jeanne Jugan and her companions were driven, through sheer necessity, to declare that they would have no more of this going out to beg; they would provide their charges with food, as well as with beds. At the time when they made this announcement, they knew no more than the birds of the air where the food was to come from; for that they should

ever earn enough money to buy it was quite out of the question. Jeanne, it is true, had an idea in her head. One day when Marie and Virginie were racking their brains for a plan by which the required food could be obtained, she startled them by announcing that she was going out to beg. "It is the only thing to be done," she remarked. "If these old people are not to go out to beg for themselves, I must go out to beg for them; that is clear." And out she went with a large basket on her arm, and in her pocket a long list of houses,—the houses where, as her charges assured her, beggars could count on being helped.

Jeanne went from house to house, and wherever she went she told her tale, told how she had many helpless old people at home, and was out seeking food wherewith to feed them. She did not ask for money, only for scraps and odds and ends—the remains of the previous day's dinner or of that morning's breakfast. For she had made up her mind after much cogitation, that she was more likely to obtain such things as these than money, and that she could turn them to just as good account. In some houses she was laughed at, in others she was insulted, but she went on her way through it all quite unconcerned; for she was far too intent on the experiment she was trying to trouble herself about what people might think of her and her doings. All that she cared for was that they should give; and give they did for the most part, and generously too. Little as she knew it, she was a born expert in the art of begging. Those from whom she used to beg maintain that no other woman ever could beg as she did. Her heart and soul were so obviously in her work, she was so earnest and yet so cheery—she could jest and joke as she made her appeals,

yet never were appeals more touchingly pathetic. What undoubtedly gave special force to her words was her faith in her kind, her firm belief that there was never man, woman, or child, who was not by nature kindly and charitable. No matter to whom she turned for help, though it were to the veriest niggard, she took it for granted, and showed it by her manner, that he would like to give her what she sought, and would give it gladly if he but could. And no refusal, however surly, ever made her waver in this belief. Indeed she lavished such hearty sympathy on those who said her nay, and was so sure they only said it because they must, that so often as not they changed their minds at the last moment and said her yea.

There were great rejoicings in the Home when Jeanne returned from her first begging expedition; for she brought with her a well-filled basket, many promises too that other baskets should be filled. Thus her venture had proved a success. It was a stroke of genius indeed, as the result showed, this asking for food instead of for money; for scores of men and still more women who would grudge a few pence will give away a shilling's worth of food without a thought. Jeanne traded on this little weakness most skilfully. When she knocked at a door, what she first asked for was always "broken victuals"—crusts of bread, beef bones, ends of bacon, or drops of soup and gravy, even tea-leaves and coffee-grounds, all things of little account to their owners but of great value to her; for in her hands they became the ingredients of savoury pottages and refreshing drinks. Then she made friends of various tradespeople, especially market-women, and persuaded them to let her have at night whatever provisions they might have left

which would be unsaleable by the next morning. As time passed she had recourse to many other devices for getting hold of things useless and making them useful. And the end of it was that she was able to organise a fairly regular, if somewhat hand-to-mouth, commissariat for the Home, and provide its poor old inmates with three meals every day—out of nothing as it were.

When first she went forth to beg the Home was face to face with ruin; had she not gone forth, or had she returned empty-handed, it must have closed its doors. The whole undertaking must have come to naught, in fact, had she not done what she did, had she not found out a way of procuring food that cost no one anything, of feeding men and women without spending a farthing, or rendering anyone by a farthing the poorer.

The food-supply problem once solved, the Home developed rapidly. Before long both Marie Jamet and Virginie Trédaniel were obliged to follow Jeanne's example and give up going out to work, that they might devote themselves entirely to taking care of their charges. While she was out begging, they cooked, washed, cleaned, and kept order in the Home. And to keep order there was no child's play; all sorts and conditions were received, it must be remembered, Jews and Gentiles, Turks and infidels; for no questions were asked of those who presented themselves providing they were old and destitute. Already in 1842, M. Le Pailleur had deemed it advisable to form the three workers into a sisterhood (the Little Sisters of the Poor was the name he gave them) bound by vows of poverty, chastity, obedience and hospitality. A fourth sister joined them almost immediately, but no fifth presented herself for two years; for a woman

does not lightly enter an order in which she will have to pass her days either waiting on cantankerous and often degraded old people or tramping the streets as a beggar.

Certainly these first sisters had a terribly hard time, so hard a time indeed that it needed all the Abbé Le Pailleur's sympathy and support sometimes to prevent their courage failing them. Every day brought them more cares, more worries, more work to do. Even the great house in Rue Jeanne Jugan was soon not large enough for the crowds that flocked there; helpless old men and women had to be turned away every night, and this almost broke the sisters' hearts. The Home must be enlarged, they declared; and although a fifty centime piece was all the money they had in hand, they straightway set to work to enlarge it. It was their intention to do a good deal of the building themselves, all the unskilled labour in fact, but the builders, when they saw them carrying bricks, rose up in a body and vowed they would have none of their help; they would do the work for nothing, and they did. This was but the first of the many kindly actions by which working men have shown their gratitude for the work the Little Sisters are doing. Even when the war against the Orders was at its height and "*Clericalisme, voilà l'ennemi*," was the great popular cry, the roughest mob would always greet a Little Sister with kindly enthusiasm. "Say what you like against me, but if you say a word against the Little Sisters of the Poor, I'll do for you (*Je t'effacerai*)," the most violent perhaps of all the *Dames des Halles* once cried, in a moment of excitement, and she would certainly have kept her word. Indeed some Parisian workers did once nearly kill a man who had ventured to address a Little Sister

rudely. A party of soldiers who were stationed near one of the Homes used to send the sisters soup from their mess every day; and when they left the town, they persuaded the regiment that succeeded them to do the same. Another regiment, a crack artillery regiment too, once removed the sisters' furniture to a new Home, all for love; and it was at the urgent request of the Garde Nationale that the Home in the 10th Paris Arrondissement was opened.

It was Jeanne Jugan undoubtedly who first won for the sisters their popularity. This great gaunt woman, with her shrewd homely face and her gentle kindly ways, made friends for them wherever she went, and she went everywhere; for the larger the Home became the more food of course its inmates required. They required other things, too, besides food; the rent had to be paid and coals must be bought. Thus money soon became a pressing necessity; and as enough could not be had at St. Servan, Jeanne began to make excursions to neighbouring towns, especially to pleasure resorts where races and regattas were held; for she was not long in discovering that of all givers gamblers are the most generous. She made her way (how she did it is a mystery) across thresholds never crossed before by a beggar, into bankers' private rooms, great ladies' boudoirs, officers' barracks, fashionable clubs, nay even into Limited Liability Companies' offices. And once there the battle was half won: people who would as soon have thought of flying as of giving to anyone else, gave to Jeanne.

Meanwhile the sisters, some four years after they had opened the Home at St. Servan, were seized with the desire to open one at Rennes. They had no money wherewith to do so—they always lived in the hand-to-

mouth fashion, giving away whatever they had more than enough for a few days' supply. But in their eyes this was a matter of no great importance ; for they were firmly convinced that whatever was needed would be sent. Jeanne Jugan would have opened fifty homes without a scruple, so boundless was her faith. She held that St. Joseph had taken the Little Sisters and their charges under his special protection, and although he might let them fall into sore straits sometimes, he would never let real harm befall them. And she had the strangest stories to tell as to the way in which they had again and again been fed when in great want, by ravens as it were. The Bishop of Rennes, however, who was a wise and prudent man, objected to having in his diocese a home dependent on ravens for its food supply. Whereupon Jeanne came down and literally took the town by storm. She visited every personage of importance there, talked to his wife and daughters, and convinced them one and all, in defiance of common-sense, that the home might be opened without any risk whatever, nay that it *must* be opened. And opened it was ; and the result proved that she was right ; crowds of old people were made comfortable and happy there, and every day brought with it their daily bread. The next home the sisters opened was at Dinan, whither they went at the request of the municipal authorities ; and from that time their homes increased and multiplied in the most marvellous fashion. Soon they were to be found in all parts of France, in Rouen, Bordeaux, Lyon, in Paris itself ; and, as time passed, in Belgium, England, Spain, all over Europe in fact. In 1854 the Pope formally recognised the order as one doing a great work in the world ; two years later Napoleon the Third took it under his special

protection ; and the Empress Eugénie and Queen Isabella vied with each other in lavishing marks of sympathy on its members. At the present time there are between four and five thousand Little Sisters of the Poor, and they are hard at work in all parts of the world, not only in Europe, but in America, Australia, and even in Africa. They have under their care hundreds of homes and thousands and thousands of poor helpless old folk. They still continue to go from house to house begging for scraps and odds and ends, just as Jeanne taught them to beg. Not but that they have now rich and powerful friends to help them, many of them friends whom she first secured ; mine-owners send them coal ; gas-companies send them coke ; and such unlikely people as money-changers give them a regular subsidy. What is stranger still, perhaps, the Paris Jockey Club pays them tithes on its gains, and the Compagnie de Crocheteurs once sent them a large bet it had won.

Until 1864 Jeanne Jugan continued to be the mainstay of the Little Sisters, their beggar in chief ; then her health failed and she retired to the Tour St. Joseph, the great Central Home of the order, where its novices are trained for their work. There she died in 1879, and sorely was she bemoaned, for never was woman more loved of the poor, more revered, or with better reason. She was only a poor ignorant peasant with all the limitations, foibles and superstitions of her class ; yet, such as she was, she did more than any other woman has ever yet done towards bettering the lot of the most pitiable of all mortals—those who lack the means on which to live because their strength has failed them, those whom no man will hire because they are old.

EDITH SELLERS.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

It is twenty-one years since the serene and dignified figure of Ralph Waldo Emerson (of whose birth the centenary occurs on May 25th) passed away. During this period his life and writings have been the theme of many books and innumerable articles, yet nothing that has been written has really modified or altered the unique position accorded to him by his contemporaries. It is doubtless true that he is not read to-day by Englishmen with the same avidity as a couple of decades ago, and to a generation that knows not the magic of Emerson's personality it may savour of weakness to speak of him with enthusiasm, but it is none the less true that his influence is as potent as ever. So many of his aphorisms have passed into current speech, and, while the source may be unrecognised, they have still the same power over the minds of men. Emerson has never lacked admirers in his own country and no Young American's education is considered complete to-day without a knowledge of his philosophy. More than sixty years ago he taught the generation then growing up around him the value of faith and hope, and it was Emerson who gave the New World its charter of "intellectual independence." Lowell acknowledged the debt when he wrote:

The Puritan revolt had made us ecclesiastically and the Revolution politically independent, but we were still socially and intellectually moored to English thought, till Emerson cut the cable and gave us a chance at the dangers and the glories of blue water. No man young enough to have felt it can forget or cease to be grateful for the mental and moral

nudge which he received from the writings of his high-minded and brave-spirited countryman. That we agree with him, or that he always agrees with himself, is aside from the question; but that he arouses in us something that we are better for having awakened, whether that something be of opposition or assent, that he speaks always to what is highest and least selfish in us, few Americans of the generation younger than his own would be disposed to deny.

It has been said that the stock from which Emerson sprang was ripe for such a man, and his genealogy is certainly a remarkable one, as for more than two centuries one or more of his ancestors had been in the ministry. While heredity, in which Emerson himself had a firm belief, played a part in the unfolding of his character, the formative influence of his boyhood days did more. Left fatherless at eight years of age, his mother found that after attending to the physical needs of six young children, she had no time left to devote to their education. This duty chiefly devolved upon their aunt, Miss Mary Moody Emerson, a self-educated person of high character and lofty ideals. She idolised her nephews in her own way and is described as "full of angularities; a perpetual offender against minor social proprieties; orthodox by intellectual conviction, heterodox by native temperament."

"No whistle," said Ralph Waldo, "that every mouth could play on, but a pibroch from which only a native Highlander could draw music." Such teaching as this exactly suited young Emerson and was the best possible for developing his latent powers. As one writer says, "it was Emerson's

happiness to have grown up under the care and inspiration of certain women who were as noble as any then living in New England. He was ever finely chivalrous towards true women; never wavered in his reverential esteem for them. A good woman never despairs of the ideal right—that was one of his characteristic sayings; it expressed his sense of the value of the good women who had so lovingly tended and shaped his earliest years."

In 1823 Emerson began to study theology and was thus preparing to follow the profession for which he seemed marked out, since in his veins ran so much clerical blood. His health was the source of much anxiety about this time, and the authorities, recognising his worth and seriousness, dispensed with the usual examination, and on October 10th, 1826, he was "approbated" to preach.

Emerson, by his nature and disposition, came near to realising that perfection which is at once the ideal and the goal of humanity. It has been said that we must go back to Spinoza before we can find another character to compare to his in its startling purity and self-fidelity. We are lost in admiring wonder while viewing the aerial height to which he attained, and we search in vain for some flaw in his character, some trifling indiscretion, that would assure us that after all he really was a man like ourselves. In all the relationships of life he was never found wanting. As son, husband, father, or citizen, his conduct responds to our expectations. He was the ideal of a friend, and, beautifully as he has written on the subject of friendship, he has thrown his writings into the shade by his noble practice. No man had truer, more generous and beautiful relations with his literary contemporaries.

But, perfect though he was, his temperament was not suited to his vocation, and what may be described as the crisis in his life came when he found it necessary to sever his connection with the Unitarian Church at Boston, owing to his being unable to accept the usual view of the Communion service. It was to him a purely spiritual rite and he could only retain it as a commemoration. All around were forms and shadows; "the Almighty God was pleased to qualify and send forth a man to teach men that they must serve Him with the heart; that only that life was religious which was thoroughly good; that sacrifices were smoke of our own shadows." Henceforward his pulpit was the rostrum.

As a lecturer he was brilliant and inspiring. His rich deep voice (a gift he seems to have inherited from his mother) had a strangely moving effect on those who listened to him. His audience might complain that there was no logical sequence of thought in his lecture, no "ponderable acquisition," but they were thankful for "ennobling impulses." "Can you tell me," asked one at the close of a lecture, "what connection there is between that last sentence and the one that went before, and what connection it all has with Plato?" "None my friend save in God," replied Emerson. For forty years he was greatly sought after as a lecturer, and it is as well to remember that he did not meet with instant recognition. His first admirers were won "in the pulpit," and slowly but surely his fame spread, until at last he was acclaimed the chief of American philosophy and letters.

We are told that Emerson was of more than medium height, erect until his latter days, neither very thin nor stout in frame, with rather narrow and unusually sloping shoul-

ders, with long neck but very well poised head, and of dignified carriage. His eyes were deep set and of an intense blue, his hair dark brown, his complexion clear and always with good colour. His features were pronounced and emphatic, and his face striking for its reserved power of expression. In manner he was reticent and he did not shine in general conversation, and in ordinary intercourse with men he did not appear as a genius. This reticence seems to have been in part due to a passion for exactness in the use of language which caused him to hesitate until he was sure of the right word. He could be affable and encouraging to others, and there are numerous instances on record of his spontaneous hospitality.

In 1833 Emerson visited England. The journey, he tells us, was undertaken to "find new affinities between me and my fellow men." While here he met Carlyle, and the meeting was the prelude to a life-long friendship, almost unique in its way, resting as it does on two short interviews with fourteen years between them. To Carlyle the visit was like that of an angel; and Emerson records "that many a time upon the sea, on my homeward voyage, I remember with joy my lonely philosopher." Emerson was in this country again in 1847 to fulfil lecturing engagements, and his impressions are preserved for us in "English Traits," published in 1856. At this time (1847) the Chartist movement was at its height; and France was on the eve of a Revolution. He saw at once that, however gloomy the outlook might be, England would not fail. In a speech at Manchester in November, 1847, he said:

I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before;—indeed with a kind of in-

stinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity, she has a secret vigour and a pulse like a cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit, but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion. Seeing this, I say, All hail! mother of nations, mother of heroes, with strength still equal to the time; still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of mankind requires in the present hour, and thus only hospitable to the foreigner, and truly a home to the thoughtful and generous who are born in the soil. So be it! so let it be! If it be not so, if the courage of England goes with the chances of a commercial crisis, I will go back to the capes of Massachusetts, and my own Indian stream, and say to my countrymen, the old race are all gone, and the elasticity and hope of mankind must henceforth remain on the Alleghany ranges, or nowhere.

These words were spoken over fifty years ago, and it would not be altogether unprofitable to examine ourselves as a nation in the light of his friendly criticism. Emerson was but little concerned with what was ephemeral in our national life, and sweeping aside non-essentials he set himself to answer the question, why England is England. What are the elements that have contributed to give us that hold over other nations? The best admiral could not have placed or anchored this little island in a more judicious or effective position. To him the Englishman is of all men the one who stands firmest in his shoes. One element in our greatness is the number of individuals among us of character and personal ability. We are credited with supreme endurance in war and labour; and, while as a race we are instinct with the spirit of order and of calculation in our every-day affairs, we are also capable of larger views. But the indulgence is expensive and costs us great crises, or a great outlay of accumulated mental power. Domesticity is the taproot that enables us to

branch wide and high. Our women, he considers, are the finest in the world ; and the advantageous position of the middle class goes far towards securing our stability and progress. He indulges in pleasant raillery at our dislike of change and naturally is somewhat hard on our "conformity," saying, "the most sensible and well-informed men possess the power of thinking just so far as the bishop in religious matters." Be this as it may he generously adds that, if religion be the doing of all good, and for its sake the suffering of all evil, that divine secret has existed in England from the days of Alfred.

"A great interpreter of life ought not himself to need interpretation," says John Morley, and Emerson certainly does not need an interpreter, charged though he may be by some readers with obscurity. For the "pungent and unforgettable truths" he utters are drawn from the bed-rock of our primary emotions and are self-affirming. His view of life was that of the healthy man. The development of the body must go hand in hand with the expansion of the mind ; the cultivation of the heart must accompany the training of the intellect. Emerson was the master of "living well" and, as he said, it requires as much breadth of power to succeed in this as it does to win laurels in the State, or the army, or the bar, or any other function to which man may set his hand. When we examine his writings we are amazed at the fertility of illustration, the wealth of imagery, with which every essay is crowded ; and of Emerson we can say he saw life steadily and whole.

Emerson's correspondence with Carlyle is worth reading to-day if only for the Pisgah view we get of the two giants. It is hardly necessary at this time of day to deny the

accusation once made against Emerson that he was indebted to Carlyle, for Lowell dealt effectively with this at the time when he wrote the rough lines of comparison.

There are persons, mole-blind to the
soul's make and style,

Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him
and Carlyle.

To compare him with Plato would be
vastly fairer,

Carlyle's the more burly, but E. is the
rarer ;

He sees fewer objects, but clearer,
trulier,

If C.'s as original, E.'s more peculiar ;
That he's more of a man you might
say of the one,

Of the other he's more of an Emerson ;
C.'s the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of
limb,—

E. the clear eyed Olympian, rapid and
slim ;

The one's two-thirds Norseman, the
other half Greek,

Where the one's most abounding, the
other's to seek ;

C.'s generals require to be seen in the
mass,—

E.'s specialties gain if enlarged by the
glass ;

C. gives nature and God his own fit of
the blues,

And rims common-sense things with
mystical hues,—

E. sits in a mystery calm and intense,
And looks coolly round him with
sharp common-sense ;

C. shows you how every-day matters
unite

With the dim transdiurnal recesses of
night,

While E. in a plain, preternatural way,
Makes mysteries matters of mere every
day.

These two rendered each other a mutual service, Emerson when he edited *SARTOR RESARTUS* and aided in its publication, and Carlyle when he introduced the first series of essays to the English public.

In one letter to Carlyle Emerson speaks of his method of composition. Reading and writing with very little system, he says, he produced the most

fragmentary results, "paragraphs incomprehensible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." His garden and the Concord woods were his real study during the years of his greatest activity, and in these walks he often carried his note-book, or, as frequently happened, recorded the thought on his return to the house, striving to express it exactly as it came to him. It must be admitted that this want of method, this "unparalleled non-sequaciousness" as Mr. Birrell calls it, is irritating to many who would seek to judge him by the ordinary canons of criticism; but in thus recording all his inspirations he has given us a multitude of tonic sentences that "pulse as if from the veins of Spring."

On his return to Boston after his first visit to England Emerson went to reside at Concord with his mother and there, on his marriage with Miss Lydia Jackson, his second wife, he settled for the rest of his life. In this "Happy Valley" he had as neighbours men and women of widely diverse views who had little in common beyond the desire for intellectual culture. Of the number was A. B. Alcott, the initiator of the Fruitlands community, "bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age." Then there was Margaret Fuller, the first editor of the brilliant but short-lived *DIAL*, a woman of many eccentricities, yet of a deeply sympathetic nature, who became transformed into the beautiful Zenobia in *THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE*. It is in this novel that Hawthorne, that "strangely silent figure," has preserved for us his recollections and impressions of Concord and its residents. He tells us of young visionaries and grey-headed theorists who were attracted thither by the wide spreading influence of a great and original thinker, men who

having discovered what they hoped was a new thought hastened to Emerson to ascertain its quality and value. It was among these strangely-assorted yet receptive minds that the ideas of Fourier found an easy entrance, and the now famous "Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education" was the outcome. Emerson was pressed to join in what proved an abortive experiment, but declined on the ground that he was not willing to remove from one prison to another a little larger.

Of all those residing in Concord at this time, Thoreau was the most conspicuous figure next to Emerson. It was with this morbidly eccentric genius that Emerson had the closest friendship, and this was the one person from whom he gained more than any other man alive or dead. Emerson in his turn had a marked influence on Thoreau, with whom he became acquainted in 1837, and who was for two years from the spring of 1841 an inmate of his house. Emerson tells us that hermit and stoic though Thoreau was, he was really fond of sympathy, and was a friend, knowing not only the secret of friendship, but almost worshipped by those few persons who resorted to him as their confessor and prophet.

Emerson acknowledged no man as master, although no one borrowed more than he did from the writings of others. He admires, but always with a reservation, and, he says in effect of all great men that the power which they communicate is not theirs. When we are exalted by ideas, we do not owe this to Plato but to the idea, to which also Plato was debtor. Emerson was above all things an optimist, and no one has taught more clearly and forcibly than he the duty of making the best of this world, of sinking personal and private ends for the universal good. His mind so

finely attuned to the infinite was able instantly to recognise "The Eternal One" where and howsoever He might reveal Himself. His faith in his fellow men was large and hopeful. He declares that evil is only privation and has no real existence when the part is seen in its proper relation to the whole.

We shall look in vain in Emerson's writings for any system or orderly development of ideas. Gifted with a rare spiritual imagination his influence can best be described as an impulse, a compelling force towards all that is noblest and best. And who shall say he was not wise in this? He himself declared that systems are merely the outside husk, worthless except as a temporary embodiment of the essential truth. For the majority of men have not the time, or the patience, to assimilate a system, rather are they content with a mood or temper of thought, an impulse not fully reasoned out, which guides them to the acceptance of some opinions and the rejection of others, and which acts almost automatically as the processes of physical digestion. Along this line Emerson is of immeasurable assistance. He has no patience with the logic-chopper. "He does not argue with men in whom the faculty of vision is non-existent or clouded by want of use. He is content simply to see." Belief in one's own thoughts, obedience to the inner light, be the consequences what they may, is the burden of his teaching. "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string." Impatient of a "foolish consistency," the "hobgoblin of little minds," he adjures us to "speak what you think now in hard words and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day." And again: "Nothing at last is sacred but the integrity of your own mind. . . . Absolve

you to yourself and you shall have the suffrage of the whole world." We must, therefore, watch for that gleam of light that flashes across the mind from within and not dismiss without notice our thoughts because they are our thoughts, or else one day they will come back to us with alienated majesty. Such a course of conduct demands more than ordinary courage, for the fear of being misunderstood is a terror that keeps us to low and grovelling aims. With Emerson self-reliance includes all the virtues; it is the basis of all character, and the essence of all heroism. For after all what distinguishes those we call great men from ourselves is chiefly this, that while we rely on them, they rely on themselves. Among the masses of men self-reliance is practically non-existent, and it becomes as easy to predict how they will speak and act at any given moment, as it does to tell day from night. But self-reliance, by breaking up the routine of thought, lets new light into the darkened mind, and sets the world spinning on the paths of progress. It is, however, necessary to utter a word of warning, for self-reliance easily degenerates into conceit and bombast. We must guard against that self-trust, so closely allied to egoism, which issues in self-assertiveness, and is frequently actuated by the greed of gain, or the love of power. It is obviously all to our good to cultivate that self-reliance based on knowledge, for in that way we learn to walk on our own feet, to work with our own hands, to speak with our own minds, and come at last to understand that self-reliance, the height and perfection of man, is after all reliance on God.

Emerson is the despair of those good people who are unable to comprehend a man unless it is possible to affix a label to him. He has been

called a Pantheist, but he never confounds God and the Universe, for to him God is the soul of the Universe. Having sympathy with the unsatisfied aspirations of all ages it is not surprising to find him classed with the Transcendentalists, but he himself described Transcendentalism as the "Saturnalia or excess of faith." Mysticism is perhaps the word that most nearly suggests the peculiar position he occupies, but then he would not swallow, nor does he wish us to, all the mystic formulas. As Sir Leslie Stephen puts it :

Certainly Emerson is on the threshold of mysticism. His peculiarity is that he stops there. He does not lose his balance. He respects common sense and dreads to distrust his vague aspirations by translating them into a definite system . . . His mysticism may be unintelligible or false if taken as a solid philosophy. It reveals at any rate the man himself, the pure simple-minded, high-feeling man, made of the finest clay of human nature ; the one man who to Carlyle uttered a genuine human voice, and soothed the profound gloom of dyspeptic misanthropy ; a little too apt, no doubt, to fall into the illusion of taking the world to be as comfortably constituted as himself ; and apt also to withdraw from the ugly drama, in which the graver passions are inextricably mixed up with the heroic and the rational to the remote mountain-tops of mystical reflection.

It might aptly be said of Emerson, what he said of Shakespeare: Emerson is the only biographer of Emerson ; and even he can tell nothing, except to the Emerson in us ; that is, to our most apprehensive and sympathetic hour. Emerson saw in flashes. We may have read several pages with no firm grip of what he would have us see, when suddenly, as the appearance of the sun from behind a thick cloud, the truth stands out in all its pristine beauty, and we are thrilled with a

strange awe and delight. The OVER SOUL more than any other one of Emerson's essays contains the essentials of his teaching. To him God is the centre of all things and out of Him nothing can exist. The soul pre-existed in God and is an efflux from God and in time will return into the undeveloped Deity and be at one with Him. Death to the individual self, surrender to God, is the condition of its return. This deep power in which we exist is self-sufficing and perfect in every hour ; and every man is sensible of it at some time ; subtle and elusive though it may be, it pervades and contains us. It is this common heart, this Over-soul, that confutes man's tricks and talents and constrains him to pass for what he is, to speak from his character and not from his tongue. What we commonly call man, the eating, drinking, sleeping man, is for ever misrepresenting himself. Did we but see the soul whose organ man is through his actions, it would make our knees bend ; and if the soul but have its way, intellect, will, and affection become transmuted. The weakness begins in man trying to ignore this Unity and to be something of himself. Thus it is we strive to repress ourselves in our intercourse with our fellow-men, but it is useless, for "we know better than we do," and by every word we utter, with our will or against our will, we draw our portrait to the eye of our companions. "Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a thread-ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag." There comes the instant when, raised above the commonplace, we intuitively perceive this unity of thought, and then it is that our hearts beat with a noble sense of power and duty. We are conscious of attaining a

higher self-possession ; and it is indeed a memorable moment when some new truth is revealed.

In the mundane sphere of politics Emerson was more ideal than practical. While not identifying himself with any party, for he can state the case equally well for the liberal as for the conservative, he did not neglect his duty as a citizen. He was careful to counsel all those who enjoyed the privilege of a vote to see that they used it when opportunity offered. Emerson looked forward to the day when the highest end of government would be the culture of men, for if men are educated the institutions will share their improvement, and the moral sentiment will write the law of the land. In the meantime there should be no repression of any noble attempt or discouragement of any generous scheme, no opposition to any reform, that was a real reform. All should be allowed to do their work, and having outlived their usefulness cease to be. His interest in public affairs was quickened, and his views regarding the function of the State modified, by the slavery question. Although wavering at first he soon joined hands with the Abolitionists and the cause had no more fervent advocate. Both by speech and writing he worked for the removal of "this accursed mountain of sorrow" for ever out of the world.

In his own time Emerson was accused of exalting intellect above the affections. This may have been due, as already indicated, to a certain austerity of manner, for no one has written more beautifully of those twin-sweeteners of life, love and friendship, than he has. In his essay on *Love* he is fully sensible of the celestial rapture that seizes us at the tender age and puts us quite beside ourselves. The remembrance of this early vision outlasts all other remem-

brances and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows.

In the noon and afternoon of life we still throb at the recollection of days when happiness was not happy enough, but must be drugged with the relish of pain and fear ; for he touched the secret of the matter, who said of love,

'All other pleasures are not worth its pains :'

and when the day was not long enough, but the night, too, must be consumed in keen recollections ; when the head boiled all night on the pillow with the generous deed it resolved on ; when the moonlight was a pleasing fever, and the stars were letters, and the flowers ciphers, and the air was coined into song ; when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets were pictures.

As life advances even love becomes more impersonal and lovers grow to recognise that the purification of the intellect and the heart is the real marriage, foreseen and prepared from the first, and wholly above our consciousness. Love in the sexes is the first symbol of friendship ; nothing life has to offer is so satisfying as the profound good understanding, which can subsist between two virtuous men. In all association there must be compromise, but there are two sovereign elements that go to the composition of all friendship, and one is not superior to the other. These elements are truth and tenderness, and if they are linked to a total magnanimity and trust we are able to defy all infirmity.

As a writer of verse Emerson has several defects, chief among which is the inability to rhyme correctly, but if, as Carlyle says, it is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that make him a poet, Emerson assuredly deserves to be included among the poets. A prose poet he unquestionably was ; and he seems to have deliberately chosen to write verse as the medium of expression of his

inmost thoughts, the key to many of which are only to be found in his life. There are many lines that have a haunting beauty all their own. As he himself said "it is the thought passionate and alive that makes the poem." In the *DIRGE* and again in the beautiful *THRENODY*, the first part of which was written immediately after the death of his son aged six and the latter part two years later, we see the suppressed grief of a truly noble nature teaching how a great sorrow should be nobly borne. The *RHODORA* is a perfect gem.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh *Rhodora* in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

In the *SNOW STORM*, as the following lines will show, we have an exquisite bit of descriptive writing—

Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree,
or door.

Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work.

In the *TERMINUS*, written about 1866, Emerson strikes the first note of his advancing years, and it is fitting to take leave of this simple and sincere soul, whose remains rest in the peaceful cemetery of Sleepy Hollow, close beside those of Hawthorne and Thoreau, and near to the Concord that he loved so well, in the concluding lines of what there is every reason to believe was his last poem.

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime;
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

SWITZERLAND OF THE WAYSIDE.

OUR village lies just off the steep road which leads up from the dusty white plain to the popular "health resort" which reaps a golden harvest summer after summer from its untilled lands. You can drive up to it in a shaky little vehicle with the driver striding beside you, hooting dismally at his patient horse; or you can secure a place in the *poste*, the stuffy yellow diligence which carries the mails of the Republic; or you can go on foot,—a long-legged man will be sorry if he does anything else—along the zigzag way bordered first by vineyards and then by chestnuts and then by ranks of dark blue pines, and above them the Teeth of the South showing white and jagged against the sky. The wide square *place* is bounded on three sides by the bakery, the post-office, the grocer's shop, the communal restaurant and by the modest inn which presents itself as the *Hôtel Sans-Souci*; a number of chalets are scattered on the slope of the hill which rises behind it; it is divided from the church and the curé's house by the high road.

Our village is not a fashionable resort. The occupants of the little carriages which are for ever creeping up from the hot plain drive past us with a glance of weary indifference, to be deposited about an hour later at one of the big hotels that cluster thickly together at the head of the valley. They pause here sometimes while the driver refreshes himself and exchanges a word or two with the "boots" of the inn, and the villagers strolling down to the edge of the

road return their indifferent glances with a gaze of friendly contempt. They look so bored and so dusty, and they have such piles of luggage; there is always something slightly despicable in a pile of luggage. They will play tennis and bridge just as if they were at home and they will get up a concert in aid of the English Church Building Fund; no one here offers us any such diversions, and yet only a very dull mind could find the life here dull.

We arrived on a Saturday and discovered at once that the village was in a state of half suppressed excitement; the air was full of it. Girls sat upon doorsteps twining long wreaths of evergreens, there was a continual hurrying in and out of the church; the bells burst at intervals into abrupt and rather discordant mirth; and the stout curé sat in his balcony looking about him with an air of watchful supervision. We soon learned that a great event was impending. A young priest who had been born and bred in the village was coming next day to say his first mass in his own home. "Figure to yourself what an honour for us," said Célestine the waitress solemnly. "A child of the village,—and we shall hear him say mass to-morrow! It is not every commune that has such a privilege. You have not been inside the church yet? But it is worth seeing."

The church was a long ugly building, with a nondescript little tower to which was affixed a huge clock with only one hand; the villagers professed to be able to tell the time

by it, but a stranger could not pretend to such dexterity. The ceiling was painted blue and sprinkled with gilt stars, but apart from this effort at adornment the interior was bare and cold. To-day, however, it was recklessly decorated with banners and pictures and garlands and a profusion of pink and blue paper rosettes, while above the chancel arch, sweeping across the trivial prettiness of the paper flowers and the tawdry pictures, as the majestic tones of an organ across the whistling of a drum and fife band, ran the awful legend, *Tu es sacerdos in sæcula sæculorum*. We had no excuse for losing an hour of the fête. At four in the morning the bells began the curious jangling which represents rather than expresses a jubilant mind, and they continued with little intermission all day. When the bells were not ringing, and sometimes when they were, the three brass bands (our own and two contributed by neighbouring communes) played popular airs as loudly as possible; and they were supported by the firing of salutes and by the explosion of mortars planted in the churchyard. By half past eight the square was crowded by the men from the high pasturages who came trooping down, very smart and a little awkward in their Sunday clothes with a bit of gentian or edelweiss in their soft felt hats; the girls were already slipping into church, each one carrying her white veil folded in a clean handkerchief. By degrees the whole population with hardly an exception was packed into the building, leaving the village deserted and silent. The service over, the congregation streamed out, very hot and breathless, the girls shook out their veils and pinned them on, and presently a long procession was winding slowly round the *place*. In the midst of it under a gorgeous canopy walked the child of the village

arrayed in our own curé's huge yellow cope and carrying a large bouquet; behind him walked three older priests, followed by his godmother in a purple silk gown and his father and two brothers, important and smiling. The young priest looked pale and troubled; his eyes were reverently lowered so that perhaps he did not see how his comrades of the past stared at him with mingled admiration and sympathy. He had been singled out for a higher destiny than they; while they tilled their fields and herded their cattle, he would be sowing for eternity and shepherding souls heavenward; still, for all this there is a price to be paid, and the world after all is not such a bad world when one is young and the blood warm in one's veins.

We are very proud of our priest, but this is not the only respect in which we know ourselves superior to our neighbours. We have a gendarme for instance, a portly, middle-aged person, who may be seen any afternoon washing his lettuces at the trough in the middle of the *place* where an ever-flowing pipe provides us with an apparently inexhaustible supply of excellent water. At Quatre-Fontaines, Célestine informs us with visible satisfaction, they have never had a gendarme; if they required one they would have to send for ours. There is not very much for the gendarme to do; from time to time he puts on his uniform and stalks in an awe-inspiring manner about the *place*, but he prefers his shirt-sleeves and the seclusion of the restaurant. Sunday is the only day when he seems to have any official duty to perform. On Sunday the men always come down from the mountains to the nine o'clock mass which is followed by a procession. Everyone walks in the procession except the pair of athletic young giants who work

in the bakery and go to church but come out before the sermon. They sit smoking on the bakery bench while everyone else is listening to the pastoral discourse and when the procession approaches they fly up a side lane to avoid the curé's eye.

"What will you have?" says the forester, a tall blue-eyed man who carries his sixty years as alertly as though he had found some drops of the elixir of youth among the mountain snows. "In every community there are some evil doers; and in any case they do not belong to us,—they come from Saxon." By the time their devotions are over, the men are hot and thirsty, and the communal restaurant is close at hand; as the afternoon wears on they drink more than is good for them and grow noisy and quarrelsome, and the day closes occasionally with a free fight. These disorderly proceedings are a source of keen regret and annoyance to the older men of the community. "If they were hungry as well as thirsty when they come out of church, all would be well," says the forester apologetically. "But they eat nothing and they mix their drinks. After all, it is only once a week that they get the chance. And you must remember," he continues very earnestly, "that in other places, in Paris, in Saucerre, in London, for example, such scenes take place also, only there they are less public; here there is only the *place* and everything that is done is seen. It is a scandal all the same."

The behaviour of the gendarme on these occasions, in the eyes of the sober and orderly members of the community, leaves something to be desired. He is not permitted to perform his functions except in uniform, and when the disturbance begins he is invariably washing his salad in his shirt-sleeves, with his back to the animated scene. He does not seem

to observe the rising of the storm; within the restaurant doors the voices grow angrier, the tempers more inflamed, and presently a dozen or two of excited young men are inviting each other to "have it out" in the *place*; the gendarme lights a cigarette and tranquilly admires the flowers in the post-office garden. It is not until the stalwart disputants have begun to pitch the benches at each other that he turns round and becomes aware that heads are being broken and good homespun suits sadly ill-used within a yard or two of the representative of the law. With a heavy sigh he gathers up his lettuce leaves and retires to put on his uniform; but the gendarme is stout and the tunic was not made to measure; by the time that he has succeeded in encasing himself in it, the storm has pretty well spent itself, and there is little to do but to pick up the benches and lock the restaurant doors, and this he does in as authoritative a manner as could be wished. When Célestine is asked why it does not occur to him to interfere a little earlier, or why some penalty is not inflicted on the rioters for the credit of the village, she is surprised at the unreasonableness of foreigners. "But of course you do not know," she says, "that many of them are his own relations. Did you notice the young man who beat the president's son with the shutter? That is the gendarme's nephew. In return the president's son nearly tore off a leg of his trousers,—his quite new trousers—so there is not much to be said of that. And those that are not his relations,—well, it is better in this world to make friends than enemies; otherwise,—who knows?—he might get tapped on the head himself some dark night."

The forester takes a less lenient view of the gendarme's indulgence.

"In any case," he says sternly, "he ought to do his duty; an official should have no relations." And he mentions casually later on that the gendarme, like the bakers, is a stranger here; his home is a little further off than Saxon.

Saucerre is the little town at the foot of the valley, a dull little place of some four thousand inhabitants. Looking down on it from the mountain heights, it appears a whirlpool of gaiety and vice, and we talk of "the fashions of the plain" in a way which involuntarily recalls the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. The present curé has been here ten years. His predecessor who had been here from time immemorial, ruled his parish with a heavy hand and was specially determined that his small domain should not be contaminated by the foolish vanity which prompted the ladies of the plain to wear hats of different shapes and sizes and to adorn them with feathers and flowers. When the new priest arrived the women thought the hour of revolt had struck. He was a young man, new to the district, of a genial disposition, and very ready to make friends with his new parishioners; and forthwith they cast off the ugly round straw hat with two long black ribbons floating from one side of it, which every woman had been doomed to wear during Father Cyrille's long reign, and appeared in church in brighter headgear. But they had mistaken their man. The genial young priest looked, frowned, and proceeded to pour upon them from the pulpit a flood of denunciation so terrible that it carried the gay ribbons and the fancy straws away for ever. "That was a sermon," says Célestine, shaking her head at the solemn memory of it. The ugly round hats were resumed, the revolt was over; and when a maid from one of the big hotels comes home to visit

her sisters they inspect her bonnet with quiet disapproval. How grateful they are to M. le Curé for saving them in spite of themselves from such diabolical snares! And yet . . . and yet . . .

One day we were invited to a theatrical performance, an event which took us quite by surprise. There had been an accident lower down in the valley and the entertainment was given in aid of the sufferers, under the special patronage of M. le Curé. We bought our tickets,—reserved seats, two francs—and were seated punctually at eight o'clock in the large room of the restaurant. The performance had been organised chiefly by the *chef* of the Sans-Souci, the landlady's son, a clever dark lad of seventeen, who was assisted by a friend from Geneva. The arrangement was Elizabethan in its simplicity. The few feet of space consecrated to the actors were divided from the front row of chairs only by a line chalked on the floor. There was no programme, no curtain; when it seemed desirable to conceal the actors' movements, a screen was set down before our prying eyes. It was not a very large screen and a few persons destitute of all nice feeling were guilty of the meanness of peeping round the corner and informing their friends what was happening. The entertainment began with half a dozen songs and recitals. The niece of the post mistress sang a pretty ballad, two children recited a dialogue, there were a couple of songs with choruses, and everyone displayed the most complete self-possession, and everyone was encored. Then we came to the chief business of the evening, the play. There were no women in it; the leading parts had been secured by M. Alfred, the young *chef*, and his friend from Geneva, and to the latter the only costume had been generously conceded.

There hurried on to the stage a remarkable figure in a grey tweed suit, with a pith helmet swathed in a white puggaree on his head and a Scotch plaid wound tightly round and round his shoulders; it took us a minute or two to realise that this was an Englishman in his usual travelling dress, but the rest of the house recognised him at once and greeted him with joyous applause. Presently we discovered further that the scene was laid in Turkey during some war not specified and that the personage in the plaid and the puggaree was a war correspondent, with a limited knowledge of French and a peculiar habit of finishing almost every sentence with "A'rright." Another war correspondent soon appears, a Frenchman, very slim and active. The play turns upon the rivalry between the two, and the Frenchman's wit enables him to get the better of his clumsy antagonist at every turn. The Englishman orders a dinner and pays for it in advance ("*je payerai en avance*" is, it seems, the English traveller's favourite phrase,) and the Frenchman slips in and eats it behind his back; he robs him of the stout portmanteau which he carries with him everywhere; he lures him away from the telegraph office where he is telegraphing the book of Genesis (which every Englishman knows by heart) to his editor in order to keep possession of the wire while an important battle is being fought, and takes his place. The Englishman is furious, the Frenchman mocking and nimble; the Englishman insists upon fighting him but the Frenchman evades the encounter; he is not fond of fighting. Then suddenly the position is changed. A tremendous cannonading from behind the clothes-horse to the left tells us that the battle is being fought, and at the close of it the Frenchman is

discovered a prisoner in the Turkish camp. We never quite learned how he got there, partly because the sight of the curé repeating his evening prayers, rosary in hand, while his flock laughed and applauded around him, carried us for a moment away from the stage; but we were soon aware that the Turkish general, a stern warrior some four foot ten in height, whom we knew to be a Turkish general because he was dressed in a turban and a red blanket, was ordering M. Alfred off to instant execution, non-combatant though he was, in defiance of all rules of war. In this awful hour the prisoner turns to the man whom he has been successfully cheating through three acts. "Comrade," says he in a voice broken by emotion, "I leave my notebook with you; you will telegraph my report of the battle to my paper." The Englishman is almost as much agitated as his rival. "I will . . . a'rright," he says solemnly. "Before my own."

This touches the journalist. "Oh, no," he says, "not before your own!" But the Englishman, grandly inconsiderate of his editor's feelings, repeats his assurance. Two diminutive Turks proceed to lead their prisoner forth; the miserable wretch bursts into tears, and this at last stirs the Englishman (still so slow!) to effective action. He reminds the Turk that the French Government will be very angry with him; the Turk does not care a snap for the French Government; he pleads in the name of justice and humanity, but the Pasha signs coldly to his minions to proceed. "Very good," the Englishman replies calmly. "Murder him then! But you shall not murder him alone; and the British Government will avenge us both. Fire! *Je mourrai avec!* A'rright." And with that he throws himself, plaid, puggaree and all, upon

the Frenchman and clasps him in a fervent embrace.

The prolonged applause from the back of the hall drowned the next few sentences, and I do not know whether the Turk was melted by the Englishman's devotion or afraid of our Government's vengeance; but the prisoner was released without more ado and went off arm in arm with his preserver, leaving us to reflect upon the Portrait of an Englishman which had been so vivaciously presented to us. Dull, clumsy, irascible, the easy dupe of the smart swindler, and with it all so generous, so fearless, —there was light as well as shade in the picture. But I confess that it was not one which appealed to a

Swiss audience. The Swiss are a practical people, they can find nothing to admire in a fool, and their Englishman was certainly a fool; they evidently regarded the cry, "*Je mourrai avec,*" as an absurdity only appropriate to an absurd character. When I congratulated M. Alfred's mother next day upon her son's admirable acting, she replied to my compliment by hoping that the play had not hurt anyone's feelings. "It was only a joke," she said, with gentle anxiety. "It did not offend you? We should be so sorry if we had offended; and we know of course that Englishmen are not really like that."

H. C. MACDOWALL.

BLACKBIRDS AT LANCING.

No light steals o'er the upland grey
To glimmer on the eastern bay,
Silent and dark, beneath the down
Sleeps the great, gaudy, joyless town.

Here, too, falls slumber's sweet release,
The jaded village breathes in peace,
And dreamland visions once again
Cheat the strained eyes of mortal men.

But, hark! there rises in the night
A clear low chuckle of delight,
A cry, a chorus bold and free,
That quells the moaning of the sea.

Here, 'midst their ancient haunts, they throng
(In sheer delirium of song)
The sentry elms that guard the lawn—
Those wild comedians of the dawn!

Blackbirds at Lancing.

No tender robin whispers there
A fluttering hope, a faint despair.
No spell binds, like the wondrous note
Poured from the night-bird's golden throat.

They warble, wrangle, and debate,
Complain, exult, expostulate,
And challenge to the morning give,
Quaint, eerie, interrogative.

Softness and fire blend in the strain—
The sigh of doubt, the sob of pain,
A psalm of rest, a shout of strife—
As motley and as mixed as life.

One I loved well, oft here with me,
Heard this aerial harmony,
One whom wild blooms and sylvan lay
Touched to fine feeling, pure and gay.

Earth's blossoms blow for him no more,
The lyrics of the woods are o'er,
In God's green acre—deadly still—
He lies below our sunset hill.

Yet, haply, in his calm apart
Music and beauty bathe his heart,
And give back, in diviner way,
The flutes of March, the flowers of May.

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE.¹

THE present age has long since been denounced as Alexandrian. We are all devoted (so we have been told) to the examination and criticism of whatever exists, and though we are gifted with a keen appreciation of what has been achieved in the past, we lack the instinct and energy to create. In other words we are more apt to write history than to make it, and it is therefore the more remarkable that a vast province of research is almost untouched. Most of the arts have found a hundred historians; there is one—the art of eating—which still awaits its chronicler. Nor can this neglect be excused by lack of material or opportunity. The records of the kitchen and of the palate are complete. We know how the ancients ate and what they paid for their dainties. Athenæus and others have not only displayed the art of table-talk as it was practised in ancient times; they have reduced it to a practice, and though some of their dishes seem too highly perfumed for our palate, we cannot but admire their conduct of a banquet. And as we approach down the slope of time nearer to our own age, we shall find still fuller and more eloquent records. Long before the cookery-books discover their secrets to our gaze, we have the surer evidence of letters, journals and accounts, while the labours of the Historical Manuscripts Commission have revealed the taste of our forefathers as well as their

political opinions. Moreover, there is a sound reason why the art of cooking should attract the philosophic historian: cookery, like architecture or poetry, has its alternations of “classic” and “gothic” and devoutly follows the artistic tendencies of successive periods. It is therefore just as well adapted as any of the other arts to illustrate the progress of human thought, the growth of human intelligence. But, despite these truths the historian tarries, and we think that the professors of history in our universities, deserting for a while the thrice-told tale of martial prowess, might sketch the pleasures of the table after the scientific method which is so dear to their hearts.

When we first turned over the pages of Mr. Ellwanger's book, we hoped that he had supplied what the advertisements call “a long-felt want.” But we hoped in vain. His book is as loosely put together as its rivals. It touches lightly enough upon ancient and modern, but its author's knowledge and patience are both at fault, and he has only added another to a long list of desultory works. Nevertheless, he has collected a vast array of curious, if disconnected, facts, and though he seldom rises to the height of his subject, he has given us no small occasion for thought. To the ancients he does but scant justice, since he knows them, we suspect, at second-hand; and he permits his just admiration for the French School to belittle the achievements of the Greeks. Yet it is to the Greeks that we owe the art of cookery, as all the other arts, and without their august example

¹ THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE, An Account of Gastronomy from Ancient Days to Present Times, by G. H. Ellwanger. W. Heinemann, London, 1908.

we might still have been no better than the barbarians, who eat their meat raw. Arcestratus for instance, fragments of whose poem upon gastronomy survive, was a real epicure, and he so truly understood the art of dining that he would allow no more than four others to share his meal. But it is to Athenæus that we owe our real knowledge of the Greek kitchen, for he (though he wrote in the third century) preserved for us the traditions of an earlier time; and yet to-day Athenæus belongs rather to the philologist than to the cook. Indeed, the ideal edition of his *Deipnosophists* would need for its proper production the learning of the scholar and the skill of a well-tried *chef*. A *batterie de cuisine* is no less necessary to its elucidation than a lexicon, and until head and hand combine, we may despair of understanding his discursive text.

From Greece the art of cooking travelled to Rome, where its delicacy was overwhelmed by the vulgar display and wanton extravagance of millionaires. The Roman pro-consul, when he had pillaged a province, was more intent upon spending vast sums of money than upon living like a gentleman. A fish, which had not cost a hundred pounds, was deemed scarce worth eating by these epicurean money-bags, and one Emperor was vulgar enough to cheapen a delicacy by thrusting it in vast quantities upon a reluctant populace. Yet Rome produced the two types of banqueter, Lucullus, who worshipped the refinement of his palate as a god, and Trimalchio, for whom a dinner was an opportunity of absurd boasting and monstrous largesse. A French poet has dared to prefer Trimalchio to Lucullus, a preference which shows the poet's indifference to the pleasures of the table. Yet, if we may say so without incurring the charge of

heresy, Lucullus in his appetite was something of a prig. The man who, dining alone, could boast that Lucullus was dining with Lucullus, displayed a superiority of mind, and a lofty egoism which are not altogether agreeable to contemplate. Trimalchio, on the other hand, is pictured by the satirist as a good-natured extravagant buffoon, and his banquet will remain until the end of time the greatest example of plebeian magnificence. There was no dish at this memorable banquet which did not show an amazing ingenuity. The Opimian wine, labelled "a hundred years old," is a fine sample of its humorous pretence. The first course was a hen carved in wood, from beneath which, to the sound of music two servants drew pea-hen's eggs and distributed them to the company. The guests, dismayed by Trimalchio's warning, "I'm afraid they are half hatched," broke the eggs with a certain diffidence. Yet they need have had no fear, for when they searched further they found in each a delicate fat ortolan in the middle of a well peppered yolk. But the invention of the second course easily surpassed the brood hen of the first: there was carried in a vast tray which had about it the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and upon each side the cook had laid a suitable dish—upon Taurus a piece of beef, upon Capricorn a lobster, upon Pisces a pair of mullets, and, when the upper part of the tray was removed, there were found beneath stuffed fowls, a hare, larded with fins of fish so that it looked like a flying horse, and a school of fish brought from the river Euripus upon which four images spouted a relishing sauce.

Thus the satirist describes a banquet which was also a farce, a banquet, indeed, which should not have tempted even the most reckless roysterers to imitation. Yet the experiment was

made at Lützenburg in 1702, by the ladies and gentlemen of the court. The orgie, which was described by no less a person than Leibnitz in a letter addressed to the Princess Louise of Hohenzollern, reproduced with absolute fidelity, not only the banquet, but the table talk of Trimalchio, and it suggests a curious familiarity of manners, that a learned philosopher should give an unvarnished account of such a spectacle to a princess. But, for the rest, the Roman banquets were rather an affair of money than of taste. We hear that a red mullet, weighing four and a half pounds, was sold for a fabulous sum. Vitellius spent three thousand pounds daily on his dinner, while Apicius was said to review upon his table the whole animal kingdom. In fact the epicures of Rome esteemed nothing that was not out of season or brought from afar. It is plain, therefore, that Imperial Rome understood not the art of dining, and when, after the sleep of the Middle Ages, the world awoke again, it went back to an earlier example and a purer taste to revive the pleasures of the table.

When we descend to more modern times we shall find that the cookery of France dominated Europe. Now and again our English Kings proved their respect for the kitchen by some act of conspicuous favour. Henry the Eighth, for instance, is said to have rewarded a cook who invented a new dish with a manor. But such appreciation was rare indeed, and the few gourmets whom England produced, either found their cooks in France or sent them thither to be trained. To take a single instance from the eighteenth century: we find from the Belvoir manuscripts that the Duke of Rutland's cook, one Jones, received instructions in the Duke of Orleans' kitchen, which was regarded as the best school in France,

as well as in the kitchen of the Archbishop of Narbonne. But this enterprise was not common, and it is of itself a clear acknowledgment of France's superiority. In truth, what was rare in London was the invariable custom of Paris, where so brave an enthusiast as Vatel, who killed himself because some sea-fish arrived at Chantilly too late for dinner, aroused little surprise. But Vatel took himself and his craft with perfect seriousness. Trimalchio called his carver *Carpus*, that a single word might be both a summons and a command. Vatel would have been incapable of jesting thus on a serious subject, and his sketch of a carver, quoted by Mr. Ellwanger, is as good an example as can be found of his grave style.

The carver should be well bred [says he] inasmuch as he should maintain a first rank among the servants of his master. Pleasing, civil, amiable and well-disposed, he should present himself at table with his sword by his side, his mantle on his shoulder and his napkin on his left arm, though some are in the habit of placing it on the guard of their sword in an unobjectionable manner. He should make his obeisance when approaching the table, proceed to carve the viands, and divide them understandingly according to the number of the guests. . . . A carver should be very scrupulous in his department, his carriage should be grave and dignified, his appearance cheerful, his eye serene, his head erect and well-combed.

That is to say, he must have as many graces as a Spanish bull-fighter; he must handle his knives, not only with skill, but with elegance. Nor is this spirit of gravity yet dead in France. Monsieur Vatel's character of a carver may be matched by the character of a *Maître d'Hôtel*, drawn but a year ago by the late Monsieur Joseph. "A dish learnedly prepared by an incomparable cook," said Monsieur Joseph, "might pass unseen, or at least unappreciated, if the

Maître d'Hôtel, who becomes for the nonce a kind of stage-manager, did not know how to present the masterpiece in such a fashion as to make it desirable"; and Monsieur Joseph, in demanding that each dish should be placed upon the table with a suave diplomacy, proves that he was animated with the same spirit as Vatel, that, in other words, the old French tradition is as strong as ever.

The French, moreover, have not merely looked upon cooking as an art, they have reduced it to a science, while Monsieur Savarin, whose work is of no practical utility, still showed that the table, like every other province of human activity, had a philosophy of its own. But it was Monsieur Reynière, who, in his *ALMANACH DES GOURMANDS*, first combined in one work the art and science of the kitchen. Not content to explain the composition of his masterpieces, and to sketch banquets worthy of himself and his friends, he invented aphorisms, which Savarin himself need not have disdained. At the outset he takes a proper view: "the kitchen," says he, "is a country in which there are always discoveries to be made." Being a Frenchman, he knows that every dish needs a relish, and declares that, "without sauces a dinner were as bare as a house which has been levied on by the sheriff's officers." Yet he does not disdain pastry, which, says he, "is to the kitchen what figures of rhetoric are to discourse. An oration without figures and a dinner without pastry are equally insipid." As to the superstitions which are wont to frighten timid diners, he will have none of them. He only dreads thirteen at table "when there is only enough to go round for twelve," and he is indifferent to an overturned salt-cellar, so long as it is not upset in a good dish.

But in truth the kitchen of France has never lacked its artists, and—despite the prophet of decline whose voice has been heard in every century—you may dine as well in Paris to-day as in the classic age. But the practice is not limited to Paris; it is diffused from end to end of the country. Not only has every province its peculiar sauces and special dishes, but there are few villages where you need despair of a palatable repast. Not long since we found ourselves in a remote Breton village, which rejoiced in no public monuments and had no attraction wherewith to tempt the tourist. Yet here we found a restaurant, which, had it been in a metropolis, would have been justly famous, and the provincial artist who controlled it not only knew how to design a dinner, but had written an erudite treatise upon his art. Such an experience would be impossible in England, and it is not easy to explain the difference between the two countries. Of course national temperament counts for much, and the Latin races have a far better understanding of what Milton calls "the arts that polish life" than the less imaginative Teutons. But there was a time when the popular kitchen of England could provide something else than a chop or a steak and a boiled potato. Our forefathers of the sixteenth century ate perhaps rather coarsely, but their table was not only liberal but various. Sir William Fairfax, for instance, as we know from the last volume published by the Historical Manuscript Commission, had a Gargantuan feast upon Christmas Day, 1572. His first course consisted

of brawn and mustard, formenty, boiled mallards, boiled knuckles of veal, numble pies, peasecocks, a roast chine of beef, roast veal, roast swan, roast turkey, roast pig, cold crane pie, roast capon, and baked venison.

The second course was, for the most part, a repetition of the first, consisting of

gilly, roast conies, roast mallard, roast teal, one roast partridge, cold turkey pie, one roast woodcock, and a tart.

To our more modest appetites this seems an heroic feast, especially as it was eaten early in the day, and after a breakfast of brawn and mustard, beef and beer. Nor were the Scots an inch behind the English in gluttony. The young and beautiful Emilie, the heroine of *PHILOTUS* (1603) stanch'd her morning thirst with a cup of Malmsey, took "three garden gowps of the air" and was then ready for a breakfast which consisted of a pair of plovers piping hot, a partridge and a quail, and a cup of sack. But throughout the seventeenth century the English took a keen interest in what they ate and drank. The eminently learned Sir Kenelm Digby left behind him several ways of making metheglin, cider and cherry wine together with excellent directions for cookery; while his friend and contemporary, James Howell, when on his travels, noted the dishes as well as the customs of foreign countries. The *olla podrida* of Spain inspired him to a rare eloquence. He recommends to Lady Cornwallis a cook who had seen the world abroad, and would

tell your ladyship, that the reverend matron, the *olla podrida* hath intellectuals and senses; Mutton, Beef and Bacon, are to her as the Will, Understanding and Memory are to the soul: Cabbage, Turnips, Artichokes, Potatoes, and Dates are her five Senses, and Pepper the Commonsense. She must have marrow to keep Life in her, and some Birds to make her light; by all means she must go adorned with chains of sausages.

But, while the English of the seventeenth century loaded their

tables with many meats, they did not neglect the use of strange and aromatic herbs. Their dishes must have resembled the dishes of Charles the Fifth, which, when the carver came to cut them up, filled not only the dining-room but all the apartments of his palace and the adjoining streets with an aromatic vapour. In one of the ancient books of receipts, which are still to be seen in manuscript in country houses, we find coriander seed, ambergris, rosemary, pimpernel and powdered myrrh all used in the making of confections. But, as Addison and Steele simplified the English tongue, so their contemporaries simplified the English kitchen, and while the eighteenth century eliminated the sauces in which our older forefathers delighted, they abolished the strange meats, and stranger pies, which gave a character to the cooking of England and of the Tudors and Stuarts. In other words the bill of fare became as narrowly limited as the vocabulary of the British Essayists, and had it not been for the sudden rise to popularity of the French style, we might all be eating beef and cabbage, and nothing else, unto this day.

It is true that the nobles of England had for long employed cooks trained abroad, but it was not until the era of the Napoleonic wars that England began to get her cooks, whence she already got her fashions, from Paris. The most famous of his time was Louis Eustache Ude, who, having once presided over the kitchen of Madame Bonaparte, came to London to instruct the barbarians in his art. For a while he was employed by the Duke of York, but it was at Crockford's that he made his reputation, and his skill did at least as much as the passion of play to entice the gamblers of London to St. James's Street. Moreover, his cele-

brated treatise, *THE FRENCH COOK*, spread the light in unnumbered households, and it is evident, even in the fiction of the age, that cookery had at last won its place among the fine arts in London itself. Bulwer, who echoed the tune of his time, sketched a dinner in *PELHAM* which would have done credit to the kitchens of the ancients. He admits that the study has not progressed, and quotes the venerable Ude, whom he pledges in a bumper, to the effect that cookery possesses but few innovators. Both Pelham and Lord Guloseton discuss their dinner with a proper enthusiasm, protesting the while that cooking is not capable of becoming a written science, but is the philosophy of practice. "Ah, by Lucullus," exclaims Pelham, "what a visionary *béchamelle* ! Oh, the inimitable sauce ! These chickens are indeed worthy of the honour of being dressed ;" and in the same tone of enthusiasm he declares that the lusciousness of a pear resembles the style of the old English poets. But it is Disraeli who does the fullest justice to the artistic dignity of the cook. There is no spice of caricature in his sketch of Leander and Papa Prevost. Leander, it will be remembered, dressed such a dinner at Montacute Castle that even his marmitons were overcome with emotion. "When it was finished," complains Papa Prevost, "Leander retired to his room ; I attended him ; he covered his face with his hands. Would you believe it, my Lord ! not a word ; not even a message. All this morning Leander has waited in the last hope. Nothing, absolutely nothing ! How can he compose when he is not appreciated ! Had it been appreciated, he would to-day not only have repeated the *Escalop à la Bellamont*, but perhaps even invented what might have outdone it. It is unheard of, my Lord."

No wonder Lord Eskdale made what apology was possible, an apology which the artist took in the best spirit. "If we were but understood," said he, "a dinner would become a sacrifice to the Gods, and the Kitchen would be a Paradise."

But despite the enthusiasm of the novelists, despite also the precept and example of Francatelli and Soyer, the art of the table did not find much encouragement in England ; and to-day it would be difficult beyond the boundaries of London to find a dinner in tavern or hotel that is worth eating. Travellers hesitate to explore the British Islands because they are afraid that they will find nothing to eat save cold beef or eggs and bacon. For the total disappearance of palatable food from our country inns, we are told, the railways are to blame. But this explanation is insufficient. Something also must be allowed for defective education, and for that facile content, which is only another form of ignorance. The contrast is all the sharper because with the aid of German hotel-keepers and French cooks, we may dine as well in London as in Paris. But in our English provinces we cannot dine ; we can but eat ; and unless enterprise correct the deficiency the romantic beauties of our country will remain unexplored as Timbuctoo. Meanwhile there is one hope of regeneration. The motor-car will presently restore something of their ancient life to our high roads. Between the hedges, where once rattled the old stage-coach, sprint and splutter the new machines of France driven by oil or electricity ; and the amateurs of the new "sport" will not be content with the rough and simple fare provided for the rare pedestrian. Who knows, therefore, but there may be a revival of the lost art ? Perhaps within a few years a French hireling will make an omelette or cook a

chateaubriand in the remoter corners of England. Then indeed the motor-car will not have made its clatter in vain; Englishmen will once more learn that "good things were not only made for fools," and that Dr. Johnson's sentence was well justified. "Sir," said the Doctor, "I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly can hardly mind anything else;" and certainly this neglect of the kitchen is one of the worst signs of our national indifference.

When we turn from England to France, how great is the change! The Frenchman indeed, undisturbed by the scruples of a belated puritanism, most properly conceives it his duty to make the best of every day. He believes too that the working hours are but leading to that happy moment, when, with his napkin securely tucked under his chin, he will peruse the eloquent periods of the bill of fare; and, though he be not guilty of the Vicomte de Vieil-Castel's extravagance, who for a wager spent five hundred francs on a single dinner, he will find no lack of variety in the dishes set before him. Being an artist he will never choose a succession of dainties which clash one with the other; he will compose his dinner as an orator composes a speech, with due regard to the exordium, the middle, and the peroration; and the intellectual labour thus involved will give an additional flavour to the well ordered repast. We cannot hope to vie with the French in the pleasures of the table. A nation whose very prisons were once served by accomplished cooks must always remain without a rival; and let it not be forgotten that the governor of the old Bastille had so tender a regard for his inmates'

comfort, that he was unhappy if they did not dine like gentlemen every day. But at least we may follow a good example afar off, and, even if we cannot introduce the cooking of France, we might at least revive the liberal style of our forefathers.

The history of cooking, then, has a practical, as well as an antiquarian interest, and it is impossible to turn over Mr. Ellwanger's pages without a sincere regret for the past. Nor does the style of the cookery books which he quotes fall one whit below their substance. They have a flavour of epic simplicity which we cannot too highly commend. "First catch your hare!" What command could be briefer or more direct? For more than a century Mrs. Glass has lived upon the fame of having said it, and now Mr. Ellwanger with perfect justice robs her of the glory. She did not say it at all. It is true that, in her chapter on roast pork, she urges the cook to "stick his pig just above the breast bone"; but, as Mr. Ellwanger tells us, it is Beauvilliers who claims the credit of having written, in a recipe for hare pie, the immortal words: "*Ayez un lièvre.*" But the worst of the recipes are distinguished by an imperious style, which makes them the best of good reading. Napoleon wrote, as though he held a sword in his hand, not a pen; so the cooks of all ages have written as though their hands held nothing less formidable than a ladle or a knife; and it is for this reason no less than for the love of a good dinner that we hope a competent historian will gravely succeed, where Mr. Ellwanger has so pleasantly failed, and give us the annals of the table seriously written, and pompously supported by documents.

TWO PEOPLES AND A PROPHECY.

IN the Haussa States, up the Niger River, there are two Peoples. These two peoples live, not each in its own territory, not each in a distinct part of the country, but side by side each in every part of it. Wherever the Haussa is, there also is the Fulani; wherever the Fulani is, there also is the Haussa. They are two distinct races, but they live together. In some towns there is the Haussa quarter and there is the Fulani quarter; but even in these you find many of each race living outside the quarters in huts and compounds built next door to one another. They intermingle freely in all the natural intercourse of daily life, but there are two languages. They are only just beginning to intermarry to any considerable extent, so there are two types of faces. There is the flat nose of the darker skinned Haussa and there is the straight nose with the oriental hook at the end of it of the lighter skinned Fulani. The Haussa is the farmer, the spinner, the weaver, the dyer, the artificer, the hunter, the trader; the Fulani is the organiser, the law-officer, the tax-gatherer, the priest. Each race thinks itself superior, and each race in its heart despises the other. The Haussa tills the soil, spins cotton, weaves it into thin strips to be sewn together into flowing robes of many colours, spends weeks patiently adorning his clothes with needlework patterns, tans leather and works it up into highly ornamental articles of daily use, hammers household utensils out of tin, brass and copper, carves gourds and paddles, chips out huge canoes, fishes, hunts and has the con-

scious pride of labour, useful labour which produces material comforts for himself. Above all he trades. He can strike a bargain and get the better of the smartest Arab in the caravan. He travels huge distances with his wares and comes back to his own land and townsmen with the greater pride and sense of superiority which only travel gives. He settles down under the oppressor with the philosophy of the man who has been in many lands and has found the oppressor in all.

The Fulani has a different pride; his is the pride of temporal power, the pride of the organiser, the ruler, the pride of education, the pride of the governing race. Even before he had the power the Fulani had the pride—the pride of the gypsy. In the beginning the Fulani in Haussaland was nomadic. He did not scratch in the hot sun in the yamfields; he did not get covered with mud in the fish traps; he did not chase wild animals which gave but a poor return for the exertion and risk. He did not sit and work in the dirt at the forge or under the loom all day or harden his fingers with the hammer, the knife or the needle for a small pittance. Lazy but astute, poor but too proud to work, the Fulani in those days despised the Haussa just as the gypsy despises the navy at home, and like the gypsy held aloof, driving his cattle wherever the young grass grew, and exchanging the milk, flesh and hides of his herds for whatever the Haussa had to offer. In other neighbouring countries, races of the Fulani stock may have had power and been impor-

tant peoples; it may be that round about Haussaland the lighter-skinned relatives of the Fulani have ruled for centuries as some think they have; but in Haussaland the Fulani was but a gypsy a few hundred years ago. Despised and despising he wandered about among the little principalities and kingdoms, retaliating when he was injured but never making himself seriously felt.

It was a wonderful country this Haussaland a few centuries ago, then at its height of importance, and it is a wonderful country now. It poured its produce and its manufactures across the desert into Europe when Europe was half civilised, and it pours them into the same channel still—the morocco leather of commerce comes from Kano. Once it was as far ahead of Europe as it has now been left behind. It was once the Factory of the Mediterranean just as Morocco was the Granary of Europe. Everything about the Haussa as he is to-day points to a by-gone civilisation long forgotten, a civilisation of which his present arts and crafts are but traces. The patterns of the workers in brass, leather and cotton are no longer designs; they have lost their purpose and their backbone is gone; they are but fragments of finer schemes, mere scraps of careful effects, memories of a lost art. But the brazen ewers are not savage any more than the heavier brass work of India, the hieroglyphics of Egypt or the long gun of the Arab. They belong to a civilisation, of the past, it is true, but none the less a civilisation. It has left no temples, no pyramids; but then it had no lime. Its arts and crafts have been left behind by Birmingham; but then it had no machinery. It lived and survived through periods in which the Gothic invasion would have been but an ordinary incident. It was a

mighty civilisation, and those who built it up were, are now, and will for ages be a mighty people.

Can we call a people savage which has a written language of its own, a language which is used to-day, and which after much controversy is admitted to be of older origin than Arabic? It has been suggested that it was merely a corruption of Arabic, but that cannot be maintained for two thirds of it is older than Arabic. Nor can we call a people savage which has such an inborn trading instinct. The trader of Africa, the Haussa, is found now, as he has been found for a thousand years, from the Mediterranean to the Oil Rivers, from Morocco to the Nile. Everything about the Haussa indicates a past of splendour, wealth and power. We do not know how long he has been in his land. We do not know whether he is indigenous, or whether he migrated from some other part of the Dark Continent. We do not know whether he made his own civilisation, or whether he merely brought it with him from some other land, when he wandered into this. We do not know whether it grew with him, or whether it has been taught to him, whether he learned it himself, or was driven into it by some invading race, long ago absorbed. The Haussa has been in Haussaland longer than can be traced, and, in spite of the everlasting intertribal warfare, in spite of raiders, in spite of pestilence, has multiplied exceedingly and kept his nationality, absorbing all comers. Like the Anglo-Saxon, he gathered into his stock all the tribes and peoples, great or small, which attacked him or wandered into his land, swamping, absorbing and assimilating them all—all except the Fulani.

We do not know where the Fulani came from. He may be a Moor or a Berber; he may be part of the

Moorish race which, spreading to the edge of that great Empire, wandered out of it. There are distinct traces in Haussaland of Moorish influence; the peculiar spouted earthen water-pot of Haussaland is the counterpart of that used to-day by the peasants in the south of Spain. Or he may be from Egypt; the cattle he tends are similar to the humped cattle of the Nile. The presumption is that he has an ancient history but there is little in the way of proof. There is no written language, and the various theories have but little to rest upon. There is nothing but conjecture at the best, and it is as likely as not that his beginning was insignificant, and that he has never been greater than he was a hundred years ago. It is not improbable that he was altogether a nomad, a wandering tribe of the desert. This beginning would not be out of the way; the Hebrew race had no better. Such tribes are rising to-day just as they have been rising for thousands of years; north Africa is not a land of change. A tribe may start to-day in fifty ways. A favourite slave-boy, sharp-witted and strong, learns all there is to be learnt of the management of men in one of the countless mud-palaces of the Soudan. Some small incident may drive him away. A rebuke, a punishment, trouble with a woman, ambition, the spirit of unrest, the death of his master, any of these things may make an Ishmael of him and send him wandering amongst the villages. There, finding that he possesses a sharper intellect and greater experience than the heathen all round him, he very soon gathers a following, which, if once started it escapes misfortune, soon becomes formidable. Instead of the runaway slave you may have a deposed tyrant driven by the usurper from the oasis of his

fathers, an unsuccessful claimant to a throne, a rebel, an escaped criminal; you may have a military commander shattered in some great fight (many such men vanished from the field of Omdurman, swallowed up by the desert for a season or for good) you may have a madman, a Mahdi, or a mere marauder. North Africa is full of them all; quite recently Morocco may have sent several such broken leaders on their way. If the Sultan had been defeated by the Pretender, he and many of his big men might have slipped into the desert, and similarly the Pretender himself might have done the same.

Wherever the Fulani came from, he was not absorbed by the Haussa. He came and he despised, but he stayed and he kept to himself. The land was good, and the cattle thrived. The ground yielded treble crops, and so it was with the increase of his herds, and as the cattle multiplied, so it was with the Fulani. Cattle became currency and the Fulani became rich. Then the pride of his wealth increased his contempt for the feckless Haussa. The little states, never united, were ever at war with one another. War was then, as it is now, an expensive proceeding. Then as now states indulged in more of it than their exchequers warranted. The Fulani, as a gypsy, kept to the peaceful patches and there benefited by the surrounding strife. In time the Haussa kings found that more could be got by bargaining with the Fulani than by raiding him, and so, as the needs of the petty principalities became more pressing, the gypsy became the Jew. This he might be to-day but for the rise of Othman, the Napoleon of Haussaland, by whose agency the Fulani, first the gypsy and then the Jew, ultimately became the aristocrat of the country.

Even while Buonaparte was con-

quering Europe, Othman, his anti-type, was founding another empire on the Niger, an empire which was not to wane until the Germans were on the Boulevards. Othman was a Fulani who, having for some time provided petty kings with the sinews of war, conceived the advantages of fighting for himself and of getting the profits of the principal as well as the commission of the agent. We have only a general outline of his career, but it probably began with wealth and it certainly ended in power. The Haussa kings, jealous of one another, went down one by one before this unexpected conqueror and bowed their heads to the power they had turned against one another so often in the past. Othman succeeded beyond all possible dreams. It was a mighty life work, to come into the world a member of a homeless race, a lender of money, a mercenary fighter of other men's quarrels, and to leave it the temporal and the spiritual head, the arbitrary master, of a consolidated people, the lord of an empire rivalling that of the Moor at its best. The Moor, conquering half Spain and almost reaching Egypt, ruled a greater territory but fewer people than did the Sultan of Sokoto, whose word was law to millions, and whose power extended from Lake Chad almost to the lakes of the Upper Niger, from the sands of the desert almost to the sands of the sea.

Having conquered, this dark Napoleon, like the white one, set himself to administer. Among his own race he found his material. Everywhere he appointed governors and petty governors of his own people. The officials, military, civil, fiscal and judicial, from the highest to the lowest—all were Fulani. The original Haussa made no objection. Just as the Fulani had dwelt with him before, tending the cattle of the

country, living beside him but keeping to himself, so the Fulani continued, carrying on the administration and protection of the country. It was not perhaps to the Fulani mind much of a change, this step from cattle to Haussas, from cattle which fed, bred and fattened by natural instinct, to men who planted, reaped and were robbed, and planted and reaped again, who dealt in goods which did not, like herds, carry themselves about, who hammered patiently at a cookpot and grew excited over the capture of a fish. But we do not know, for there were no historians there to chronicle every action and analyse every motive of *this* Napoleon. We do not know how much the Haussa was beaten in fair fight or how far he was outmanœuvred by this master mind, or how much the terrible religious zeal of the Mahommedan helped him to extend his conquests even with the aid of the conquered. We know he waged a religious war, we know that conversion to Mahommedanism was the first condition of surrender, though tribute to Sokoto was the next. This was indeed a master mind. We see it in his choice of a capital. The great Haussa citadel was Kano; that was the centre of trade, the chief town of Haussaland, the national meeting-place of the Haussa. Not there was the Fulani centre fixed, but at Sokoto, two hundred miles to the west, a little away from the most fertile land and the densest population. Here the maker of the new power in the land established the religious and military headquarters of the new governing race. It is obvious now that it would not have been nearly so safe to take advantage of the ready made conveniences of Kano, that it would not have been so wise to station the new power with all its unavoidable arrogance among

what was left of the old one, among the memories of the departed glories of the beaten race. We see now how much safer the new dynasty was, in a town of its own and surrounded by none but its own people than it would have been near the hum of the Hausa hive. We see it now—the Fulani saw it then.

So started the power of Sokoto. How will it end? For years, for generations, the Fulani has kept apart from the Hausa; but as his power has waned the distinction has grown less, until the true Fulani blood is not nearly so common as it was; the blending of the races has begun. The Fulani as a separate race may not survive; but he is not to be spoken of lightly. We must not forget what an advantage to the country the Fulani dynasty has been. The Fulani collected his tribute in slaves but he protected the land from outsiders, and though he made Haussaland a slave ground, it was strictly preserved. The raider from the coast was kept away, and the Yankee only got the Pagan coast negro for his cotton plantations. It was said that under Othman a woman could carry goods on her head unmolested from end to end of the land, and the same thing is said to-day under us. The Fulani first pacified by the power of the sword and then established courts of law; we have established courts of justice first and only called in force to maintain their authority when necessary. Our task has been, not to conquer the people, but at most to drive out a few unjust rulers; it has not been a conquest, it has been an occupation. And so the power of right is supplanting the power of might.

Without the English, without the light of European civilisation, Haussaland would decline and relapse into callousness, but with them it will

flourish again and the Hausa will recover at least his equality with the Fulani. In England we cannot form any idea of the greatness of Hausa trade. We should be surprised if we knew the annual turnover of some of those whom we in ignorance call "mere native traders." Trade is reviving wherever the British flag has gone, just as it did wherever the Fulani had conquered. Never in the native memory has the river Benue been so full of trading canoes as it is to-day. With cash for currency, with goods as the measure of wealth, the Hausa will feel his power again, the power of numbers and of production. The pride of the Fulani has been broken, and at last the Hausa will absorb the conqueror. It has never taken so long before, but even the Fulani will be absorbed and will take in the history of Haussaland the rank taken by the Dane in the history of England. The Fulani may not survive as the Fulani; but long after his name is forgotten his work will bear fruit, and in the strengthening of the Hausa stock he will live for ever.

If you moved among the people and got into their confidence, you could lead them on to talk about a prophecy, a prophecy of which you would hear nothing unless you won their affection and respect. But if you succeeded in drawing them out, the people would tell you of something which was and is part of their faith—and it is this: "On his death-bed Othman, the great Fulani, the first Sultan of Sokoto, the spiritual head of the revealed religion, saw the future in a vision and told it to his priests that all might know what was to come. *His dynasty was to last for a hundred years; the sixteenth Sultan of Sokoto would reign but for a day; then would come the day of a foreign Power for four years, and then the Mahdi and the Millennium.*"

It may be that there was no prophecy, but the people believe there was. It may be that the legend of the prophecy only grew as the power of the Fulani declined, but everything it foretold has happened. This is the hundredth year—and the people knew it as it came; the fifteenth Sultan of Sokoto died as the year began—and when he died, when the hundred years had passed, the glory of Sokoto had already departed. It is doubtful whether there was then any tribute whatever sent in from the once faithful states. We can well understand how this would be, how much such a prophecy would hasten the end of a waning power by emboldening many to refuse allegiance who otherwise would never dare to do so. When we consider that the waning of the Fulani power exactly coincided with the period fixed by the prophecy, we see how dramatic the death of the fifteenth Sultan was. But dramatic as it was, it was nothing to what followed. With the fifteenth Sultan dead and the sixteenth to reign but for a *day* (a word with a special oriental elasticity), and with the people looking for the next step, we might,—knowing that what a people looks for it generally finds, or thinks it does—have expected something approaching a fulfilment of the prophecy, but hardly so exact and remarkable a fulfilment as actually has occurred.

To explain it properly we must go back and consider how events had shaped in Northern Nigeria for the last few years. As the hundredth year approached and the age of the fifteenth Sultan increased the people had not far to look for the foreign power. There were no less than four—the Senoussi, the Germans, the French and the English, standing round like vultures waiting for the feast. The struggle between them

must have been the subject of much head-shaking among the seers and soothsayers of the land. Fate would have one, and there were four eager to answer her beckoning. The English were first in the field and, having control of the water-ways had the best position, but we did not hold it without effort after effort. The first to challenge us were the French. As we came over the sea from the south and up the river and established ourselves on its banks, the French came over the land from the west, from the north and from the east. The natives knew of the expedition they sent to Boussa when they met Lugard's new force of trained Haussas and had to retire. We in England know that the object of that expedition was the extension of their frontier to a point below the Boussa rapids, so that by means of a port there and a short line of railway the international water-way secured by treaty on the river below them might be effectually connected with the longer stretch of navigable river above them. Those rapids made the international water-way a mockery, so they were almost willing to go to war for them, for the benefit of their empire in Timbuctoo. They had not the Hausa States in mind; but the Haussas think they had, for all they saw was that the army of the foreign power from Timbuctoo met the army of the foreign power from the river, and sat down and got the guns ready and thought better of it. The natives knew of the everlasting movement round Zinder on the north where no chief is sure even now whether he need feed the French troops free of charge or not, and they put their own construction on it; they do not believe that the French came all that way across the desert just to sit at Zinder. The natives knew of the rush the French made in 1901 into Bornu on the east, when the man whom

Fad-el-Allah had out-manceuvred, surprised him in his camp and massacred his following only to retire as the English column advanced. The Germans came up last year from the Cameroons but got no nearer than Yola, for the slave-raiding Emir there had already been deposed. They sent an expedition up their frontier to Lake Chad, but they did not cross over into Bornu. The Haussas know nothing of frontiers made in Europe and so would not understand that it was the French dash across the Cameroons in the previous year which occasioned that expedition; they would think it was another foreign power for them, and when we, for the same reason, sent the column up at the same time on our side of the frontier, it of course seemed to them that we went there to keep the Germans out. The Senoussi, the mysterious Senoussi, were also coming. They were gathering in the Sahara like the tornado on the horizon. The land was full of their spies, of traders with more money than goods, of drovers who sold cheap and cared not if their cattle died. Undoubtedly the Senoussi were coming and they were causing anxious moments in Hausaland just as they were in more than one European Council; but at the opportune moment—in September, 1902, the great Senoussi Chief died and the field was clear for the English.

It was clear to the native mind that there was going to be a change of masters. It was Fate, and no one was foolish enough to try to resist it except under compulsion. The people were agreeably surprised to find the foreign power so gentle and employing new methods under which they are getting fatter and happier than they have ever been before. We may congratulate ourselves on

our success; but we shall never know how much of it is due to the prophecy. We have gone as slowly and cautiously as if there was no prophecy, but who can say whether we should have done so well without it? We built a town at Quendon just under three hundred and fifty miles from Kano four years ago, and thought at the time that it was as far as we could venture to establish our base. This town was not even finished when we found we could safely venture to Lokoja at the junction of the rivers Niger and Benue, and now the concrete foundations of what were to have been the public offices are being cracked by the undergrowth and buried in the twelve-foot grass, and there is a yam-field where the clearing was made for the parade-ground. We had hardly settled in Lokoja when for political reasons it was decided to move the headquarters to Jebba, two hundred and fifty miles from Sokoto, where we built a town on each side of the river. Then came the trouble with Bida and Kontagora which brought peace all along the Kaduna river, and we built a town and a railway at Zungeru, two hundred miles from Kano. This was only last year, and we expected to settle down there for some time but, so soon as the rains were over, the King of Kano flooded the country with his gunmen, and the discovery of a plot at Zaria to kill all the white men compelled us to go to Kano, where the people refused to fight against us and the King's own following made but a feeble show of resistance.

If the general people were by this time satisfied that we were the foreign power, what must have been the feelings of the sixteenth Sultan of Sokoto when his turn came to assume the power which was but a sham? There were British Residents and garrisons established at Bautshi, a

hundred and fifty miles from Kano on the south east, at Zaria ninety miles from Kano on the south, at Kontagora, a hundred miles from Sokoto on the south, and at Illo, a hundred and fifty miles from Sokoto on the south west. These Residents had quietly but firmly taken their places, the local Emirs in each case being unable to resist them without the support of the people and the fifteenth Sultan having been too weak or too wise to attack them. These stations were bad enough, but the country was full of armed forces and the air was thick with rumours of victorious expeditions, such as belated tidings of the two companies of red-coated Haussas who had marched up through Bautshi, right on to Lake Chad, hailed by the people as deliverers, and without firing a shot except once when they were attacked by a slave-raiding Emir whose force was scattered and who was ignominiously captured and deported. Then there were the English forces convoying the French relief parties for Zinder, passing perhaps within fifty miles of Sokoto itself. Lastly there were the expedition which having captured Kano was coming on, and the Anglo-French boundary commission which had hauled its stores up the rushing waters of the Boussa rapids, marched along the Dallul Mauri, and was making straight for Sokoto. What did the Sultan know of the necessity of coming to Sokoto to fix its exact position in order to delimit the line of the circle at a radius of a hundred miles from it which was the agreed boundary? All he would see would be an armed force on the west which might be as formidable as the armed force on the east. He fled, and who would not have done so under the circumstances, in the face of the prophecy?

The country is now ours, and it will be well for us to remember the prophecy. It has perhaps made us the highest authority in the land—it may perhaps be our undoing. Every word of it has come true, literally true, but it is not yet finished, and everything which has happened will but strengthen the popular belief in it. The day of the foreign power has dawned, that day is to last four years, and then the Mahdi and the Millennium. We must neither forget that nor ignore it. A prophecy may perhaps be disregarded if it is not believed in; but it would be the height of folly to disregard a prophecy in which a nation really has faith. We ourselves may despise it, but that does not matter. We have four years in which to establish ourselves in the land, four years in which to get such a hold on the people that the Mahdi (there will be a Mahdi, there is always a Mahdi) when he rises shall not be strong enough to turn us out, or best of all that the people shall not want him to. We have four years in which to give them something like the Millennium without him. This may seem absurd, but it may not be so foolish after all. We have already brought a new kind of power and appointed a new kind of governor and petty governor altogether, a kind taking nothing without payment, burning no towns except as just punishment for crimes against every code of laws on earth, ravishing no women, looting no houses, making no slaves, and never happier than when settling disputes. When we remember that the Haussas had Mahommedanism thrust upon them, and the distance from the centre of that religion, we may perhaps think it not impossible to wean the people even from the desire for the Mahdi.

G. D. HAZZLEDINE.

A WHITE STRANGER.

THE man was travelling incognito. He had been pretty nearly all round the world, seeking distraction in many lands and many ways; his mind was a storehouse of sun-filled memories, vivid, varied, beautiful, like a great golden goblet that has many jewels in it, and the music that they were set to in his thoughts was destined to echo through all the after years.

He had grown so tired of the old conventional routine of the Western world, tired of the meaningless forms and ceremonies, the pomps and the vanities that were the inevitable accompaniment of his rank, and that went to make up so many of his days. He had always been so surrounded and followed, so satiated with flattery, so weary of the perpetual effort to appear amused and entertained when he was neither one nor the other, until at last it had all become a burden greater than he cared to bear. The man's whole nature was one to which all restriction and etiquette were antagonistic; the dull details and the forced pleasures attached to a great administration irritated and fatigued him; the heirship that meant so much power and wealth and which so many envied, to him spelt only a distasteful bondage which he would have gladly laid aside once and for ever. This is the sort of grim ironical humour that destiny enjoys.

Feeling thus, he had been guilty of expressing, from time to time, some rather advanced if not republican opinions, had dared to be original both in thought and deed, had been heard to say that he wished himself

anything or anybody other than he was; in a word he had shown himself to be possessed of so unusual an intellect for a prince, more especially one born to be a ruler, that his father had grown alarmed, his mother grave and tearful, his relatives indignant.

He had been the unwilling recipient of much well-meant advice which found him thankless, some lengthy argument, a good deal of vehement protest, vague threats, and melancholy prognostications anent his future, until wearied beyond the saying he had at length broken away from it all and, with the firm intention of losing his identity for a brief while, had quitted the capital at the close of a late summer more than a year before. Since then he had loitered with delightful indefiniteness of purpose through Europe old and new; he had wandered in many forgotten spots in Spain, in Greece, in Turkey; had floated lazily up the Nile and, being a passionate lover of all things beautiful and ancient, had dreamed away many months in dear dead Indian cities. And now he was in Burmah; he had seen Mandalay and Rangoon, had paid all necessary calls, followed a paper-chase, drunk cocktails at the Gymkhana, played billiards at the German Club, and shot snipe on the Pegu river. Then he had turned from the European life to the native; he had wandered in the bazaars and attended marriage-feasts, had walked without his shoes on festival-day at the big Pagoda; he had seen great crowds of Burmans like gardens of flowers passing to and fro, had looked on a myriad

dusky jewelled shrines, ablaze with candles and steeped in the scent of the white frangipanni, had paused before images of gleaming gold, had seen countless *kyoungs* of carved teak wood and *zayats* nestling amidst *peepul* trees, full of poetry and peace; he had touched with reverent hand the gigantic bell that the Irrawaddy refused to yield up to the foreigner,—these and many another scene were blended in his memory in rare and enthralling confusion. And now he was in the district, staying with an Indian Civilian whose acquaintance he had made on board ship, and already he had been there three whole weeks, for the charm and the sorcery of the jungle had laid its hold upon him, and it is a sorcery that differs from and excels all others. Too intangible for description it lies in the magic of atmosphere, the contrast of exquisite colours, the languor of life, the glories of fiery sunsets and all the mystery of moonlit nights throbbing with light and with love,—this and more,—much more.

The man was delighted; he felt that he must needs halt, were it only to draw a long breath and re-arrange all these new Burmese pictures in his mental gallery. What fairer spot to pause in could he find than this jungle village, wrapped in all the stillness of a life unchanged for centuries?

They are beautiful, these little places for those who come with eyes to see and minds to understand; you will take from Burmah, as from Rome, what you yourself have carried there. Eric Lichtenstein brought a generous sympathy, a poet's fancy, and a mind innocent of that dread corrosive, prejudice. The loneliness that is like no other in all creation fascinated him. He revelled in the glow and glory of the mornings; the lazy stillness of the noons, when even

the crows can find no voice, soothed and lulled him; and the nights, when the silver shadows came and went over the dark masses of jungle and the great palms stood out against the divine clearness of a Burmese sky, charmed him as no other scenes, save some in Ceylon, had ever charmed.

To his host—whose complete indifference to his surroundings astonished him—the guest was a mystery. Frank Hammond marvelled how anyone could wish to linger in the country at all, most of all in the district; but then Frank Hammond was compelled to pass his life, or at least a considerable portion of it, there or in similar places, while the stranger could go when he pleased, and it happened to be the cool season; much is said in that.

A certain feeling of friendship had grown up between the two men who, dissimilar in so much, yet managed to shake hands across the distance of sentiment and opinion that divided them. Neither, perhaps, understood the other, and yet both got on together excellently well.

Frank Hammond, thoroughly practical and of a sound common sense, regarded life in general with tolerant eyes, was troubled with no undue amount of romance, and most decidedly carried nothing so unnecessary or cumbersome about with him as visionary ideals. The world to him,—born and bred in a stern school, brought up to work for his own living, and earning that living in an exile uncongenial in much and a climate that he loved none too well—was full of stern reality.

The other,—in person handsome and graceful to an unusual degree, possessing warm impulses and a temperament of most delicate sensitiveness, the current of whose entire life had run in a channel over which hung no dark shadows of poverty or

necessity—was naturally somewhat in the nature of a closed volume to the Englishman.

When as time passed his guest expressed no intention of departing, but rather his desire to study the language, Frank Hammond's eyes opened wide in astonishment. Here was a man, young (he was nine and twenty years old), free to follow his own bent, who had moved in the best and most brilliant society both in England and on the continent, who knew the gayest cities of the old world and who yet of his own choice elected to waste his days in a remote corner of Burmah!

Frank Hammond sought the reason in vain. The only visitor he had hitherto entertained had stayed three weeks in the country and two days with him, and two months later had published a weighty volume entitled *EASTERN IMPRESSIONS* which had been widely read and much discussed. He had been the last man on earth to wax enthusiastic about sunsets or pagodas, and was far more anxious about the quantity of his dinner than the quality of the finest scenery in the world.

Hammond had looked on Burmah in so many aspects for so many years that it was not perhaps astonishing that he should have lost all perception of its beauties, real or imaginary. To his guest each day held some new surprise, some fresh delight, and novelty bathed all things in its alluring brightness; to Hammond each day was but a likeness of the one gone before in being long, hot, and monotonous. Nevertheless, though marvelling inwardly, he was glad of Lichtenstein's company, which brought interest and distraction into his own arid existence; and a kind of regard grew up between them, who in all things differed so widely.

It was a lovely morning, full of

cool softness after the deluge of rains. The sky held many wonderful hues, creamy and golden and violet, and through that radiance the sun was shining dimly as yet, but still shining, upon the country which stretched away, looking in the far distance as if it joined the horizon. The broad sandy road leading to the village was lined on either side by a pathless jungle, almost impenetrable in its tangled density, through which the glare of a Burmese noontide would be subdued almost to twilight. The place glowed with colour and pulsed with innumerable strange life. Dew-drops sparkled everywhere, on the orange flames of the bombax and on the orchids that the sun kissed and the butterflies loved. The leaves swayed and fluttered, the insects whispered murmuringly, while the dragonflies floated from flower to flower and the morning shadows danced in the green gloom of mango, bamboo and jack trees; far away the darkly wooded hills rose shrouded in pearl and pale blue mists fine as gossamer webs. The crows cawed loudly while herds of kalongs broke the solemn quietness with their shrieks as they whirled overhead before settling after their night-wanderings; now and then a timid jungle-fowl fluttered up from the ground, startled and afraid, or some bird of exquisite plumage flashed in the grass; once a jungle-cat skurried away like a mad thing into the rank undergrowth that choked the place.

It was all beautiful, incomparably beautiful, as Hammond and his visitor rode slowly under the early sun; it was very warm, as it so often is, even in the first hours of the morning, after rain. In their wake followed a creaking bullock-cart filled with villagers, evidently bound for one of the countless pagodas that raise their umbrella tops in the amber

sunshine; now and then a Burman carrying a basket of fruit passed, but otherwise the place was still as death.

After a while the ponies broke into a trot and they rode for some distance in silence, the rapid thump of a Burmese *tat* being not conducive to conversation. They passed many pineapple plantations and *kyoungs* and one or two half decayed moss-grown statues of Buddha meditating in the primeval solitude; then gradually the heavy timber gave way to cane-brake, until a turn in the long road brought them somewhat abruptly to a tiny Shan village that slept peacefully in a clearing under the near shade of giant trees.

The huts, a dozen or so in all, were the usual specimens of jungle architecture; bamboos lashed together formed the floors which stood about three feet from the muddy ground, while the thatches were of *dhunni* leaves. A rest-house, much eaten by white ants, and a tangled growth of scrub completed the scene. Almost the only strangers that ever came there were one or two bamboo-cutters, and once a year a travelling silk merchant; yet it was a very happy, and in its way a very lovely spot with its trees and its flowers and its birds.

"We'll get some water here," said Hammond, as he slackened speed; "and I'll show you one of the prettiest girls in Burmah, if she's about."

As he pulled up before one of the huts, two little withered old women, dressed in blue and white *tamiens* much the worse for wear, hobbled gleefully out from behind some pumpkin creepers, smiling all over their wrinkled shrivelled faces when Hammond greeted them in Burmese, which he could speak passably well.

How were they since he had last seen them? Had the pain gone from Mah Lay's ear? Had they sold their *dorians* well in the bazaar?—and so on and

so on. Meanwhile the old woman's grandson,—the many lumps on whose brawny tattooed chest testified to the generous supply of charms against death or illness with which he was fortified—had brought out and unrolled a piece of matting which he proceeded to spread upon a wooden ledge-like seat; then he fetched some cheroots, a battered betel-box, and finally water and sugar-cane for the ponies, while a lean cat blinked curiously at the group.

"Where is Mah Oo?" asked Hammond at length, as he accepted the offer of a match from a box that one of the old ladies (they were both so much alike you could never have told one from the other) took from out her grey hair.

"Call Mah Oo," said the young man in a tone of authority to a small boy lounging near; "the Thakin asks for her."

In a few minutes Mah Oo came shyly forward, her black hair and brown eyes shining in the white misty sunlight that was round about her. Her *tamien* was of sober red, her jacket spotlessly white, her complexion unusually fair, a fairness that extended to her small bare feet thrust into green velvet slippers. The gaze of both men lingered restfully on the graceful figure sharply outlined against a background of curled palm-branches. She made a pretty picture as she stood there, a picture which had in it all the glow and warmth of her country's sun.

She paused in shy embarrassment before the look of one of the Thakins. Her quick glance rapidly scanned his fair, cold Northern beauty, the pale gold of his hair and the blue of his eyes,—a striking contrast to the short, dark Englishman. In Mah Oo's eyes he was as beautiful as he was strange and unlike herself or anyone that she had ever seen; and though she did

not seem to look (which would have been sadly unbecoming in a girl), yet Mah Oo saw every detail from his lofty height to the curiously shaped sapphire ring that flashed sullen green fires on his right hand.

Hammond addressed the girl through the interpretation of the elder women, but beyond her name and a fleeting smile and shy glances they could extract nothing, and the ponies being now watered, both men mounted. Hammond tossed a four-anna piece to a little baby in its mother's arms, and then rode away beside his companion, down the road under the arching trees out into the broad belt of sunshine beyond; all the gray and white of the early mists had lifted and the sun was shining in a sky of staring blue.

"A pretty Eastern child," said Lichtenstein, after a few minutes. "I like the brown skin; it suits the intense light as a fair one never can."

"There you're right," answered Hammond. "See an English woman, —as I've seen them scores of times in Rangoon—compare their complexion with the native, and it's an engraving to a picture. No; a Burmese woman in Burmah by all means, but not elsewhere."

After this they rode on in silence.

Later on, when Hammond had gone into court, his guest, having finished his daily lesson with his old *sayah*, went to lie in a long cane chair on the verandah, as was his custom, and read a volume of German poems; but ever and anon his thoughts would wander and the book slip from his fingers, while he mused on its philosophy, or possibly on graver matters, and his gaze went to the green spaces and sunny shadows in the compound below, till he sank into sleep. His dreams were broken and varied, but haunted throughout by brown eyes

in which some stray sunbeams seemed to have lost their way.

It was evening: the long golden light of the afterglow, that is only seen in hot countries, still lingered in the sky; a few lamps were beginning to twinkle faintly in the huts of the village; scattered about, waiting for what might be flung to them, were the usual assortment of ducks and hens and pariah dogs, enjoying themselves in the mud.

Seated sewing, a large cheroot between her lips, was Mah Oo.

"Have you forgotten me?" The question seemed borne upon the breeze. Mah Oo looked suddenly up; before her stood the stranger with the blue eyes, and with him his old Burman teacher.

Mah Oo's surprise was very great, as she rose hastily and answered him in a faltering negative. The place was very quiet and still; it was the hour when the villagers were preparing for their evening rice, and they were practically alone.

Mah Oo, having brought matting for a seat and cigars, stood on one side, the shadow of a pleased smile on her lips and the heap of half made silk jackets at her feet.

With the help of the old Burman Lichtenstein asked many questions as he smoked; she answered him readily, though never would she have dreamt of addressing him first, and subsided always into roseate silence. Imperceptibly, however, and with infinite tact he drew from her something of the little simple ways and things that went to make up her life, such a happy, simple, ignorant life as it was, and yet full of a poetry and loveliness all its own. And all the while the blue eyes said to the brown ones many things that his lips were powerless to convey.

Meanwhile news of his presence

had spread, and a group of curious neighbours had drawn timidly near. The men drifted leisurely up, adjusting turban or *pasoh* as they came; the women left their cooking, some staring lazily as if even the sight of a white man sitting among them did not call for too much attention, others with all their eyes.

There was Mah Sin Bin, a stout sturdy woman with her small children clinging to her *tamien* and a baby, innocent of all clothing save a gold bangle, sitting quite comfortably on her hip. There was Mounng Pay, the keeper of the toddy-shop, and Kyaw Boo, who told the young men and maidens their fortunes by consulting the stars and was held in great awe and admiration by the entire village. There was Nga Tha Boo a tall thin old man and with him came his two daughters. Mah Shway, Mah Oo's adopted mother, issued from the back of the hut where she had been busy preparing rice, and examined the stranger well and minutely, chewing betel the while; she touched his riding-boots, looked long at his hands, and then evidently somewhat satisfied returned to her cooking-pots. The rest gathered together, and gazing at Lichtenstein observed every detail of his dress and appearance; they would have liked to have come close and touched his clothes, but pride withheld them. None of them spoke in the great Thakin's presence, but when after awhile they withdrew they talked much between themselves in hushed and curious whispers, envying Mah Oo not a little. "This has been a *poay-nya*," said Kyaw Boo as he shuffled off. Afterwards they all asked Mah Oo many questions about this stranger from the country of the pale-faced people, questions which she was wholly unable to answer.

The stranger himself was much amused, while something, it may have

been the absolute idleness and good humour of the men and women, reminded him of villages seen in Ireland where he had once spent a hunting-season years ago. When at length he rose he said, "I will return."

Mah Oo lay long awake on her mat that night, watching the bats float past in the shadows, while eyes that were like the deep blue sea looked in memory into hers, while Mah Shway indulged in premature matrimonial visions arising from the stranger's visit such as wrought wild work in dreamland.

The next evening and for many following Mah Oo watched for him, but he did not come. He had forgotten his promise. She thought it was quite natural that he should; he had his own life, and between it and hers how many leagues there were! She was without vanity of any kind, this Eastern child, in whom woman life was dawning in all its radiance, and in a vague way she understood the rigid rules of caste and race.

But he had not forgotten; indeed he could not, even had he wished, and on the fifth evening he came and talked to her and even rolled pān and ate it. Gradually, not all at once, they became quite friends! How prettily she laughed at his conversational efforts, how adroitly she helped him with a word here and another there, how intuitively she seemed to guess at all that he desired so much to say; what a pure and chivalrous tenderness was born in his heart for this life that was steeped in all the gladness of its native sunbeams!

Gradually he came to tell her of many things, painting, as well as he could, the worlds that lived and laughed and loved away there where the sun went down in the land of the white people; and Mah Oo listened rapturously, her eyes opened in

wonder, while the amber light of evening fell through the leaves. But when he asked her if she would not like to see all the marvels of which he so imperfectly told her she answered slowly, "Yes, because it must all be very strange and beautiful, but only as I should like to see the great Shway Dagone Pagoda on a festival day, just for once—besides in those countries of which you speak they would laugh at me!"

He found that, tell her what he might, he never could tempt her even in thought from the place of her birth. She was quite contented; a philosopher himself could achieve no more, if indeed he could ever achieve so much. Her loyalty to all things in the poor little place touched him, and more than ever was he convinced that a lowly lot was the only one that happiness ever tinged permanently, convinced as are so many men who have great rank and great wealth.

To this lovely simplicity and youth of hers something somewhere in his own nature responded; vaguely he felt that it might be possible to grow to care for her as he had not cared for years. The villagers had become accustomed to these strange visits of his and had ceased to be curious about his person though not about his motives. Often he told them tales through the interpretation of his *sayah*, of places and people he had seen, funny tales and beautiful, and mournful ones as his memories came to him, but all such as would amuse or appeal to his listeners; he talked in the quiet languid way that was so characteristic of him, watching with amused interest the different emotions displayed on the brown faces as on a mirror.

Mah Oo had a quick intelligence, and she picked out in her own mind all that she heard and comprehended it, and when her shyness vanished

she asked many things, things curious, fanciful, quaint but never by any chance stupid. Lichtenstein was interested, diverted, happy. As yet he had not given a thought to how far and fast this Burmese girl was creeping into his affections, or to the manner in which the tongues of the onlookers were already beginning to wag. He had not the least idea that he was the constant object round which endless surmises, sly nods and monetary calculations circulated. The man's knowledge of the country and its inhabitants was necessarily of a meagre description—to him a native girl had all the divinity of her sex. He was blissfully unconscious of other men's views on the subject, and of how very unromantic and sordid a business is the usual wooing between the white and the brown.

Mah Oo, so free from spot or stain, in a halo of sun-filled warmth, charmed and enchained his fancy by the subtle force of a deep and wide contrast.

Time, full of solace and rest, ebbed slowly away. The man wrote and painted a little and tried to reproduce from memory on canvas an Eastern girl in the first flush of earliest girlhood, but tore up his sketches one after another, dissatisfied. He had wished to paint her just as she was, but he could not reproduce the colouring or the air, or the light, or the changing play of her expression, at least not to his own satisfaction.

Meanwhile, often and more often, of an evening he paused on his outward or homeward ride to see Mah Oo, until at length by choice he always took that road in preference to any other, and thus gradually he came first to realise that the girl had grown to love him. Every glance of her innocent eyes told him so with an eloquence of which their owner was quite unconscious, and the man's

heart glowed with gratitude; when others had cared, it had always been, or rather he had fancied it had been, for his possessions, not himself, but here all was different and the child's transparent feelings touched and sank into his soul with a vivid and passionate warmth.

Mah Oo did not look beyond the present hour. She moved and breathed in a beautiful, dim, indistinct world of her own creating, peopled by one who had a graceful and lofty bearing and eyes the hue of summer seas. How could she know of the strangeness, the sadness, the hopelessness of this love that had been born of a word, of a glance? She never paused to think or question when her heart, like some small caught bird, fluttered at his coming or grew sick with disappointment if he came not—to her only was it wonderful that he should ever think to come at all.

To Mah Oo he appeared, and must ever do so, in the light of a king who had only to stretch out his hand to become the arbiter and master of her life, or of just so much of it as he chose. Should he wish to do so every opportunity was his, all the village would have aided him; so much the man to a certain extent realised, but having more than ordinary compassion, he paused. Between him and her from his point of view, there could be nothing—nothing.

At no time a slave to his passions he cherished insane ideas of honour and the sanctity of the sex, such ideas as you sometimes find in books, but seldom indeed in life. He had lived with those who, making a science of infidelity, held all women lightly and believed in little here and nothing hereafter, but never at any time abandoning himself to their guidance he had kept the dignity and reserve that so well became his grave romantic

temperament. And so he carried no such guilty memory with him as the reflection that he had ever (even in the maddest hours of five early and reckless years) been the first to lead any woman, high born or low born, across that irrevocable borderland between sin and sinlessness. That in all such matters East and West are strangely different, he failed to realise, and he respected women as women, apart from their race. It was just one of those exaggerations of fine and delicate sentiment that had made him on many occasions seem both incomprehensible and foolish to individuals and even to the world in general.

Mah Oo was to him as some tender blossom, for in his existence from force of circumstances she could live only for a day. If he let her alone she would think no more of him, save as some half godlike being who had condescended to stay and talk with her awhile. So she would marry; she would grow stouter and the fair face would lose its spiritual childish look; she would have children, little brown soft children, who would tumble and play and laugh and cry there in the sunbeams like their mother before them. She would lead the usual, placid eventless life of the women of her race, counting time only by the harvest of paddy or the changes of the seasons. Then as the years went by she would grow bent and old and garrulous like Mah Lay, and then some morning the dawn would find her still asleep and they who found her would cry a little and then forget.

He could see all her future so clearly, if he only left her, but if he did not, if he did not—well perhaps had his lines been cast like Hammond's in the country he would not have hesitated. Could he have given her something adequate in exchange for her

untouched feelings then he might have been tempted, but he knew that never could he undo the chains fastened by Destiny about him, and therefore it was not in his power to give her anything more than a few weeks out of the sum total of his days. Should he sacrifice her to that? His honour and his conscience alike told him no.

She was ignorant and content, this little field flower. His manhood told him that it would be beneath his generosity to do otherwise than leave her so; he knew how perilously easy it is to make shipwreck of that frail vessel called contentment; besides he was not of those who sing of brotherhood and who yet spare neither brother nor sister at the bidding of occasion. Nevertheless Eric Lichtenstein was no hero, far from it, but merely a man of a warm and pitiful nature and a wider generosity than most, who tried to follow and act up to a sense of right, as he saw it. Whether in this he was quixotic each must decide for himself.

Frank Hammond, and others, would have considered such scruples folly without parallel. Wisdom or folly, which was it?

When Lichtenstein realised the goal to which his footsteps might lead him, he determined to see Mah Oo no more, and for many days he avoided the village both in his rides and drives. Yet her image pursued him and her memory lingered with him most persistently until he began to recognise the fact that it might take all his courage to say farewell. So thinking, he yielded to an unwise impulse and one day he went in the green shadows of the early dawn to Mah Oo, and her welcome in its glad spontaneity, how it touched and unnerved him, and those wistful eyes of hers—there are many wonderful eyes in Burmah that mean nothing

that they say—but Mah Oo's meant all that they said—how could he wish her goodbye? What if instead of so doing he resigned his world and sought happiness or rather the semblance of it with this girl, who had the heart of a woman and the glad beautiful innocence of a child? But a very little reflection showed him how impossible was such a dream. Private people could do these things, but not one placed in the fierce light of publicity; such an one cannot forsake the many duties confided to his keeping, nor must he purchase his own joys at the cost of the fortunes of so many others. Once more he felt the old weariness arise within him at the thought of that life so changeable and so filled that awaited him across the seas in Europe. There—there would be no time for sweet lazy dalliance with love in the sunshine under palm trees—save in his dreams.

That night as Hammond and his guest lounged on the verandah sipping their coffee with the still starlit skies overhead and a full moon golden and glorious shining down on the country, the host after a long pause said in a jocular tone of inquiry, "How much longer are you going to waste your time with that Burmese girl? You are treating her with as much deference as if she was white," and he laughed a little as he leaned back and blew a wreath of smoke into the air.

"And why not?" asked his companion in the still slow tones that made one of his special charms. "Is she not a woman?"

"Yes, of course, but only a native one; it is not the same thing—they have such different ideas and ways." He spoke in some derision.

"Ah, there speaks the Englishman. You have, if you will pardon my saying so, the prejudices of your

class. After all prejudice is only another name for ignorance, and you know nothing about Mah Oo."

"Possibly, but you cannot surely compare her with an English girl?"

"My friend, certainly not. Who am I that I should take such a liberty? We of course know that England has entered into a perpetual contract with the Almighty for the monopoly of all the virtues—and yet," he added in an altered tone, "it seems to me that if anything human is quite pure and near to Heaven it must be the white soul of an innocent girl. You will admit that she is that, I suppose?"

"My dear fellow," Hammond broke in in his blunt fashion, "you are really taking this matter too seriously. A native is a native—minus any soul I should say—and that you should talk or feel about one as you would about one of your own countrywomen is mere moonshine."

"Why?" asked Lichtenstein, quietly looking up.

"Oh, my good man, don't ask me conundrums," Hammond replied with vague impatience, "because it's too preposterous. If you like the girl, take her—and leave her when she wearies you. It is absurd to have any scruples where a Burmese girl is concerned," and as he leaned over and reached for a box of cheroots he thought inwardly, "What a romantic simpleton it is!"

"Because she is not white—is that the drift of your argument? What a monstrous, hateful idea! You advocate my having neither heart nor conscience in my dealings with the girl because her skin is so many degrees darker than mine or yours. I fail altogether to see the reason; were we in a village in Europe would you offer me the same advice? You know that you would not."

"Of course not," Hammond admitted.

"Then why do it here?"

"It is entirely different, only you will not see it, and I am only telling you how any of my own world would act under the circumstances."

"Then if that is what your world would do I can only say that I consider it a very contemptible, unprincipled one." His tone was one of disgust.

"I don't know; there are some very fine fellows in it." Hammond spoke with a certain amused displeasure.

"Oh, I know these fine fellows, men who would destroy a dozen native women in a year and excuse themselves—were excuse necessary—on the ground that they were natives."

"You entirely forget the racial distinction," was the response.

"I don't at all, any more than I forget that what would be wrong in another is all right in an Englishman; it must be a most comforting reflection and render the idea of eternity possible."

There was silence for a few moments while Hammond mixed a whiskey and soda and the river sang on in the clear distance beyond. Then he said, "All right, if you like to believe such an amazing absurdity as that, you must; but we wander from our subject. Once more, at the risk of offending you,—what do you really intend to do with the girl?"

"What should I do with her?" asked Lichtenstein, and he turned round in his chair and looked Hammond straight in the eyes. "As a matter of fact I have thought about it and have come to the conclusion that I would rather not meddle with any fate, even so small and humble a one as hers of whom we speak."

"You may be quite sure that the old lady, if not the girl herself, is looking forward to the *thakin* giving a few hundred rupees for a work of

merit and taking Mah Oo in exchange; even I expected it; it is the custom of this benighted land," replied Frank Hammond regarding his guest from over the rim of his glass.

"Why do people always credit one with the coarsest motives?" Lichtenstein sighed as he spoke. "If I were to come forward at all, I should marry her, and that unfortunately is impossible."

"Marry her!" echoed the listener blankly.

"Certainly, it is far preferable to ruining her."

"It is no doubt a good joke, but I utterly lack the power to appreciate it," said Hammond incredulous.

"There is no joke intended; I am not in a mood for jokes. We look at things differently, that is all; I decline to have the weight of a soul upon my conscience, even when only a native one, and no sneers, friendly though they be, will change me. This girl is perfectly good and pure; why should I make her otherwise?"

"Your scruples do you infinite credit, but I can assure you that they are cruelly wasted. The people for whom you entertain these old world notions could not even be brought to understand, much less to admire them! Ruin — disgrace — what meaning would such words convey to them?"

His listener smiled. "I don't want either their admiration or their comprehension, I only want my own ease of mind. What if I told you something more, and that is that I care for this child so much—she is so different to all the many I have known—that I feel that I can only go away and leave her!"

Hammond moved impatiently while he replied in a compassionate tone, such as he might have used to a fractious child. "What? Why that

I am almost inclined to think that you must be on the fair road to adorn a lunatic asylum; such high flown notions and all for a native girl—whom a few hundred rupees would compensate for anything What unutterable folly I know these women, and you don't, and there is not one of them worth the waste of an ounce of good affection; they all prefer a betel-chewing, curry-smelling Burman to the finest and most gallant white man that ever lived."

"As to their being worthy or not is beside the question. When one loves I do not think one ever pauses to think of such a thing—one naturally regards the person as being all that is desirable—in any case it is the giver, be the gift of the affections or not, who should determine the measure of what he gives, but that measure should not be according to the demerits of the receiver." Lichtenstein answered indifferently as he rolled himself a fresh cigarette.

Hammond shrugged his shoulders. "I have no doubt that you are quite right, but I cannot follow your reasoning," he said. "I only feel glad that you cannot obey your vivid imagination, or you would probably marry this girl out of some absurd notion of duty or other and you would regret it all your life."

"I don't know about the regretting—perhaps I should and perhaps I should not, but I am quite sure that were I to do as you advise there would be with me a remorse that would never leave me," the man spoke in a tired voice. "I am an absurd sentimentalist, no doubt, and wrong, quite wrong. Nevertheless, and perhaps not of my own free will but because I cannot help it, this child's honour is to me a real thing, just as if she were of my own complexion, no more, no less. So I cannot treat her

as you suggest. To you this will appear a folly worse than that of fools, but the loss, if loss it be, is mine. However, I tell you, though I hardly expect that you will honour me by believing it, that something in her grand and absolute innocence holds me back, something,—how shall I explain it, words cannot convey it,—is with her much more than all this, something that will, I fancy, be with her when she is fourscore.”

His host glanced at him evidently with a desire of ascertaining if he was serious, then said drily, “Such high and chivalrous conceptions of the whole duty of man are, I honestly confess, quite beyond my poor intelligence, so please forgive me if I find them strange and unconvincing. That you can be seriously in love with this girl I cannot credit for an instant; that you should hesitate to take her under your protection is of course only one of the high flown and exaggerated ideas of a person wholly ignorant of the East and the Oriental!” He rose as he spoke.

“As you will,” was the indifferent answer. “Frankly my scruples are but another form of selfishness. I am coward enough to shrink from the possible remorse following upon an act beyond atonement; once I have known what it is to cry out in vain, longing for the past to return, so that many things might be undone, many words unsaid—my future must be free of such regrets. But I have kept you listening to my absurd ravings long enough. Good night.”

For fully an hour afterwards Lichtenstein remained smoking thoughtfully, his face grave with many memories, while his host snored happily under his mosquito curtain. A quaint little figure, with pathetic brown eyes, came to him in memory out of the night, and the pain and the perplexity deepened at his heart.

Why had this disturbing influence come to mar the even harmony of the present? The thought hurt him strangely. Nevertheless he was convinced that he was taking the right path, and no power on earth should make him waver. He was conscious that Hammond regarded him in a very unflattering light. Fortunately he had sufficient moral courage to ignore any outside opinion. Was Hammond right and he wrong? Each took an extreme view, and there is seldom any lasting wisdom in extremes.

If only the years were his own, how gladly he would have taken her to his heart and found with her the realisation of those fair phantasies that youth and love beget—but it could not be. There was no charm that could make him other than he was, and being so, many duties waited on him; great interests beckoned to him, countless lives called on his; these past months had been a dreamful interlude that he should remember all his life amid all the tiresome pageantries and constant demands, the painful publicity, the satiety and dissatisfaction of the future. A life wholly different from that of the great world, one screened from all malice, in which quiet joys would replace disappointed ambitions, was what would have appealed to and satisfied his pensive nature, a life of freedom, of colour, of passion and seclusion was what he would have chosen, but he could not—he could not.

Society with a hundred clamorous voices claimed him from it; it was entirely impossible to wander far or for long. Indifferent as he was to the desires that sway other men, all the great and magnificent gifts with which fate had endowed him found him capriciously ungrateful: happiness—as this man saw it—waited under the towering bamboos in the

golden sunshine of Burmah; it did not lie, it never would, for him in Europe.

And he must pass it by, and, this being so, it behoved him to deal with Mah Oo sacredly and honestly to the end. When he said good-bye to the East, which would be very soon, it would soothe him to think that he had refrained, at pain to himself, from plucking this little wild tropical flower that was of no more account in the wide universe than a blade of grass, but had left it as he found it blooming in the sunshine under the palm shadows by the river.

* * * * *

"Mah Oo, I am going away." The words were softly, slowly spoken.

"The *thakin* is going away," the girl echoed blankly.

"Yes," he answered her, standing there beside her in the soft gloom of the coming evening.

Over Mah Oo's face came that strange sickly pallor which only dark skins know. Her eyes grew clouded, her heart empty and cold. This pale-faced stranger who was nothing to her and who yet filled all her waking and sleeping thoughts was going back to his own. Why was the pang of such a thought so lacerating to the soul of the child, why had the world suddenly grown gray and chill? Mah Oo did not know.

"The *thakin* will come back?" she asked at last and a quiver echoed through her words.

He looked at her where she stood in the evening light. She was like a sun-flower growing up out of a dim, dusky garden; he noted the luminous eyes, the warm olive skin, the lips shut close with pain, the small brown hands hanging listlessly at her side—

a strange, lonely figure with all her grace and depth of colour, and a great wave of tenderness and of pity swept over him.

For a moment he hesitated. Why not linger in this far Paradise? Time was still his; why not stay its passing joys awhile—why not—why not—even if the girl suffered in the end would it matter? He thought he heard a man's mocking voice answering, "Only a native woman." For a moment all his wise resolutions trembled unsteadily in the balance, but it was only for a moment and then came repentant consciousness.

"Yes, I will come back, Mah Oo," he replied with a sigh for the falseness of what he said.

"The *thakin* will come back soon," she cried hopefully, "before the waxing of the moon?"

"Not so soon, Mah Oo, not so soon." He spoke with a grave and mournful tenderness. His throat grew dry, his eyes dim, for he would come back never.

A broad shaft of dying sunlight fell between them.

"Good bye, my child," he said softly in his own tongue and took one of her hands in his and raised it to his lips; its touch was quite cold. Then turning he left her there in the green stillness where the sun rays fell about her in yellow splendour.

"Poor little Mah Oo," he murmured as he went his way, a restless pain and regret stirring within him.

It was her requiem.

He looked back once. The village lay behind him in all its tranquil brightness forming the frame to a picture that he carried with him through many a future year.

M. CHAN-TOON.

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JOHN MAXWELL'S MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XIII.

JACK stood in the library at Douros, waiting for Mr. Nesbit to return. He was white faced and heavy-eyed ; but, since he had risen and dressed, the dull ache in his head did not hinder his brain from working. In that there was little comfort. It seemed to him as if he had risen from some ghastly nightmare, and found that he had dreamed true.

Memory served him bitterly well for the ride on his wedding morning, the arrival, then the agony of suspense, the scene in this very room, and what followed ; the leave-takings, the endless dinner, and the sense that he stood there naked to ridicule. Then a mist of wine spread over his recollection, but through it faces and gestures stood out with horrible distinctness ; he heard voices—his own voice too, or, as it were, a gross travesty of it. Things that he had said recurred, and as they came up in his mind, he set his teeth and drew in his breath savagely.

The mist thickened and thickened, and always the figure of himself seen through it seemed more alien and more contemptible ; the end was a mere blur—and then a gulf intervened. All these things came to him across a lapse of time, and they stung, like the recollection of some hideous fault, folly or indiscretion that raises a

flush and a spasm of shame when chance lifts it to the mind's surface. But their sting was like that also, somewhat deadened ; deadened and dulled by the keener bite of impressions that seemed to absorb his power to feel, to gather up all his consciousness into one agonising mass of shame and of remorse.

Between him and these newer memories—not memories, but present sensations—lay no mist of wine, shameful yet merciful. The hard light of morning was on them, and no soothing touch of sleep had yet passed over the throbbing nerves. They began with his awakening—the swimming stupor, and the sick heaviness, the bewilderment at unfamiliar surroundings ; then the sudden horrifying inrush of thought,—and there, in a turn of the head, thought's confirmation.

That white figure, crouched like a trapped beast in a chair by the window ; then the quick gasping cry of terror, shame, and revulsion as she felt his eyes on her, and drew herself together, cowering, huddling away with face averted. Would he ever forget the sound of it—all the abject and hopeless resentment of a proud creature's physical humiliation. And he—he knew himself for the agent of this indignity, this outrage, this crime : and he lay with a clouded brain, stupefied with remorse.

Then shamefacedly he had risen, and again she had shrunk and cried. "Do not fear, madam," he had said. He had dressed hastily, thinking to relieve her of his presence, and then, for a last touch, worse than tragedy, came the grotesque. They were locked in.

He had turned to her, in rage and shame, stammering excuses. Then at last she had risen and faced him, her cheeks blazing, her swollen eyes flaming; and she had found her tongue. Oh, she had whips to her hand in plenty; and every word that came was a lash on the very quick of his soul. The sight of her beauty only added to his remorse, magnified the misdeed. It was not in his nature to be passive under pain of any kind. Writhing under his shame and grief, he leaped to a desperate decision, and having seized it listened in silence. There had seemed a way of help, but when he spoke, the very word "reparation" had roused her to new fury. And when at last the servants had answered his summons, and opened the door, she had fled with a cry and a swift rush.

Still, whether she thanked him or cursed him for it, he held to his project. There would be opposition to meet, and he craved to meet it; he desired action in some shape, as a respite from the sense of his own degradation. That was why he had checked his first impulse to mount, ride and hide himself. This matter had to be settled with Mr. Nesbit, and vindictively he anticipated a struggle of wills.

But in the meantime Mr. Nesbit did not come. He had ridden out early, Jack learned, none knew why. And the young man chafed in the tension of awaiting him. Flinging himself into a chair, he thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and then

he touched what in all these emotions he had forgotten—Mary's unread letter. With a laugh that was cruel to hear he drew it out. Mary—he had half forgotten Mary's existence. And yet Mary was the cause. He checked himself. Who was he to sit in judgement? If Mary had deceived him, he had done worse than Mary. They were in a sense confederates, each by wrong-doing compassing the destruction of a beautiful woman who had hurt neither of them. And indeed, if he had desired to make Mary rue her act, he had taken the fullest means to accomplish it. The consequences of his drunken madness recoiled on Mary and he began to pity her.

All this went through his mind in a flash: words are slow to tell of thought. But his face had softened somewhat before he began to read, and it changed strangely as he followed the letter. For here for the first time he learnt Mary's version of the story, and with that returned to him the conception of the Mary whom he had known.

It was a pathetic story enough, very simply told:—

DEAR JACK [it began], I cannot help calling you that, for you have always been kind to me, and I shall never forget your kindness, though you may think me hateful, and cruel, and deceitful. Only, I do not want you to think me worse than I am. On Sunday I did not know what was going to happen—you cannot think I did. I really meant every word that I said. I could not say that I loved you. That was because I knew I loved some one else, but I thought he had forgotten me. I know I ought never to have consented to marry you, but I could not resist my father and my mother; it was mostly for my mother's sake, Jack. Or else, I ought to have told you everything. But I could not, and I would not, for I was deceiving you and my mother too. And then I thought it was all over. And now I can only tell you when it is too late.

Then she told him briefly how Hugh McSwiney had won her affections two years before; how she had maintained a secret correspondence with him through old Bride Gallagher, and how she had written to him when Jack first proposed to her, and her father insisted that she should accept.

Jack ground his teeth as he realised how Mr. Nesbit had played upon him. That then was the reason of many things; the reason why he had been urged to go away, why he had been encouraged to propose a second time. He saw it all now—too late. The girl had been driven and forced. And, remembering the yesterday, he could realise how remorselessly driven, under smooth appearances. He went on reading—

And then, Jack, no letter came in answer to mine. I was foolish and I doubted. I thought he had forgotten. Only, I had promised that up to the very last day I would go to see if an answer came. And, Jack, you must try to understand. It was to ask for that answer I went to Carrig, but there was not the least little hope in my heart that I would find it. I was full of bitter anger, and it made me angrier to see you so kind to me, doing everything I wished, while the man whom I was ready to give up all for left me like that. I was thinking that all the time. And then, when you offered to take me across, I tried to refuse, but you insisted, and it all seemed so impossible that I let you. But while we were riding, things seemed to fall together so oddly, that they made me laugh with the pain of it, can you understand? But I ought never to have let you, and, Jack, I am punished now in the bitter shame. Only, believe me now. I cannot bear you to think I did it knowingly.

The young man's eyes softened. "Indeed, my dear," he said half aloud, "it is easier to believe in you than to disbelieve."

That is all [the letter ended]. Mr. McSwiney has come for me at the risk

of his life, and I am going with him. But I go with a sore heart. I need not talk of that, for you will understand. I ask your forgiveness, and I entreat you to believe me, and I will wish for your happiness wherever I am.

When Jack Maxwell had finished the reading of this letter—he read it with swelling eyes—he breathed a deep breath. It was as if a dear and healing hand, the woman's touch, had been laid upon his feverish forehead. From the distorted visions of wounded egotism he returned to the sane and generous perceptions of an open kindly nature. He saw the world as he had known it; a place of honour and of frailty, of pity and misfortune. He humiliated himself and was content to be humiliated. Mary's need for his forgiveness, though it blackened by comparison his own misdeed, nevertheless seemed to restore him to the human comity.

Youth for ever sees itself in a glass, and perhaps few of us ever wholly abandon that contemplation; but it is not given to later life to find youth's solace when the gesture is becoming. It meant much to Jack that he could forgive. Here at least was a thing that he might do, not in a hopeless struggle to repair the irreparable, but of a free heart, generously. Yet in fairness it should be said that he was restored to sanity not by any faint rehabilitation of himself in his own eyes, but by the restoration of another's cherished image.

His feeling for the girl when he was her accepted lover had been sincere and strong, but eminently youthful. He was in love with Mary, beyond a doubt, but, more than that, he was in love with love. And now to have lost her seemed to him a small thing since he had not lost love. In a sense he had found her again; after the nightmare hallucinations of the yesterday, she had reappeared in

her gentle perfection. He scarcely felt a personal loss, in the rejoicing that she at least had been spared. The romance of her story touched his imagination, and since one of the two must suffer, he was glad it should be himself. If one of them must be despicable, far better that she should be radiant. So long as he might paint her angelic, he was willing to heap on himself the worst names; as a man will find a kind of pleasure in condemning himself before the woman of whose loving judgement he is assured.

Moreover, his resolve was now tenfold strengthened: it was clear in his mind that Mary must approve what he had it in his mind to do. And not only that; the fuller his reparation, the less would be her need of self-reproach. She would never know that what he did was done with a thought of her; that added a touch of pleasure, of artistic finish to the whole. That he should do what he did was a matter of course; that he should go without the compensation of her gratitude was at least something of a sacrifice. In the contemplation of these fine schemes and sentiments the young man had almost lost the sense of present calamity, when Nesbit's entrance brought him back to crude realities. Shame rushed in upon him at the sight of those cold eyes, and with shame fierce resentment, vindictive desire.

Even Mr. Nesbit did not find it easy to look in the face of his partner in the day's doings; and it was with an assumed air of gaiety that he spoke as he came forward. "Well Jack, and how are you? I fear we made wild work yesterday among us. However, all's well that ends well, and I am proud to have you for my son-in-law."

"Are you proud of the means, sir?" asked the young man, ignoring the outstretched hand, and speaking

with a mouth that quivered and twitched from repressed anger.

Mr. Nesbit bit his lip. It was not his cue to quarrel, and he had foreseen reproaches. "Eh? Well, I suppose none of us can look back with pleasure; and if we did, we should see nothing distinctly. But I have no quarrel with the result. I should desire only to have done the same thing with more deliberation."

"And your daughter?" said Jack, with a savage emphasis in his intonation.

Mr. Nesbit made a gesture, half of deprecation, half of easy contempt. "My dear Jack, I trust you entirely to reconcile your wife to her good fortune. There is nothing difficult or unpleasant in the task. You have in this house the spectacle of a marriage not very dissimilar which has resulted in perfect happiness."

Scorn drew back the young man's lip and nostrils, and hardened his eyes. "Sir," he said, "we have all our own ideas of what is pleasant, what is decent, and so forth. Pleasant or unpleasant, this task is not to my mind. I refuse to undertake it." Then, losing his self-control, he broke out: "Do you suppose that I would live with a woman in whose eyes I must for ever appear a criminal, the author of her indignity?"

The pupils of Mr. Nesbit's eyes contracted, and his colour was slightly heightened. "I pass over your aspersions on myself, Jack," he answered in his level cutting tones. "We are perhaps not quite ourselves this morning. But I will ask you to observe that you are by your own desire legally married to my daughter."

"Oh, I make no doubt of that; legally as the master is owner of his slave," was the passionate retort.

The elder man surveyed him with a smile that was hard to bear.

"Pardon me, Jack," he said, "I have no taste for rhetoric, and your comparison is scarcely advantageous to my daughter. A marriage imposes duties, as I understand. And you will notice that if you are indeed the author of Isabella's misfortune, you are the more bound in honour to her."

Mr. Nesbit had miscalculated. He did not realise the change that these emotions had wrought in a young man hitherto so plastic in his hands, whom it was necessary to preserve in a state of ductility. For amid the confusion of the previous day the settlements had gone unsigned, and what could be arranged must be arranged by personal influence. Mr. Nesbit, as is common with other successful despots, underrated the possibility of opposition. He had never forecast such a spirit as now gleamed at him from the eyes facing him. Hatred he was accustomed to; but contempt troubled him. He remembered the ugly weapons that were in Jack's hand if he cared to use them; and he experienced a perplexity that was new to him, and disquieting.

"Sir," said Jack, all his features crisped with anger, and speaking with difficult utterance, "I desire to speak civilly. I do not attempt to throw aside the blame of this business. But I have acted hitherto under your influence, at your suggestion, and I find myself sunk in a morass of shame. Henceforward I will dispense with your judgement on matters touching honour."

Mr. Nesbit met him with the control of a skilled fencer. "An admirable conclusion. You begin by blaming no one; and you end by attributing the whole to my suggestion. Are you still of opinion that I arranged Mary's elopement?"

The young man's features were drawn hard with bitter hate as he answered, "Oh sir, you forget that I

have now a full view of your policy. Your daughter has explained it to me with a clearness that must strike into the dullest understanding. God in heaven," he went on, losing his self-control, "money, money, money, this contemptible wealth that has come to me is the whole of this history. I was a pawn in the game. Your daughter—it made no matter which daughter—was another. You pushed us as you chose, with your eye on this dirty mortgage. In your fear, your ignominious fear—that I might press upon you—on you, whom I took to be my friend—you forced me and this lady into this mockery of a marriage; you played on my drunkenness, on my vanity, on my pain. And to-day you talk to me of honour!"

In Mr. Nesbit's face, now impassive, a resolve was forming itself. Here was a new factor that he had not reckoned with—Isabella's exposure of his motives. But, as he listened to the fierce words, a thought flashed on him. He knew Jack's nature by heart, and he awaited the end with the patience of one certain of his stroke.

"So," he said, when the young man, ending, turned away in disdain. "So that is how you judge me. Have you not forgotten one circumstance? My daughter is your wife—you are my son-in-law. But in all other ways you are perfectly free. The settlements were not signed."

Jack fairly staggered under the blow. He felt that a point had been scored against him; that so far in the contest he stood defeated by this antagonist. The commanding part which he had assigned to himself slipped from him. "I had forgotten. I did not know," he stammered.

"Indeed?" said Mr. Nesbit. "Yet the circumstance was material. It will perhaps not be an undue exercise of suggestion if I ask you to bear it in mind."

Jack raged inwardly. In his mind was patent the consciousness of the truth, for Isabella's words had burnt it into him. Sullenly he appealed to them. "Your daughter, sir, gave me to understand that your motive was such as I have described."

"My daughter misrepresented me. I acted in haste under the influence of wine. But my object was to repair an injury that you had received from my family; and I expressed that to her."

"And my object, sir," said Jack with a return of spirit, "is to repair the injury done to your daughter."

"Which you propose to do by deserting her."

Jack's face flushed, but it was set. "I repeat, sir, that I have thought this matter out for myself, and cannot be guided by you."

Nesbit bowed ironically. "It will interest me vastly to learn what you propose to do."

"I propose, sir, to leave this country at once."

"Indeed? And to what place do you carry your wife?"

Before Jack rose the vision of Isabella's shrinking disgust, and involuntarily he shivered. "My wife," he returned, "will reside where she pleases. I shall not inflict my presence upon her."

"So," said Mr. Nesbit. "And how if I refuse to sanction this admirable arrangement?"

The young man's anger blazed into vehemence. "Once for all, sir, I refuse to allow you any voice in the matter. This cursed tangle is of your making; we must be free to shuffle out of it as best as we can, bruised and maimed and shamed. There is no power on earth that shall force me to live with a woman who has the right to reproach me as your daughter has done. I will strip myself to the last penny of the property that has

been the root of this evil, to compensate her so far as I can for what has been done; but I will go free, and will leave her free so far as may be."

There came a sudden gleam into Mr. Nesbit's eye; but he doubted his comprehension. "I do not understand your proposal," he said coldly, "beyond the fact that you mean to desert my daughter, who is your wife."

"I say, sir," Jack raged at him, "that I will this day go to my lawyer and make over to your daughter every stick and stone that I stand possessed of. And I will leave the country, and undertake that she shall neither see me nor hear of me while she lives. I will be as though I were dead to her."

Mr. Nesbit laboured to repress the exultation in his features. He saw himself in imagination virtual master of the greatest estate in the county. Maxwell's property conjoined with Douros would set him on a pinnacle. Here was more than he had ever hoped for. And artfully he employed the stimulus of opposition.

"This is sheer quixotism," he said. "I cannot accept such a sacrifice. It will discredit me with the county."

"And I say, sir," flamed the young man, "that it does not lie with you to accept or reject. Your utmost right in the matter is to see that proper provision is made for your daughter; and I demand that you shall ride with me at once."

Mr. Nesbit laughed with an assumption of contempt. "Nonsense," he said. "I cannot hear of this. Sleep on it for a week—and I doubt not that your bed will bring you more reasonable sentiments. See Isabella and apologise to her, if you will, for any roughness there may have been in your dealings with her."

Deliberately, he drove his goad into the galled spot as he saw the young man's face grow pale with

shame. He saw the look of fierce contempt gather, and he welcomed it now for an ally.

"I repeat to you, sir," was the reply, "that my mind is made up. Every moment that I delay in this house is an added insult to the woman whose life I have wrecked at its first blossoming. I demand as a right that you shall accompany me. And further, that Dean Vigors shall come with you as a witness."

Mr. Nesbit turned and rang the bell. "Enough of this," he said with well simulated anger, "you have very sufficiently expressed your contempt for my judgement. The fit person to reason with you is your attorney, Martin, who I make no doubt will put an end to all these heroics. But since you demand it as a right, Vigors and I will follow you to Letterward this afternoon. It needs some time, as I am sure a man of your experience will remember, to prepare the papers necessary to consummate such an exploit as you propose." Then to the servant who answered his summons, he said: "Mr. Maxwell wishes to ride at once. Bring his horse. And now, sir," he turned to Jack, "I will leave you, and terminate this painful conversation. If you do not think better of this folly before your horse is round, we shall set out at noon for Martin's office, and there, I doubt not, shall find you converted."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE horse was at the door and Jack mounted, leaving with the stable lad a gratuity that astonished him. Jack remembered grimly how he had filled his pockets with coin for the wedding.

He passed up at an easy trot between the banks of laurel and rhododendron, and then along under the trees; but when he reached the

first of the great sloping pastures through which the avenue cut athwart, he turned the young mare on to the turf, and felt her break joyfully into the gallop. Rain had fallen in the night, the turf was cool, soft and delicious under her clean small hoofs. Drove of rabbits scampered and scuttled in from their feeding to their burrows in the edge of the long plantation that fringed the lough. The sun was breaking out through the clouds, and Jack sat close, his hand light on the rein, while the passion of the gallop passed into his blood, as the strong slender creature under him gathered herself in, stretched herself out, in the swift flowing stride.

As the freshness of the beast spent itself, and he drew in, reflection stirred in him painfully. He and the brown mare must part, and of all the luxuries that had come to him with his fortune none had been so wholly enjoyable as a good stable. Still, the world was wide, and in the new world, towards which he had set his face, there was room and to spare for a gallop.

But it seemed this morning as if the corner of the old world, from which especially he exiled himself, desired to be regretted. He trotted out of the gate, flinging coins in profusion to the people of the lodge; and, as he pushed on along the road by the base of Slievemor, and then, turning to the left, took the bend towards Carrig and Lanan bridge, the eyes of all dumb things were bright to woo him. Bell heather stood up in clumps, the smaller, prouder, stronger kind glowing purple, the larger and less rigid blooming pink. They sprang in bright patches among straying bramble blossom, or through trails of honeysuckle; they contrasted with the soft gold of furze, with the clearer, more golden

glory of broom ; they set off, and were set off by, the young olive-green of bog myrtle. And, where there were hedgerows, there were roses ; some white and small-flowered, some the faint, pale, delicate, trailing stems that all Britain knows ; but many, too, were of a kind peculiar to northern Ireland, strong and vivid pink, vivid as the purple heather, lovely at the full spread of their petals, exquisite in the bud that reddened deeper and darker to the tip. Fairer still, sweeter, more intimate and characteristic, were the little sand-roses, that, wandering upward here from their native sandhills, spread free and bushy, their close-set thorns and dainty intricate leafage starred all over with creamy moons of flower, honey-scented.

And in the freshness of sun after rain, all the odours—faint fragrance of the roses, clinging breath of honey-suckle, pungency of heather and myrtle, blended with that indefinable scent of green things growing and the warm soft exhalations of moist peat—all the odours caressed and courted him, as he rode slowly on the familiar way.

Over the bridge now, and up the steep rise on to bare moor beyond ; and here was the point where he was used to look back across the lough, and past Carrig, to the home where he had left Mary. Jealousy, yet not jealousy, only a pang of regret for all that he had lost, moved him now to quicken ; and he clattered over the rough peaty road with its deep brown ruts, to the bend round the lower lake, through Glen, the little village of mountain folk which nestled at the end of the reed-fringed water.

Up then, up the rise of Slieve Alt, slanting up and up on a slope so steep that he dismounted, walking beside the mare ; and always behind him across the bay showed the broad white front of James Nesbit's mansion.

Now he had left the high mountain tarn below him ; he was nearly at the end of the long climb : he had only to mount, and two minutes would carry him through the gap in the mountain range, and Douros would be out of sight for ever. But he stopped, and he stood with his hand on the mare's neck, looking long across the beautiful blue water, to the clustering green woods, and the purple-brown of the hill behind them, and thinking long thoughts, half mocking, half tender, of those six months that had been a holiday time, when all the world smiled on his youth.

Now the two figures, who had been to his mind the centre of that lovely prospect whenever he looked on it (as he had looked so often from this point of vantage) were strangely displaced—Mary in flight from Douros, vanished with her lover ; himself here on the hilltop, an exile looking back before he fled, a criminal self-condemned. And there in Douros was this new figure, so beautiful, so tragic, by him alone to be looked upon with horror. What would she do with her life, he wondered vaguely. Only this he knew ; that he would give her all the freedom that he could. She would not thank him for it—so much he knew by instinct—but at least, and he hugged himself upon the thought, he would be free of her contempt. And Mary, when she heard, would recognise that what he had done yesterday was done in madness ; that he was rightly to be judged only by what he did to-day.

With a brusque movement he turned and mounted. The mare took him swiftly through the gap, picked her way down the stony road, ploughed with many water-courses, and in a little while they were on the level again and clattering sharply towards Kilcolumb. Almost for the first time Jack passed the hospitable gate of old

Mr. Morrison, not without desire to confide his troubles to the kind genial scholar; but he knew well that from such a quarter all advice would be to make the best of things as they were. And so, crossing the Owenbeg, he trotted on through the little village. The tale had spread already, and folk stared at him doubtfully as he passed through. Along the hilly road, past the old Franciscan abbey, across another bridge, with Drummond lough on the left, the mare went with her head for home. And now he was at the gate of his own house, where the gateposts no longer stood awry as they had stood in the old man's time; and he trotted up the short drive, clean now and well kept, to the high narrow whitewashed front of the slate-roofed dwelling.

The servants were shy of him; they too had wind of the story; and they saw trouble in his face. Jack forestalled enquiries with swift and peremptory orders. Sending the mare to the stable, he ordered Rory to be brought round in half an hour, and demanded food at once.

But the dogs were not shy. The brown water spaniel with her long ears and her rat-tail; the red setter, over whom he had shot snipe late in the last season, over whom he had meant to shoot so much more this coming winter; the little nondescript terrier, his college companion—all these rushed upon him demonstratively and refused to be put away. It was all very well: he might want to sort a few papers, burn a few letters and sentimental notes, but that was no reason why their noses should not be shoved into his hand, their heads rest on his knee. All the more reason why they should be demonstrative, because things seemed uneasy and curious in the house that day. Among them they brought the young man very near to tears.

His guns, his rods, these too gave a sting to banishment, and brought the sacrifice into a realised shape. His books, newly installed round his sanctum, were yet other friends to be parted from. And if his study was full of lamentable farewells, the rest of the house was more painful. In a luxury of self-torment he went out, the dogs at his heels and fawning round him, to look at the rooms he had made ready for Mary.

"Yes, lad," he said to the red setter, whose nose was thrust up against his hand, as he stood surveying the bedroom with a twisted smile, "I wonder who'll sleep here now."

He went down and ate hastily, perfunctorily, but with appetite. His ride had chased off the effects of the wine; he was young and strong. Before he was fairly finished he heard Rory's feet on the gravel.

Then he summoned the domestics: they came in confusedly, the girls inclined to titter. "I see you know what has happened," he said. Then he told them in the fewest words possible that he was going away for a while; that they were to remain till further orders, but that he could not promise more. Then with a gift that would compensate them in any case, he shook hands all round; and they after the Irish fashion wept on him, blessed him, and encouraged him, till he was embarrassed and went to his horse as a means of escape. But the dogs resented being left behind; and he, to speak the truth, had a sore heart at leaving them. The tears were still thick in his eyes when he reached the high road, and turned Rory's head towards Letterward.

CHAPTER XV.

OLD Martin was in his office when Jack Maxwell was shown in to him,

with the promptitude due to a chief among clients. The lean brown snuff-scented little man was no more a stranger to the story than any one else within twenty miles, and it had perturbed him mightily. He had spent hours since the news reached him in blaming himself for want of foresight in refusing to stay at Douros. This marriage made under these conditions would be apt to give Mr. Nesbit a strong hold, and he remembered with fear that he had declared something not unlike enmity to James Nesbit in James Nesbit's own house. It might cost him the Maxwell agency, and Mr. Martin ruefully considered the effect of this upon the provision for the eight young Martins.

But, to do the lawyer justice, when he saw Jack Maxwell's drawn white face, his own woes were forgotten. He had a genuine liking for this new employer who had dealt generously and courteously with him—with whom there was no fault to find except an excess of generosity in his dealings with others.

"Why Mr. Maxwell," he said, rising with fussy welcome, "you look poorly. You have fatigued yourself too much. A glass of wine, now, before we come to business. Oh, but I insist; you need it, sir, by your colour."

He fetched his own peculiar bottle of sherry from a cupboard as he spoke, and forced Jack to swallow a glass. Then sitting down opposite the young man, and watching him keenly, he began. "Now, Mr. Maxwell, I see well enough there is more truth in the story I hear than I could have wished. It was a foolish thing of me to leave you in the lurch. But let me hear your own version of it before we say more."

Jack winced. As he had drawn nearer, he had liked less and less the prospect of this recital, which he foresaw. With a hard strained voice

he told the lawyer in outline what had happened. Martin heard him to the end, listening with the air of a man who is still baulked of the essential fact, and continually expecting it. Then with an anxiety that was almost passionate, he asked, "Did you sign anything?"

"No," said Jack. "But that makes no matter—" The lawyer interrupted him with an exclamation.

"Thank God," he said, smiting his hand on his lean thigh. "We're all right then. James Nesbit has overreached himself this time." And he walked up and down the room, rubbing his hands.

A grim sense of humour for the first time overspread Jack's view of the situation, mingled with an angry disgust. This then was the cardinal point in the affair—that the money was all right. "Poor Martin," he thought to himself.

"Perhaps it is as well," he said quietly. "It leaves me free to make arrangements."

"Entirely free, Mr. Maxwell," assented the lawyer with a positive chuckle. And again he rubbed his hands in renewed glee.

"And I have come here to make them," Jack continued.

"Very wise indeed, Mr. Maxwell. The sooner we have a proper understanding the better. Take another glass of wine."

A smile came over Jack's face as he accepted the wine. "I am afraid, Mr. Martin," he said, "that you may not wholly approve what I propose."

The little man sat down and looked sharply at his client, his instincts all alert to resist an assault upon that sanctity of property which might again be menaced. With an air of benevolent neutrality he requested Mr. Maxwell to explain his intentions.

"You see, Mr. Martin," Jack said, "there is simply one thing we have

to look at in this business. A lady has been outraged,"—his lips flinched as he forced them to the word—"and by me."

"I demur entirely to that, sir," answered the lawyer, sharp as a shot. "The ceremony was thoroughly legal, and performed with consent of all responsible parties."

"Mr. Martin," retorted Jack, "she gave no consent, and I was mad drunk; that is the best that can be said. The word I have used is the only one that expresses my meaning. She is—my wife"—and again his lips flinched and hesitated—"only by brute force. And I will force no woman to live with me."

The lawyer was in a measure abashed by the passion of self-reproach in the young man's voice, and he shifted his standpoint. "Well, Mr. Maxwell, we will say no more of that. But I am against separations on principle. If you live apart from your wife, you must maintain her, sir; and I can tell you that Mr. Nesbit's expectations in the way of maintenance will not be trifling."

Again the radical incongruity of their views touched Jack's sense of humour, and he laughed out, bitterly enough. "On that matter I think I can satisfy Mr. Nesbit. I propose to assign to her the whole of my late uncle's property."

The lawyer sprang up to his feet as if shot from his chair. "This is simple madness, Mr. Maxwell. I refuse to have any hand in any such proceeding."

Jack's face grew dogged and impassive. "I knew you would say that. I suppose it is your duty to say it."

"I would as soon give you a knife to cut your throat with," Martin retorted hotly.

Again Jack's face twisted itself into a smile. "Providence is very

good, Mr. Martin," he said. "It gives no man a monopoly of knives." Then altering his tone he turned to persuasion. "Of course, Mr. Martin, I cannot expect you to understand how I feel. But I feel it as something unbearable—a disgrace so deep that I cannot sit down under it. I cannot stay in this country, in the first place because I cannot face people who know this story."

Martin raised his hands in a gesture of deprecation. "You are too sensitive, Mr. Maxwell. It will be a nine day's wonder. And the whole country will know well enough that the entire blame of the business rests with James Nesbit. Was it he, may I ask, who put this notion in your head?"

Jack flushed with a touch of mortified vanity. "I am not so completely a puppet," he answered. "Mr. Nesbit opposed the project when I laid it before him. And, as to the blame, if I set up a claim to be considered as a mere catspaw or instrument in the outrage, a pretty part I should play. I shirk no responsibility. But this is all beside the mark, Mr. Martin. My duty is to make reparation, and there is only one way to do it. I cannot give this lady her freedom; she and I are married. But what I can do, I will, and that is to go clean out of her knowledge, and if desertion gives her the right to marry again after a term of years, she shall have the right. And the compensation that I will make shall be to the last penny of my ability."

Mr. Martin looked at him with bewilderment. "Well now, Mr. Maxwell, this passes all. Surely to God the best way for you both—two fine handsome young people—is to make friends and live happily together on your good estate."

Jack leaped up from his chair. "I

tell you, Mr. Martin," he cried, "that all the estates in Ireland would not tempt me to live a week with a woman who tells me that she loathes and hates me, and must make me loathe and hate myself. Give me a pen and paper and I will write down my instructions. If you choose to carry them out, well; if not, I must go elsewhere. Mr. Nesbit and Dean Vigors will be here within the afternoon, and things must be in readiness."

Very much as he might have humoured a madman, Martin ushered Jack into another room and provided him with writing materials. The young man dashed at the pen, wrote, erased, tore, wrote again, rewrote. Finally his words took shape to his liking—

I, John Maxwell, of Castle Hayes, having no kinsfolk with claims upon me or in need of assistance, desire now to make what atonement is possible for the wrong done to Isabella, daughter of James Nesbit, of Douros House, in her enforced marriage to me. I therefore assign to her, for her sole use and benefit, the entire property, real and personal, which came into my possession by inheritance from the late John Hayes, reserving only for myself the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, the balance of my patrimony possessed by me at the death of John Hayes. And I further undertake to depart from Great Britain and Ireland, and to hold no communication with my wife Isabella, nor in any way to molest her. I desire that all this property shall be in her absolute disposal; but I commend to her sisterly kindness the interests of her sister Mary, and entreat that she will forgive whatever part her sister's actions may have contributed to this unfortunate marriage. And I make this disposition of my free will, and without the suggestion of any person whatsoever.

He was signing his name when the sound of voices caught his ear. Mr. Nesbit had arrived, and Martin was already high in words with him. "There is no use in talking to me, Mr. Nesbit. I say the whole thing was a plot and a most discreditable

plot. Fortunately it miscarried in a main particular, and Mr. Maxwell will now be advised by me in his dealing with the situation."

Mr. Nesbit retorted calmly. "Mr. Maxwell is aware that I myself insisted that he should come to you for advice."

"That is true, Mr. Martin," said Jack, coming forward, "and I will add that Mr. Nesbit himself advised me as you have done."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Nesbit with his ironical smile. "And since it appears that my advice is looked upon with some suspicion, I have asked Dean Vigors, whose position gives him a claim on every man's respect, to give his counsel in this matter."

Jack looked angrily at the Dean, who came forward with his bland gesture. "My dear Mr. Maxwell," he said, "we are fated to meet in awkward situations. But it appears to me that in regard to this business of yesterday—which was unfortunate only in the manner—scandal should be avoided."

"I can understand that you should be of that opinion, sir," Jack retorted fiercely. "Your part in it will scarcely redound to your credit."

The Dean waved aside the taunt. "Believe me, Mr. Maxwell, I do not think of myself at all. The society in which I move will hardly blame me for conforming to the custom of a convivial and somewhat eccentric country. Rather, they will think it fortunate that my presence as officiating clergyman lent an air of respectability to what might otherwise have been a somewhat irregular ceremony. Our friend Mr. Mahony was scarce capable I think. Whereas I myself, like your excellent father-in-law and yourself, had indeed, I confess it, drowned my sense of caution, but was no more affected by my liquor than a gentleman should be."

"Sir," Jack broke in impatiently, "I did not ask your presence to discuss the degrees of drunkenness. I demanded that you should assist as a witness at the steps which I propose to take in remedy of the great wrong which you abetted."

The Dean passed his hand across his lips with an urbane smile. "Ah, Mr. Maxwell, young blood is impatient and generous. As you say, let us not discuss the degrees in which we were all last night more or less irresponsible. To-day concerns us—and the future. Do not lose sight of the future. To-day—you who are young, charming, witty, and prosperous, have a beautiful wife who is incensed with you—let us say, justifiably incensed. To-day therefore you propose, as an atonement, to fling all your worldly goods into the lap of the beautiful wife, stripping yourself of your prosperity. But, Mr. Maxwell, think of the future. You leave your beautiful wife in the most embarrassing position conceivable; neither maid, wife, nor widow. You give her riches which she can hardly in her position profit by; you deprive her of her natural protector."

"She has her father," answered Jack sullenly. The aspect of the case now presented was one that he had not contemplated. He felt toils woven round his will—the struggle grew difficult against this silken demeanour.

"Her father, Mr. Maxwell," the Dean replied, waving aside the objection, "is not the natural protector of a beautiful young married woman. And moreover, living as he does in seclusion, his protection must withdraw her from a world which she was framed to adorn, and which—"

"Sir," said Jack, breaking in desperately, "I cannot argue with you. You torture me. All that you say merely increases my perception of the

wrong that I have done. But I cannot and will not consent to consider myself in any real sense this lady's husband. I refuse either to bind her or to be bound by the infamous chain which you were the agent to lay upon us. I will take no man's counsel in this matter, and least of all yours."

"I ask your pardon, Mr. Maxwell," put in the lawyer, "but Dean Vigors should be heard. As your legal adviser, I am bound by my professional honour to see that you consider all sides of such a course as you propose. Pray go on, Mr. Dean."

"Well then," said Jack sullenly, "what do you propose? That I should return to Douros, see this lady, and say, 'Madam, here I am, you will remember the agreeable circumstances of our meeting. I have to remind you that you are my wife. Pray accompany me.'"

Again Dean Vigors made his gesture of bland deprecation. "Not at all, my dear Mr. Maxwell. I fully agree with your first instinct. Raw wounds should be given time to heal. Absent yourself for a month, two months, six months—a year if you will; return at the end of it, and I make no doubt you will find your wife eager to see you."

"If at the same time you assign for that period your revenues to Isabella, to Mr. Martin here, to anyone you please," added Mr. Nesbit, "I do not care to whom, so long as you leave yourself without the command of money—why then you will be in a position to realise the effect of this vagary, and I make no doubt but you will come to reason."

The ring of mockery in his voice raised Jack's spirit finally. "Let us cut this short," he said. "Mr. Dean, I recognise the force of what you say, and of Mr. Nesbit's taunt as well. I have not been so strong in the past that I care to give myself a new occa-

sion of failing. I refuse to allow myself the opportunity of changing my mind; God knows to what baseness I might be tempted. To-day I see my course clear, and it is expressed in this paper." Then with quick utterance, he read over the document.

"Did you ever hear such a proposal?" screamed the little lawyer. "Why, sir, the thing is materially impossible."

"I do not agree with you, Mr. Martin," said Mr. Nesbit. "The thing is absurd, but it is possible enough."

"Let it be possible or impossible, I refuse to do it," retorted Martin fiercely.

Mr. Nesbit smiled again his hard smile. "I think, Mr. Martin, that if Mr. Maxwell put before you the alternative of handing over the job to Thorpe and the agency with it, that means could be found. You have no right, sir, to dictate to gentlemen in this fashion."

"Mr. Nesbit," put in Jack sharply, "I cannot allow Mr. Martin to be bullied. Mr. Martin, I will add a clause to that paper advising and requesting that no change should be made in the management of the property unless it is imperative. But the deed must be drawn, and you will see that it is infinitely better that you should draw it."

"I see," said Martin sullenly, "that Mr. Nesbit's show of opposition is only a pretext. He is driving you, Mr. Maxwell, under colour of holding you back."

"Sir," flashed Nesbit at him, "you are insolent."

In Jack's heart at last there gleamed a ray of triumph. Here at last was a thrust that had gone home. Masks were off now. "Mr. Nesbit, I repeat that Mr. Martin shall not be bullied. His observation concurs with mine. I begin to understand your methods."

Mr. Nesbit's wrath blazed. "Do you presume on your youth, or on my age, my good lad?" he said savagely. "You shall answer for those words."

Jack's coolness grew as the older man's fury waxed. Now at last he was in the place to strike. "Sir," he replied slowly, "there are limits even to indecency. It is impossible that I should meet you. I will gladly meet anyone whom you may indicate to replace you. But frankly I expect no such challenge. An accident might send the Douros mortgage into less lenient hands—Oh sir, control yourself. We cannot come to fisticuffs before this distinguished clergyman."

When Mr. Martin recounted this scene afterwards, as he did a hundred times, he always said that at this point, if Nesbit had possessed a weapon, Jack was a dead man. But he was unarmed; and after an instant of tense and thrilling pause, while the two men's eyes met and crossed like swords, the Dean and Martin looking on saw a heave of Nesbit's whole body as he checked the impulse to spring; and then gradually his muscles unbent, his hands opened out, as his brain and his will got the mastery of them. "Then," Martin would go on, "as if nothing in the world had been happening, he just turned to me and said, 'Well, do we go to Thorpe?'

"'You may go where you choose,' said I, but the plain truth was I did not want them to go. If that fellow had got a finger in, out I would have gone. And as for young Maxwell, there was no gainsaying him. His face was shining now, as if he had won a race, and he says to me, 'You understand, Martin, you have a new owner to deal with. You

may make up your mind to that. But the new owner is not Mr. Nesbit; not by any means. Mr. Nesbit's daughter will be the owner of Castle Hayes and the Maxwell estate, and,' says he, leaning heavy on the words, 'of the mortgage on her father's property. And if she takes after her father, Mr. Nesbit may have a harder hand to deal with than ever yours or mine was.' And at that Nesbit laughed to himself, like the savage that he was; but young Maxwell looked at him and said something in French—I believe it meant that Nesbit might laugh on the other side of his mouth yet. And anyhow I consented, and we had the deed engrossed there and then in the office by a smart clerk I had at that time—Patrick Malone was his name—while the four of us sat in the room there, as unpleasant a company as ever I was in: Only by the Lord you would have thought by the look of him it was going to get a fortune young Maxwell was, and not throw one away. And when the deed came, he insisted that Dean Vigors should witness it, and the Dean was not willing, but 'By heavens!' says the young chap, 'if you cross me in this, I will make your name stink through all England for this business. I will write to your Archbishop and your Bishop and the King himself to lay information against you for a drunken licentious disgrace to your cloth.' And the Dean made another of his fine speeches, but he signed as meek as milk, and Patrick Malone witnessed it after him, and the thing was done. And then young Maxwell ordered his horse, and he took the hundred and fifty pound in his pocket, and he shook hands with me; it was black night but I couldn't stop him; he mounted and away with him, and from that day to this neither I nor

any in this country have heard a word from him. But I tell you this: when he left, he left with his head high, and James Nesbit and his Dean went out of my office with their tails between their legs; and I never saw Nesbit look the same man after."

CHAPTER XVI.

TREES were bare at Douros, but on the lawn daffodils held up their heads bravely under the soft rain. Isabella looked out of the drawing-room window at the grey lough and at the white drift of cloud wreaths on the slope of Slieve Alt. The bloom of her cheek was richer and fresher than ever, the curves of her figure softer and a thought fuller; she had ripened in beauty. But at the corners of her full mouth the sullen downward curves were a little accentuated, the look of obduracy confirmed.

She did not turn her head when the door of the drawing-room opened and her mother's slow trailing step crossed the room, although to-day it was laboured and heavy. The step came on towards her, hesitated, advanced again. Then she heard her mother's voice, coaxing, tremulous, apologetic:

"Isabel, dear, I have brought somebody to see you."

Suddenly, with her face aflame, Isabella turned round. Mrs. Nesbit stood before her, frail, deprecating, with hope and pleading in her eyes: and in her arms was a long white bundle tenderly held. She stretched it out towards her daughter. "Take her yourself, Isabel. She's just awake and so good."

Mrs. Nesbit's face, faded now and deep-lined, flushed again into beauty, pink as a delicate shell: but a gust of hate, violent in physical aversion, deformed the younger woman's

features. Fierce sullen anger altered her countenance. "How dare you, mother?" she said. "I told you I was not to be annoyed with it. Take the creature away."

Mrs. Nesbit's shining eyes filled with big tears, but the instinct lacking in her daughter was strong in her—so strong, that for once she resisted. "It's very wrong of you to speak like that, Isabel," she protested. "The poor child has done you no harm—There, darling," for the baby moved and raised a faint cry, "hush, now, your mother shall look at you." And coming close to Isabella, she turned so as to show the little pink puckered features and half-closed eyes—"There now; did you ever see anything so perfect?"

But the girl angrily and sullenly turned away her head. "I tell you once for all, I won't be bothered with it. I won't see it. If it is brought in here, I shall stay in my own room."

And she walked towards the door. But her mother with the ruse of a weak creature called to her. "Stop, Isabel, for a minute. I'm not very strong and your unkindness nearly makes me faint. Take the child from me and give it to Kate Duffy; she's out in the hall."

"Is she?" said Isabella, and disregarding her mother's entreaties, she walked swiftly to the door. "Kate," she cried, "Kate Duffy, come here at once."

The buxom, dark-haired, red-cheeked peasant appeared in a moment. "Take that child from Mrs. Nesbit and stop its screaming," she said—for the baby had begun to cry lustily.

"Surely then, Miss Isabel—Mrs. Maxwell, ma'am, I beg your pardon." And Kate bustled over and caught the baby to her with a shower of endearments, as it nestled into her strong young arms and breast with a little soft ending cry.

But Isabella was untouched. "Listen to me, Kate Duffy," she said. "That child is to be kept out of my sight, or it will be the worse for you. You had orders not to bring it into the house."

"Sure, ma'am," said Kate defiantly, "it was the mistress bid me bring it, for the master was away to Lifford. And sure I wanted you to see for yourself how the darling was thriving. Look at that arm, if you please now, Miss Isabel."

"Be off with you out of this," said Isabella sharply, and Kate retreated hastily with her charge. Isabella watched till the door was closed after her. A new pre-occupation was dawning in her eyes. She sat down, picking up a book, and began to turn the pages bitterly. After a while, "Did she say my father was gone to Lifford?" she asked of Mrs. Nesbit who sat furtively drying her eyes.

"Yes, Isabel dear," her mother answered. "And he'll be away to-night. And my dear I can't help being glad. If you knew how dreadful it is to sit at table day after day between two people who will not speak to each other. Not that it is Mr. Nesbit's fault, my dear; you know he is always willing to be as kind to you as ever he was; but you are so headstrong, and you used never to answer when he spoke to you. Won't you try and let bygones be bygones, my dear?"

Isabella threw the book down on the table, rose and walked over to the window. "There's no good in talking. The day is clearing. I think I will go out for a ride."

"Isabel," cried her mother in consternation, "you can't think of such a thing. Come out for a drive with me in the carriage."

"No thank you," her daughter answered. "I am perfectly strong now. The change will do me good."

Mrs. Nesbit's expostulations were useless. In half an hour Isabella was in her riding habit and on the steps. Her horse was round, but old George on a big chestnut was ready to accompany her.

Isabella blazed with rage, and rated the old man for this undesired attendance. But he protested: "Please, ma'am, the mistress gave me orders. And Rover is very fresh to-day."

But neither old George nor any one else in the house could control Isabella; and he retired to the stables, wondering what sudden change had come over the young lady who for these ten months had moved listlessly about the house and grounds, sullen, silent, seeing no one, but never thwarting her father. The household had been much in sympathy with her, till the child was born. Then her refusal to look at it or let it come near her,—many times repeated from the first hour when the nurse brought it to her bedside, and she turned away her head—had alienated the domestics. Only Mr. Nesbit had shown no disapproval of his daughter's conduct, but rather had concurred in her wish to keep out of sight this living reminder of bygone unpleasantness.

Mr. Nesbit also had aged as well as his wife, perhaps by reason of her ageing. The tie between these two was a strangely intimate one, and nothing could hurt one without affecting the other. It was never seen that Mrs. Nesbit permitted herself in any way, not even in the inmost recess of her consciousness, to judge or to blame her master. Only the shadow of a fear that had always lurked in her eyes was now more than a shadow; she started convulsively at any sudden sound of his voice. It was pathetic to see how he redoubled tenderness about her. Yet the shock of that wild night had

evidently struck a cruel blow at the very springs of her vitality; she had never wholly rallied, and the daily life in proximity to the smouldering fire of hatred between her husband and her daughter dragged her steadily toward the grave.

For the first months Mr. Nesbit had watched Isabella as a cat watches a captured bird; he feared an attempt to escape, and what might happen if she got free. But she had offered no resistance when he took into his hands the whole management of her new property; and with his life-long experience of supremacy, he came to think her cowed. Yet even so perhaps he would not have risked absence to-day, but that he had underrated Isabella's physical vigour. Her child was barely three weeks old.

And so he sat on the jury at Lifford endeavouring to force a severe sentence on the Catholic bishop—now at last taken—who had married Mary to her lover. Meanwhile Isabella crossed the hill that lay between Douros and the outer world. Martin, returning late that night from his day's work at Lifford found her awaiting him in his office.

In all his long experience, Martin used to say, nothing so surprised him as the completeness of her forethought. Through all those months, while she bore the physical discomfort of her condition, accentuated hourly by fierce resentment against all that it implied, every detail of her future course had been elaborated. After Maxwell's departure her mother and her friends had urged her at first to go away and seek some relief in a change of scene; but shame and a sullen instinct such as keeps the hurt beast to its lair, had prevented her; and while she still brooded over her wrongs, the presence of their chief author daily adding fuel to her hate, there came upon her the knowledge

of this further consequence. Then, indeed, with hate and humiliation tenfold increased, there increased also her unwillingness to show herself to the world where she was known, to which it was her full intention to return, and where she proposed to profit by the compensation which she received as a bare instalment of justice.

There had been one interview between her and Martin, in which she made herself fully acquainted with the whole extent of her property—and in which she had realised also, though Martin was not aware that she had done so, her hold over her father. Knowing him as she had bitter cause to, she knew he would stick at no measure to obtain his purpose; and she determined to postpone the assertion of her independence and her power, till she should be able to carry out her plans in full. She had in spite of Martin's protestations given her father power of attorney to act for her till she should choose to cancel it. Mr. Nesbit's first act had been to dismiss Martin and transfer the business to Thorpe.

That was the first point which Martin raised. Why had she come to him, since she had suffered him to be dismissed? And her answer was: she had foreseen that he would be the more willing to assist her now, since his interest must lie in doing so.

It was war that she proposed to him. Briefly, she would assume entire control of her property, she

would remove to England; he would act for her, and he would at once press for settlement of the Douros mortgage, and, if possible, foreclose.

Martin, listening midway between fear and exultation, interposed here to expostulate. Such action was ill suited to a daughter: more, he was sure that it was against Mr. Maxwell's wish.

He was told peremptorily that Mr. Maxwell's wishes were of no concern, and that his employer would judge for herself of her own conduct. If he did not choose to undertake the business, she would go elsewhere. If he did, he must in the first place assist her to make good her escape beyond the reach of Mr. Nesbit, who was capable of any violence.

And so it happened that Isabella and her lawyer, driving in a close carriage on the road to Lifford in the dark of that March evening, passed Mr. Nesbit, riding furiously, booted and spurred, on his way from an assize where the jury had refused to convict O'Donnell. Furiously he rode that night, thwarted and baffled; and at every mile he rode, he doubled the start of his recalcitrant daughter, now well on her way to Dublin and the protection of Lady Dungannon, before she should ship on the Holyhead packet, and remove to scenes alien to her home and its detested associations,—leaving behind her nothing but her vengeance and her child.

(To be continued.)

THE COLONIES AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

DURING the past few months many articles dealing directly or indirectly with the great question of Imperial Defence have reached me from various quarters, and I have also read a number of others which have been published in civilian periodicals or newspapers. The perusal of these articles has left a general impression upon my mind that a dangerous acerbity characterises most of the arguments employed by the champions of the two parties that this question has created. The ultra-imperial among the British writers scorn everything that falls below their ideals, and ascribe to meanness, narrow-mindedness, "parochialism" and like causes the refusal of our colonies to accept to the full the demands made upon them. Similarly, the colonials are equally bitter in denunciation of the arrogance, greediness and selfish motives of their British opponents.

That such a spirit should be abroad is very regrettable. Co-operation in imperial defence to be of real value must be of the most cordial nature, and any unwilling assistance extorted from the colonies is more likely to end in a severance of the existing ties of sentiment than in furthering the consummation of a Pan-Britannic confederacy established upon a really sound and enduring basis. The problem of imperial defence, merely because of its extreme importance, must necessarily involve a conflict of opinions, and in this respect it resembles every other great question of national policy. Indeed the more weighty the matter in hand the more certain it becomes that the

solution which commends itself to the responsible authorities will encounter strenuous opposition. To frame ideals is comparatively easy, but to obtain general acceptance of them is extremely difficult, and the best that can as a rule be hoped for is the adoption of the most efficient compromise between the ideal and the practicable.

Even systems of government are themselves invariably compromises, falling very far short of the ideal. The autocracy of a perfect autocrat and the democracy of a pure democracy are unlike unattainable, for the simple reason that man being only man is consequently an envious and a selfish being. The very existence of perfection would usually suffice to provoke antagonism. Aristides was banished from Athens for no other reason than that his personal probity and the sagacity of his policy obstructed the less worthy aims of other people. The present government of Great Britain is not perfect even in the eyes of its own supporters; but it is not upon account of its faults that its political opponents would evict it if they could; nor is it owing to a lively sense of possessing a *mens conscia recti* that the Unionists prefer to continue in office, but because they command the necessary majority and intend to continue there so long as they can retain its support. Party government and party opposition represent, as regards the first the desire to retain office, and as regards the second the desire to obtain it. Being in power involves an obligation to conduct the public business and a consequent exposure to criticism.

Being in opposition promotes a desire to change places with the Government of the day, and a consequent habit of denying that the latter has done or means to do anything whatever that is good—unless it be in a matter of some policy alleged to have been impudently stolen from the opposition carpet-bag.

Such are the political customs that the British colonies have inherited from the mother-land, and it is because of this that any co-operative scheme, be it for defence or for any other purpose, is surrounded by so many and so great difficulties. We cannot ourselves agree unanimously upon any definite line of policy, and, even though a programme may be adopted by a good and sufficient majority within the United Kingdom, it has yet to face the uncertainties of all the various colonial parliaments before it can be made to apply as an imperial edict.

There is in every colony, as in Great Britain herself, a party languishing in the cold shade of opposition and anxious to exchange this for the salubrious sunshine of power. What wonder then is it that the merits of every proposition receive less consideration than the chances of making party capital out of exposing its defects? All this is very provoking to those who honestly study the welfare of the Empire, but it is inevitable; and that we should rail at the colonies upon account of it is not only injudicious but ridiculous. Colonial policy lives, so to speak, under a cucumber frame, while we ourselves inhabit a huge conservatory, and necessarily it must be the larger expanse of glass that will suffer the more damage when the stones are flying about.

In the actual conditions, it is idle to expect the unanimous acceptance by the colonies of any proposals

suggested to them, no matter how excellent they may be in themselves. What the British Government would like to do would of course be to secure the acceptance of the system of imperial defence recommended to it by the experts in whom it has complete confidence; but all that it actually has power to do is merely to receive or to reject whatever the colonies may individually be willing to offer. The ideal is the "one navy on one sea," and there is no reason whatever why this ideal should not be kept steadily before our eyes and with a fervent hope that it may some day be realised. But at present the ideal and the practicable are somewhat sharply divided and we have no option but to content ourselves, as best we can, with whatever may actually be within our reach. The less we press the ideal the more likely we are to obtain immediately or eventually something reasonably approaching to it. In grasping too greedily at the shadow, we are extremely unlikely to fare better than did the dog in the fable.

The great self-governing colonies are no longer in their childhood, and their opinions upon every imperial subject are entitled to respect, even when they are not such as commend themselves to our entire approval. A willingness to be led but not to be driven is a common characteristic of Anglo-Saxon communities, and every effort made to force particular views of practical imperialism down unwilling throats can only result in exciting a stronger determination to resist any dictation whatever. With the history of the fiasco which cost us the loss of a wholly British North America before our eyes, it seems highly impolitic, to say the least of it, that what amounts to an ultimatum should have been seriously suggested in a letter written

by Mr. A. H. Loring, not in his private capacity but as Secretary of the "Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee," to the *TIMES* of January 9th, 1903, in which he says: "So long as the United Kingdom allows her exclusive responsibility for these colonies to remain, so long will there be no serious consideration by them of the requirements of Imperial Defence. Put a term to those responsibilities and the question at once becomes a real one, with infinite possibilities for the future of the Empire." Exactly so. If we, indeed, were to inform the colonies that we should decline undertaking their defence after the expiration of, let us say, five years, unless they had meanwhile assumed their proper share of the imperial burden, the "possibilities for the future of the Empire" would at once become not "infinite" but *finite*—for there would soon cease to be an empire. I am aware that Mr. Loring endeavoured to correct the impression conveyed by his first letter, in a second which followed on the 19th of the same month. He was not, in my opinion, successful, but even granting that he was it would still have been better had the original letter found its way into the waste-paper basket instead of into the columns of the *TIMES*.

Let us by all means have all the arguments, from both sides of the question, so far as regards the best means of arriving at an efficient system of imperial defence, but let there be no hectoring and no impugning of the motives or intelligence of those who, for reasons which they themselves believe to be good and sufficient, support views in opposition to our own.

It is one thing to admire an ideal, but quite another to admit the practicability of its application under all conditions. No one is so foolish as

to pretend that the naval or military forces of an empire can have their entire value without complete unison under a single head. To extol the importance of such unison is merely to labour a truism; and consequently it is easy to understand the impatience of naval strategists when they find the application of an obviously sound theory obstructed by people who urge the delusive claims of "local defence." Clearly, the measures that ensure the strongest defence of an empire as a whole must furnish also the most effectual (because the most permanent) safeguard of all its component parts. But, granting all this, allowance must yet be made for the just pride which our colonies very naturally feel in the sense of proprietorship over their own forces, a feeling which cannot find its full vent unless the forces supplied at colonial expense are maintained, primarily at all events, as strictly local organisations. The taxpayer of every country likes to see under his own eyes the forces for which he pays, and to feel that they are his very property. Selfishness is part of man's nature, and the Londoner would be as strongly disinclined to incur what he believed to be avoidable risks of war, in order that Sydney or Brisbane should be rendered absolutely secure, as the Australian actually is to forget what he believes to be the interests of Australia for the sake of safe-guarding London and the Empire. Really broad-minded men are the exception rather than the rule; we have many politicians, but very few statesmen, and it is a common complaint that the average member of Parliament is no better than a mere vestryman. All questions depend for their settlement upon popular opinion, and it is not always possible for those who really comprehend the full import of

questions at issue to guide the "man in the street" in the right direction. And, besides, there are always men of influence whose chief aim is to mislead rather than to direct, if only they can thereby win votes for their party—and office for themselves. If we cannot obtain a purely unselfish loyalty to imperial interests from all classes at home, how can we justly upbraid colonials upon account of their only similar failings?

It is true enough, and the colonies know it as well as we do, that the fate of the British Empire does not hang upon the inviolate security of colonial or even of British coasts, but upon fleet-power at sea. Yet, if the British Empire were to fall to-morrow, the subjugation of, for example, Australia would not necessarily follow. That Great Britain, shorn of her colonies, would sink to the level of Holland is clear, but that her colonies in general would become the spoil of the victor is by no means a foregone conclusion. The conquest of Australia would be a colossal enterprise beside which our recent expedition to South Africa would sink into insignificance. Thus—even if we were justified in adopting such a tone—threats to cast off Australia as the penalty of failing to embrace the entire doctrine of "one navy on one sea," would, if carried out or anticipated, result in certain mischief to the mother-country, but in only moderate risks to her discarded daughter. In such circumstances, quite apart from all considerations of good taste and brotherhood, it seems better for us to accept any available compromise than to insist vainly upon the full pound of flesh.

The question of Australia and imperial naval defence is a typical one that will serve to illustrate the whole matter. Australia has for a considerable number of years paid an annual contribution to the Im-

perial Navy; but the amount (only £106,000) is obviously disproportionate to the proper responsibility of the Australian colonies. That the contribution hitherto paid is insufficient the Australians freely admit, but they resist the idea of making a larger grant to the British exchequer upon the grounds that the money expended by Australia for naval purposes should be devoted to providing an Australian contingent of ships and manning them with Australians. In short, Australia desires an Australian navy, the money spent upon which would circulate chiefly in Australia, whilst the proceeds of that expenditure would be visible to the eyes of the Australian tax-payer—a navy all his own and for that reason appealing to him more directly than British ships in which he had only a fractional proprietorship. In the Victorian navy Australia already possesses a germ, so to speak, and from this small beginning an Australian squadron of some importance might not impossibly take shape within the course of a few years.

Let us suppose that Australia, Canada and South Africa each create navies of their own, severally amounting to, let us say, one battleship, four second-class cruisers, and sundry smaller vessels; and that these colonial squadrons are primarily intended by their owners for local defence. Might not Great Britain yet feel entire confidence that the colony which was not itself in imminent peril would eagerly despatch its ships to the imperial point of danger? If we grant this much, and past experiences would seem to justify the assumption, it would appear as if the situation arrived at would, practically speaking, be much the same as if we actually had "one navy on one sea." A fundamental principle of the imperial navy thesis is that the threatened

point will be defended with the whole strength of the Empire ; in other words, that forces will be withdrawn from unassailed areas in order to deal with the enemy wherever he may be formidable. The only difference then between "one navy" directly under the orders of the authorities at Whitehall, and the closely allied navies of Great and Greater Britain, is that in the latter case the colonies would themselves send their ships to the place where their services might be required, while in the former they would be summarily deprived of the imperial squadron hitherto on the station. It needs scarcely to be pointed out that if mischief befell during the absence of the squadron, a willing sacrifice would be borne with some cheerfulness, whereas an obligatory one would provoke resentment. Just as in England there used to be persons not otherwise wholly insane, who gaily cried, "Perish India ! Perish the Colonies !" so also there are even now in the colonies some who question whether the advantages of their connection with the mother-country, in reference to protection from possible enemies, sufficiently compensate for the liability to being involved in wars with which they might have no direct concern. To furnish such persons with any facts, however specious, that might serve to fortify their argument can scarcely be wise.

Whatever the colonies are to do in aid of imperial defence must, in order to ensure the best results, be absolutely spontaneous. Any point that we may gain by reason of insistent importunity will rather be a step towards the eventual dismemberment of the Empire than towards the permanent consolidation of its strength. What we want at present is to increase our naval power, and we quite reasonably ask the

colonies to bear a more proportionate share in the burden of common defence. To this the colonies reply that they are ready and willing to assist in kind, but not in money paid over to ourselves. They point out that they are self-governing communities and entitled to be guided by their own opinions as to what arrangement will suit them best. They do not care to be protected by contract, as it were, and instead of subsidising the British navy they desire to have their own. Let us take them at their word and give them all possible assistance in the effort which they propose to make—for example by giving our guarantee to any loans which they might wish to raise for the purpose of building ships, dockyards and arsenals. Our ultra-imperialists have been greedily demanding "Clear Turtle," but they must be content with "Hotch-Potch," and in the end it is not improbable that the latter will actually prove the more nutritious delicacy.

We all know that allied armies or navies are not generally so reliable as the homogeneous forces of a single state, but it can seldom happen that a state in alliance with one or more others is not stronger than if it stood alone. Consequently, if the British colonies raise forces of their own, and the mother-country does not relax her own efforts to maintain her offensive and defensive power, the total fighting strength of the British brotherhood must be increased by the amount of the colonial contingents. This is what we chiefly need, and although complete unison in the employment of the combined strength may be theoretically unattainable, there is every reason to believe that in actual war the whole would work together heart and soul for the common cause. We may safely depend upon it that the colonial

determination to place local defence first means no more than the assertion of a principle, enunciated solely in deference to the prejudices of the colonial tax-payer upon the subject of freedom from outside dictation; and that, wherever the enemies of the empire are in arms against it, *there* will be found the colonial contingents side by side with their home-born brethren and contending with them for the post of danger.

Dictation upon the part of the home authorities and experts must be abandoned, and we must confine ourselves to inviting the colonies to say what they are prepared to do in the interests of imperial defence.

If we act thus, we may rely upon obtaining free-will contributions which will gradually increase to formidable proportions; but, if we insist upon the irreducible minimum, we shall in the end get nothing at all. Colonial loyalty needs to be fostered, not sponged upon or coerced. An appeal to the colonies addressed to them by the King himself would have greater weight than any invitation from the Government. Colonial loyalty is centred upon the throne to an extent that is not fully realised in Great Britain.

A. W. A. POLLOCK, *Lt.-Colonel.*

Editor of "The United Service Magazine."

A FLEDGELING REPUBLIC.

A SOUTH AMERICAN revolution is no new thing. It is bound up in our vague notions of that distressful continent with palm-trees and Indians, old-time buccaneers and quick-change modern presidents. When eminent financiers and statesmen tell us from their long experience that the only sure thing in these sunny climes is the unexpected, we are not shocked. On the contrary we feel that, in the words of the immortal Dr. Watts, "it is their nature to," and it is perhaps on this account that our interest in such happenings is but faint. Civil war raged fitfully in Venezuela for over two years before Europe was aware that there was a "crisis." It is not surprising then that no notice has been taken of the struggle which is going on between Bolivia and Brazil for the proprietorship of the rubber-bearing lands of the Upper Amazon. Yet the story of Acre deserves more than a passing attention.

The portion of Bolivia which under the old Spanish Viceroyalty was known as lower Peru is hemmed in in the north to a long, narrow point between Peru and Brazil. Its boundaries have never been clearly marked down. When they attempted to do so, geographers were confronted on the west by a confused jumble of great bare hills, the refuse heap of all nature's crockery. Nor was the task easier on the east. Tropic rains have scored the giant slopes in a thousand water-courses and they have piled their débris below in deposits which are hundreds, and in some cases thousands of feet thick. Then the forest has come, covering hill,

swamp and ravine as with a garment, until they are blent in a deceitful sameness which is the despair of the explorer. Brought thus to halt, the boundary commissioners projected on either hand an imaginary line, which lines, passing more easily than the commissioners over these material obstacles, were to meet in latitude 8' 22" south, at or about the source of the river Javary, one of the farthest affluents of the Amazon. The wedge enclosed by these lines, pointing towards the great Andes which bend ever away to follow the blue Pacific coast, constitutes the territory of Acre.

Every drop of water that falls throughout this district, and indeed for many thousands of miles around, must come at last, be it as rushing cataract or placid stream, to swell the volume of the Amazon. The paths which these streams have cut in order to join their mighty parent are the only practical highways known. Unless land routes are constantly traversed and cleared, they soon become lost beneath the untiring inroads of the tropic vegetation. So it comes about that to-day, even as in the times of the Conquistadores, travellers journey to and fro by the medium of the moving road, save where the rapids force them to make a portage. Such interruptions to the journey are, from the nature of the country, both costly and frequent, for the average river of the Brazilian central highlands, before it emerges into the Amazon valley, resembles in its general character a glorified trout-stream.

The lure that led latter-day explorers first to penetrate and afterwards to settle in these isolated hinterlands was not gold, but its modern equivalent on the Amazon, rubber. The trader of to-day searches amid the vegetation of the steaming forest for groves where the slender bole of the rubber-tree waves its high head and graceful foliage. From Brazil comes more than two-thirds of the rubber used in the commercial world. The exports during the year 1900 reached twenty-six thousand tons, with a net value of £4,000,000 sterling. Most of this product is transhipped into ocean-going vessels at the Port of Para, which is situated on the main branch of the Amazon delta and commands the entrance to that inland sea. A thousand miles up-stream on a hog's-back of alluvial washed down by the Rio Negro, the Amazon's main northern tributary, stands Manaus, round whose name lingers still some glamour of the old-time legends. For Manaus is the collecting-point for the up-country rubber, brought down by raft and steamer, in cumbrous Noah's arks and crazy dug-outs; floated, carried, driven through cataract, swamp and forest, till after travail unspeakable it is piled high in the great warehouses. And of every variety which the merchant receives, that on which he sets the greatest store, the toughest and purest of all, is the red rubber of Acre.

As is well known, rubber is converted into its commercial form from the sap of a tree, the *hevea Brasiliensis* of the botanists. The plant attains its greatest perfection on alluvial flats where, sheltered from high winds and amply irrigated by periodic floods, it absorbs the full stimulus of the tropic sun. Its sap rises during a growing period of six months, when it may be tapped at any time without sensibly affecting

the vitality of the tree. The only tools used in this work are a small wedge-shaped hatchet, a number of small tin cups and a large pail or calabash. Laden with this primitive outfit the rubber-gatherer arrives at the scene of his labours, where the trees are scattered thinly through primeval forest. The tree is ringed with a series of upward cuts through its bark, great care being taken not to injure the woody core, between which and its outer cover the sap runs. He then attaches the tin cup below the incision in such a way as to catch the milky, viscous fluid. When a sufficient number of trees have been so treated, the labourer goes round again and emptying the contents of the tin cups into the calabash carries it back to the clearing where he has built his hut. On the following day a fresh series of cuts is made somewhat lower down the trunk of the tree, and so on until the flow is exhausted and fresh groves must be sought. In order to dry out the milk a fire made of palm-nuts is preferred, but when these are not procurable certain other hard woods are sought. A funnel is set over the fire while a paddle-shaped stick is dipped in the sap and revolved in the hot smoke that pours out of the opening. When the liquid portion has thus been dried out, only the fibrine or true caoutchouc remains. This process is continued until a large cake is collected on the paddle. The rubber is now in a marketable state, and one of the chief points on which a rubber-merchant must possess expert knowledge is the proportion of water still contained in the parcels of produce submitted to him. It is imperative that all the milk gathered from the trees should be treated during the same day, as its quality rapidly deteriorates on exposure to air.

All these methods are primitive in

the extreme and require little or no skill in their operation. Yet the work is not only well but extravagantly paid, for there are but few who can endure it. The gatherer must often work all day in water, wading breast-deep across the marshy lands which separate the rubber groves. As a consequence malaria is almost inevitable. There is a further chance of its complication by diseases indigenous to the region, such as elephantiasis and beri-beri, and for this last the only known cure lies in a speedy departure. The yearly mortality among Europeans in the Acre region is close upon fifty per cent., and even native-born Brazilians, who from their habits of temperance enjoy a greater immunity from disease, can rarely be tempted to brave its dangers.

The one human exception who seems to thrive in the Acre hinterlands is the native of Ceara, a province lying on the coast between Pernambuco and Para. The fierce droughts which afflict this region have driven the squatter population to the hills, on whose slopes flows a constant water-supply and where rubber may also be found, albeit of inferior quality. At heart an Indian, the Cearense speaks the Guarani patois which is the common heritage of all river tribes south of the Amazon, although on occasion he can make shift with the Portuguese of his half-breed forefathers. His food is pounded maize, fish and mandioca; his luxuries a mouthful of aguardiente and a cigarette. He dresses in a hat and a shirt, and when he travels his equipment consists of a hammock and a chopping-knife. Skilled in the simple lore of the forest and inured to its hardships, he welcomes the lot of rubber gatherer and thrives in it. Thus it has come about that the rubber

industry in Acre depends for its labour upon this district, and each year contractors come hither down the coast in search of workers. A substantial sum is handed to those who offer themselves, destined theoretically for the support of their families during their absence, but spent more frequently in a preliminary orgy. The men are now shipped off and bound over for the season to the traders on the up-river stations. Their scale of pay depends entirely on the amount of rubber that they are able to collect and prepare, and during all this time they are obliged to purchase their necessaries at the trader's store. The final settling-up is usually the signal for another long bout of dissipation. Then the gatherer returns to his own home, rich in a new hat and a roll of print, elastic-sided boots, cheap scent and a gramophone or a revolver, according to his varying tastes and means. So long as the rubber trade flourished this simple routine worked without a hitch. The workers went away on pay-day, stuffing their belts full of good sovereigns. The traders acquired easy fortunes, and, far away, the pneumatic-tyred bicycle overran the face of every civilised land.

Into this commercial Arcadia came, like a bolt from the blue, the advent of Galvez, first and only President of the year-old Republic of Acre. Like the old freebooters who preceded him into the west, Galvez hailed from a Spanish port. His early record is somewhat obscure, but we gather that in the beginning of the nineties he determined, in company with some hundred of his compatriots, to seek in the Argentine Republic the fortune denied him by the land of his birth. He had chosen an unfortunate moment for his venture. Argentina was suffering from a severe financial crisis and had her own affairs to

attend to; and so during the few years of his residence in the Plate, where he followed the humble but necessary profession of a barber, Galvez seems to have met with little luck and less appreciation. With the true adventurer's spirit—for the man is a born gambler—we find him soon resolved to seek fortune elsewhere. Taking ship at Monte Video he proceeded by easy stages up the Brazils. In succession he halted at all the towns clustered at the foot of the big hills along that magic coast, which look ever for fortune to come to them across the ocean, while they turn their backs upon the unknown, unexplored interior. As Galvez proceeded discord, like a bird of ill-omen, attended his path. The political passions which had slumbered for a time after the expulsion of the Emperor Dom Pedro the Second, broke out at last in an open rebellion among the southern states of Parana and Rio Grande, smouldering and blazing alternately for five long years. In South America the professions of gambling and of politics have much in common. Galvez applied himself to their joint study with the ardour born of conviction and opportunity. At Para however a new factor had to be reckoned with. Folk there care little for the dead bones of the old Empire; little even for the troubles of the new Federation, save where they touch the interests of the great product which has vitalised the whole of the Amazon—rubber. The person who cannot take an interest in the one topic which, directly or indirectly, affects every soul of the population settled in the territory had better turn back. But our adventurer held on, and as he ascended the broad flood his mind found in these new surroundings much food for reflection. As a consequence of those reflections

we find him in 1897 occupying a position in the Bolivian custom-house at Port Alonso, established just above the junction of the Acre river with the upper Amazon.

The total output of rubber from Bolivia is some three thousand tons, of which more than two-thirds find an outlet by this river. Concessions for working blocks of rubber-bearing lands are granted to applicants on the payment of a small yearly rental. The main revenue however to which Bolivia looks from this source comes from the tax levied on exported rubber, which amounts to twenty-two per cent. of its net market value. Towards the end of 1898, when rubber was worth from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings per pound, the income which Acre rubber gave to Bolivia exceeded £150,000. This sum was collected, much to the dissatisfaction of the traders, at the custom-house of Port Alonso. The post which thus upheld the rights and privileges of Bolivian territory counted only forty men. Moreover the distance between the little settlement and its base of government, though short in count of miles, was long when reckoned in time. From the city of La Paz, which stands near Lake Titicaca on the high Bolivian plateau, there is no practicable overland route to Acre. It is quicker, and a good deal safer, to take the sea-route (some ten thousand miles round the Horn and up the Amazon) than to trust any communication to that seven hundred miles of short cut. Possessed of these facts, it is not difficult to follow Galvez's next move. His plan was simple as it was effective—to abolish the customs. Thus the rubber-duties, at present lavished on a distant and unheeding Government, would remain, as was but right and natural, in the pockets of the traders who risked

their lives to get the rubber. It would be some time before the outside world knew what was going on in this isolated region, and when the news leaked out Brazil would not interfere and Bolivia could not. And then—but at this point it is to be feared that Galvez's imagination ran riot.

The idea of Bolivia, cramped and confined as she is, giving accidental birth to a republic yet more forlorn than herself seems, as we discuss it calmly here, fantastic enough. It was otherwise with the men who dwelt in that tropic land, whose wealth was palpable before their eyes and whose exuberance ran riot in their veins. Ignorant, self-confident, and gamblers all, they were easily led away by the tempting lure of self-government. The project was eagerly discussed in the traders' huts during the hot siesta hour. The Indian gatherers wove it into their chanteys as they paddled away upstream into the heart of the teeming wilderness. Galvez was assisted in all this preliminary propaganda by one Utoff—a piece of cosmopolitan driftwood cast up, like his leader, on these shores of circumstance. On February 2nd, 1899, these two collected some twenty traders with their dependants and Indian followers, perhaps four hundred men all told. Led by Galvez they descended on Señor Ibarra, the official in charge of the little customs station. If there was any preliminary parley it has not come to light. The entire settlement was wiped out; all books and documents were destroyed. The one link that bound Acre to Bolivia was gone.

The proclamation heralding the birth of the new Republic is a remarkable one. In its defiance to tyranny, in the ingenious argument whereby the whole future of the human race is involved with that of Acre, it yields to no document of the kind since the

signing of the Magna Charta. In those paragraphs which deal with purely local matters, we learn that Señor Galvez consented to undertake the arduous duties of President and that, in accordance with the aspirations of a united people, there would be no more rubber-duties to pay.

As that astute gentleman had foreseen, it was some time before news of these events filtered to the outside world and longer still before Acre politics were taken seriously. It was not till November of the year 1899, that the non-arrival of the rubber-money in Bolivia and a corresponding deficit in the exchequer brought their painful significance home to Bolivian statesmen. A column of two hundred troops of the line was at once despatched across country to restore order. This force, equipped in hot haste, was lacking in every essential which could make it effective. The only guidance which its leaders had as to the route they must follow was the direction taken by running water. At times this route lay in the gorge of some treacherous watercourse; at others it had to be painfully hewn, step by step, through the dense forest.

After struggling along for four months the column had only accomplished half its journey, and it had lost half its men. The remainder, their ammunition spent or thrown away, themselves living on wild fruits and the products of the chase, sent back to ask not for help but rescue. The gravity of the task was now apparent. A new expedition of six hundred and fifty men was despatched after the first land column, while further troops were embarked to bring help up the Amazon and also to cut off supplies from the insurgents from that side. The tactics which Galvez had adopted were those of incessant and harassing

guerilla warfare. In this he was reinforced by large numbers of the rubber-gatherers, nearly all of whom, be it noted, were Brazilian subjects. Chief among his allies, however, must be reckoned the deadly climate. Of the total of eight hundred and fifty Bolivian troops who took part in these cross-country expeditions but half managed to struggle through the fever-laden swamps, and of these survivors again only two hundred lived to see the blue ocean.

While these events were toward in Acre, their effects were already beginning to be felt elsewhere. The necessity of maintaining a supply of raw material for the needs of the rubber industry had led some time before to the formation of a company styled the Anglo-American Rubber Syndicate, which had made formal contract with the Bolivian Government for the lease of a portion of the now disputed territory. Upon the payment of a fixed annual sum it was agreed that the company was to administer and develop those tracts of rubber-bearing country to which titles had not been previously granted, such local administration being subject always to the suzerainty of the Bolivian Government. This contract was sealed and signed at the time of the Galvez outbreak, but the disturbed state of the country prevented steps being taken to put it into practical effect. This, speaking broadly, was unfortunate for the syndicate, for in Amazonas possession is something more than nine-tenths of the law. When news of the agreement made by Bolivia in regard to Acre became known to the rubber world of Para and Manaus it caused great excitement, especially at the latter spot, where politics and commerce are most intimately mixed. It was not long before the views of politicians here began to be reflected

in the federal capital, in the columns of the Brazilian Jingo press.

The political preponderance of Brazil in America is due in the main to her huge bulk. She is the unexplored, undeveloped Russia of the south. Civilisation extends only along a fringe of her coastline and by the banks of the navigable rivers. She looks to foreign enterprise and capital for her internal development, bestirring herself but little in that matter, for she relies confidently on the unearned increment which as time wears on must of necessity accrue to an area of fertile land which is greater, if we exclude Alaska, than that of the United States. No other country more fully appreciates the strong position of the ground landlord. It is curious to trace the beginnings of this policy. As soon as the discovery of a new world had been announced by Columbus, both Spain and Portugal appealed to the Pope to determine their respective claims to its possession. In reply Alexander the Sixth, by a Bull dated May 4th, 1493, granted all newly discovered western lands to Spain, while it was understood that everything east of them should belong to Portugal. This imaginary boundary, a line drawn from pole to pole, passed one hundred miles west of the Azores, but in the following year the Portuguese monarch applied for its revision. It was consequently shifted eleven hundred miles further west and passing now through New Hispania, as the West Indies were named, came out through the southern continent somewhere about the River Plate. Thus Portugal gained at one stroke a million square miles of territory at the expense of her ancient rival and the Empire of Brazil was founded. Coming to more recent times, a dispute over the Venezuelan frontier of the Guayanas resulted in a gain to

Brazil of a hundred thousand square miles, and she is still bickering elsewhere in that direction. In 1867 a provisional boundary treaty signed between Brazil, Peru and Bolivia ceded a considerable portion of the latter to this jealous neighbour, while in the south she has during the last decade laid hands on ten thousand square miles of the territory of Misiones, an outlying corner of the Argentine Republic.

With such traditions to guide her it will be seen that the affair at Acre offered Brazil an opportunity too tempting to resist. The point fixed upon was the clause in the syndicate's contract, whereby it was empowered by Bolivia to lease *and administer* a portion of the sacred South American soil. The further clause exacting a large rent for this privilege was brushed aside as an unworthy subterfuge. The Munroe doctrine was preached *in excelsis*. "By this contract," so runs a late official note, "the Bolivian Government has granted foreigners powers to administer a region inhabited solely by Brazilians. This contract is a monstrosity in law, seeing that it entails a partial alienation of sovereignty made to a foreign company without international standing. This is a concession resembling concessions in Africa. It is unworthy of our continent!"

The prospect of private gain will add fervour to even the purest patriotism. A squadron of five Brazilian vessels was at once despatched to the Acre river, with instructions to put down all resistance and bring back the latest news. This force anticipated the Bolivian contingent and caught the new Republic napping. Although he was at the time prostrated with an attack of beri-beri, it must be admitted that Galvez rose to the occasion. Borne on board one of

the invading vessels as a prisoner, the unfailing impudence which is his main asset turned the occasion into a council of war. Summoning all his eloquence he represented Acre as an independent state, flying from the oppression of Bolivia to the protecting arms of Brazil. Other arguments of a private but equally convincing nature are hinted at. Be that as it may, the new President returned to his anxious citizens with the news that they were now the firm allies of Brazil, while the gunboats steamed away to Manaus to transmit the same intelligence by wire to the federal Government at Rio. A prompt message at once empowered the Amazonas' executive to "co-operate with the authorities at Acre in restoring order," and thus incidentally to establish a lien on that territory. On March 17th, 1900, an arrangement was come to whereby Galvez gave the Brazilian forces peaceful possession of sundry mud villages and Remington rifles and received in exchange a considerable sum of money to be distributed among the traders—"for indemnisation of supplies and for unpaid salaries of employees up to this date." A strong remonstrance against the syndicate was at the same time handed in to Bolivia by Brazil.

Although the autonomy of Acre had been preserved to it for a while by these prompt measures, its President was aware that the deluge must soon come, and cherished the resolve that by the time it came he himself would be gone. The Bolivian troops had at last emerged from the interior in the worst of tempers and bent on showing their disregard for the subtleties of Acre's politics by steady rifle-practice at her citizens. His health was fast breaking down and such arguments were little to his taste. He summoned a meeting of

the traders, to whom he explained the dangers of their position. Although they had secured the temporary protection of Brazil it was necessary to protect their independence even should that ally desert them. At present they were at the mercy of any tug-boat which chose to blockade the mouth of the Acre river. More arms, more ammunition, and above all a couple of river steamers were urgently needed. If they would provide the sinews of war, Galvez, in spite of his ill-health, would undertake to fetch up these necessities from Para. At this point in the proceedings Señor Utoff, Minister of the Interior and general handy man, arose and collected subscriptions. It was eighteen months since any rubber-duties had been paid, and during all this time the traders had pushed on their work at a cent-per-cent. profit. By playing on their fears for future profits and pointing to his recent success,—the mild answer which had averted the wrath of the Brazilian squadron,—Galvez extracted from the confiding merchants a sum which, incredible as it may seem, amounted to no less than £70,000 sterling. Then bearing all the hopes of Acre's future and most of the ready money of its citizens he embarked once more on the broad Amazon, this time "waters downward" as the local idiom has it. The additional force which Bolivia had despatched by the sea-route was easily avoided. At its periodic season of flood the Amazon each year makes fresh cuts through the banks of soft alluvium which bound it. In such backwaters a vessel may navigate for days parallel to the main stream, yet hidden from it by the growth of a virgin forest. Galvez journeyed successfully past Manaos, arriving in due time at the ocean port of Para.

Here we have to record a circum-

stance which finally sealed the fate of the new-fledged Republic and which the warmest admirers of its late President have never been able to explain. He bought no river-boats, nor Mauser rifles, nor any other armament. He merely banked the £70,000 in his own name and took the first boat to Spain.

The attitude of Bolivia with regard to Acre has, in a diplomatic sense, been correct throughout. She claims that her boundaries were definitely settled by the treaty of 1867 and that its details have been amplified by various surveying parties despatched by her since for that purpose. She is surprised that either Brazil or Peru should still have any doubts on this subject. She has a perfect right to establish a customs post in her own territory, at Port Alonso or elsewhere, and to levy duties on the rubber exported from Acre down the Amazon, a river which is free to the navigation of all nations. Acting on this right she has leased the administration of the Acre district to a responsible syndicate under an arrangement which, while it affects no sovereign rights, will give better satisfaction to all concerned—including Brazil. A slight local disturbance, about which has arisen some foolish talk of a new republic, has alone prevented this contract from being carried into effect. Bolivia is grieved that Brazil should have been led away by the acts of these unauthorised persons, on whom a punitive force will shortly impose order. Finally, while denying grounds for any foreign claim upon the territory of Acre, Bolivia is willing to submit the whole question to any impartial tribunal. The weak point in all this argument is that Bolivia can neither put down the Acre trouble nor force Brazil to arbitrate. Her army consists of raw, half-Indian levies, unused to foreign

service and furnished with an equipment long out of date. She has no ships, no money, and no credit. Her only real hope is based on the justice of her claims and the ethics of international law. If these fail her she must look abroad for help, and in the light of their Venezuelan experience European powers, once bitten, will be twice shy of interfering.

The question of Acre is in truth a difficult one. Yet so far as the outer world is concerned the pith of the matter lies, not in who holds the title-deeds, but in how the territory is administered. The day is long past when Nigeria and New Spain, Pekin and Peru, were mere incidents in a hieroglyphic map, bestrewn with uncouth monsters and full-rigged ships. The fabled wonders of yesterday are the tourist attractions of to-day, and since steam and electricity have girdled the world they have rendered it more sensitive to the well-being of its component parts. Isolation is no longer an excuse for misgovernment. Each year forces a higher responsibility, a sense of civicism, upon nations as upon individuals. By results only can a people justify its title to possession, for in the beginning those possessions were given, a common gift, to the wide world of man. If they palter with their trust they will some day be arraigned before the bar of posterity, and no parchmented treaty, no hair-splitting diplomacy, will condone their fault or save their stewardship from passing into abler hands.

We get one more glimpse of the irrepressible Galvez, whose passion for gambling dissipated in a year the sum confided to him by his late fellow-citizens. Thus thrown again upon his own resources, his feet naturally sought the path which they had trod before with such marked success. During a second visit to Buenos Ayres

in April, 1902, the more sensational press of that city gave him some notoriety, extolling his "virile personality" as typical of a race which had secured to the Latin nations the dominion of the South American continent. His business methods however were viewed with distrust, and a diligent canvass in the ranks of his admirers only yielded the sum of two thousand paper dollars, with which he sailed forthwith, to install Acre once more in her place among the nations. But Acre had passed for ever from his shifty grasp. It is possible that he sought to combine with his patriotic schemes one of blackmail on Manaos, for whose Government he had all along been a catspaw. This theory would at least account for the disfavour with which his reappearance was unanimously viewed. A Brazilian gunboat overtook him long before he had reached his goal, and his present address, with a vagueness that fits the region, is given as "up the river." Marooned on the shores of some far-off tributary, it is to be hoped that he reflects with philosophy upon the restrictions which hedge about a political reformer on the Upper Amazons.

Meanwhile the trade of Acre is dead. Brazil holds the key of export navigation, and until her claim for an extension of territory is granted it is not likely that she will release it. The Bolivian troops occupy a few scattered posts, and their authority extends just so far as a rifle-bullet can penetrate into the dense forest. The whole region, from the Madeira river to the foot of the Andes, is in a state of open anarchy, and each trading adventurer, fighting with his followers for his own hand, does that which seems good in his own eyes.

W. S. BARCLAY.

THE GOLDEN VALE.

THE motto of the Province of Munster should be *sic vos non vobis*. Its people breed many cattle for the English market, and many children for the United States. Tillage does not pay, and grazing farms give employment to very few hands. In many English counties grazing is replacing tillage, but the peasantry find work and sorrow in the English towns. There are few industries in Ireland, and the superfluous sons and daughters still cross the Atlantic. Politicians aver that the fat kine are eating up the lean people, but farmers, however patriotic, are not altruists, and by the rearing of cattle much money can be made with small labour. In early Ireland, when Iseult lived in her tower at Chapelizod, and Sir Cauline fell in love with Christabelle, the kerne, the earth-tillers were despised as slaves; the dignity of labour is a Teutonic, not a Celtic conception. Irish annals are a record of bloodshed and miracles, not of enduring toil. No Celtic Virgil sang of reaping folk and sowing. The Irish would only have hearkened to such an one in his most unlovely mood, the catalogue of casualties:

Ortygium Cæneus, victorem Cænea
Turnus,
Turnus Itym Cloniumque Dioxippum
Promolumque
Et Sagarim et summis stantem pro
turribus Idan.

Further, bullocks and heifers do not need so much sun as wheat and barley, while grass grows under grey skies and soft rain. The Irishman rarely pipes to the tune of which the

old cow died. The richer grazing lands of Munster will not be tilled so long as men shall prefer the splendid shilling to the inglorious sixpence. When Queen Elizabeth had hunted down the Desmonds, and made so many hempen widows, the historians tell us that the lowing of a cow was not to be heard from Valentia to the Rock of Cashel. Nature has long since redressed the Lord Deputy's actions, and Munster rears more cattle for its acres than any other district in the British Isles. Cromwell reaped the field again, but he planted where he reaped. His English settlers held their own against the Celts, fought with much loss against the Protestant Bishops, and in time those that remained found that the rich pastures were well worth a mass. Very few of the Independent or Presbyterian planter-families have held out to the end against their Roman Catholic neighbours and the Episcopal dignitaries. Even Dean Swift hated Presbyterians more than Roman Catholics; he feared the former, and despised the latter. He compared the Roman Catholics to a lion fast bound with three or four chains, his teeth drawn out, and his claws pared to the quick, and the Presbyterians to an angry cat in full liberty at his throat. Many stout Presbyterians were driven to America, long years before the famine. Now the Church Triumphant has become the Church Disestablished.

The Golden Vale of Tipperary, the richest land in Ireland, must look much the same as when Cromwell marched from Cahir to Clonmel, and

took that town after a great fight; "they found in Clonmel the stoutest Enemy this Army had ever met in Ireland; and there was never seen so hot a storm of so long continuance, and so gallantly defended, either in England or Ireland." Within two miles of Tipperary town, on the border of Thomond and Desmond, is the Glen of Aherlow, lying between the Tipperary hills and the lofty Galtys; through it the river Aherlow runs to join the Suir. It is better known in the United States than in England. Thousands of children there learn of its beauty who will never see the Golden Vale, but are taught by fond lips of parents, who "in death will remember sweet Argos."

If we walk from Tipperary down the Glen we pass over the best part of the best land in the country, under mountains which the eye will always remember. It is a land of big cattle and big men. The Tipperary men are the tallest in the British Islands, and have a great name for kicking and hurling. The reason may be that nowhere has the Celtic blood more thoroughly intermingled with the English; the same cross has produced some very big men in Scotland. The "planters" took Irish wives, and their descendants have Irish ways and the Irish faith, but in their larger bones and broader shoulders the English descent can be traced. One more legacy the Cromwellians left. They taught the natives English, and the lesson has never been forgotten. The brogue of to-day merely renders the ordinary pronunciation of English in the seventeenth century. Fashions have changed in England, but here English is spoken as Milton or Waller spoke it. The people have not the English tradition of comfort; they do no work beyond what is necessary,

for fear, perhaps, lest they be scourged to nothing with perpetual motion. We shall pass one farm-house after another, some of them held by men farming many acres, and we shall see no garden, no orchard, no flowers near the white-washed walls of the house, always the trampled mud and the manure-heap under the windows. When white-wash is fresh it is unpleasant to the eye, and when old still more unpleasant. It never agrees with anything; it seems to express the whole dissidence of dissent.

Flowers and fruit do finely in Tipperary, where continually bowers of flowers encounter showers, but orchards hardly exist, and fruit is rare upon the table, unless we consider that to many a banquet, as of old at the Peleian feast, comes the Abominable, the Uninvited, and casts discord's golden fruit upon the board. The wild flowers care nothing for neglect. Every bank in spring is yellow with primroses. The wasteful double banks which divide field from field, of which it has been said that you "climb down nine feet and fall the rest," show flowers nearly all the year; those with a southern aspect are natural conservatories. The black-thorn flowers before the primrose dares, the whitethorn whitens the May landscape, and in September, the one is livid with sloes and the other red with hips. Honeysuckle twists and breathes among the tangled branches. Its season is over, and the mountain-ash is red as blood. The blackberries, to be sure, are not getting enough sunshine, and after St. Michael's day the devil puts his foot on them. But one thing is lacking; the common sweet violet is rare in Ireland, and I cannot remember ever to have seen one growing wild. The scent of violets always takes my mind back to bitter spring days in

North Yorkshire, when the east wind would roughen the face and assault the eyes. There was a spot on the great North Road, close to the Tees, where you smelt the faint perfume fifty yards before you reached the camp of the tiny purple battalions. Yet the scentless violet grows freely here; it abounds on the Tipperary hills; as for the blue-bells, in their season you can see the huge blue patches of them a mile away.

It is a fair September day. Rain is no farther away than the summits of the Galtys, and may drive at any moment over the plain; the dry season will come between St. Luke's day and Martinmas. The foot-hills are only a thousand feet high, and their tops are clear, but Galty More is heavily cloud-capped, and storms have doubtless been sweeping all day down the Glen of Aherlow. Cross the railway-line down which dawdle the trains between Limerick and Waterford. The embankments are famous places for primroses, and the trains may be said, literally as well as metaphorically, to take the primrose path. However, no one going to Limerick or Waterford is likely to be in a hurry to arrive at either place, and anyone leaving them to go elsewhere can settle in the carriage and realise his gracious state. We can pass straight over the meadows of the river Ara to the hills, heavy walking in heavy grass, or along devious and muddy bohereens. It is the choice between clean water and dirty water. Yet the bohereen has charms of its own. It is a narrow lane between high hedges, and there is a world of botanising on either side of it. In ancient times its width was carefully set down. "Two cows fit upon it, one lengthwise, the other athwart, and their calves and yearlings fit on it along with them." County surveyors were more patient in those

days, but made just as bad roads. Whether we take fields or road we must come under a pine-fledged hill, one of the Tipperary range, on whose top is a huge cross, built of railway sleepers and stayed by rails, unshaken by the stormiest Atlantic gale. It stands only a thousand feet above sea-level, but the cross can be seen nearly as far as the hill, standing like some *muezzin* against the sky. A recent writer has pointed out that the Irish people have their eyes fixed on the next world throughout life, to the neglect of their duty in this world, whereas "Come unto me, ye weary, and I will give you rest" does not preclude labour to the end. A consideration of this might hinder new Land Bills, especially if such study were fortified by the perusal of a page or two dealing with the ancient Gauls, in Mommsen's *HISTORY OF ROME*.

Though the wayfarer, bound to the Glen of Aherlow, must cross the Tipperary hills, he need not go over the topmost peak and down again like a Roman road. A path will take him up among the young firs and larches to a gap, or nek, from which a long sloping descent leads into the Glen. The undergrowth is shaking and glancing with the scurrying rabbits, whose numbers defy poachers. There is no other game about. Irishmen prefer a bird in the hand to any number in the bush. In many places the extremity of poverty might be avoided if the game were left alone, and plutocrats came to shoot. The merry brown hare rarely leaps in Tipperary. Hares are nowhere so common in Ireland as in England; the Irish hare really belongs to the Arctic variety, but there is no hard winter weather to whiten his coat. There are no grouse here, and partridges would find little to eat where the farmers grow no cereals except a few oats for home

use. When you reach the gap, the view into the glen is fine. Our valley is about the same length as Peneian Tempe, five or six miles, and about two wide, but the mass and height of the Galtys facing you seem to annihilate the intervening distance. Beneath the sun, suddenly adventurous, the mountains look black, and the green colour of the fields is as bright as that of young larches in spring. The jutting hills on the further side rise above three thousand feet. Behind them, unseen, are the Knockmealdowns, and beyond them the coast of Waterford and Cork, a wild country where the mountain-men live, in which the King's writ did not run till our fathers' time. The rapparees held their own in it; if anyone, in these milder days, wishes to make poteen undisturbed, he will never find a more "suitable locality for a large country trade." In Ireland it is the queer place where you cannot get whisky, lawful and not, and be served by the Angel of the Darker Drink. One and all say with FitzGerald,

I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they
sell.

Tipperary town lies behind us to the north, and looking north-west we can see the hills which fence the valley of the Shannon. The town now contains six thousand people, and covers a large space; *Troja fuit*. The citadel of sacred Pergamus was once crowned by a castle, now it bears more easily a hotel. On lower ground, close to the clear-flowing Simois, is a huge mass of barracks, never empty, for Limerick Junction, three miles away, is the key to the railway system of southern Ireland. To the right, within a mile, is the little Protestant church of Kilshane, a chapel-of-ease,

which has a chime and plays old-fashioned tunes sweetly. Such bells Enoch Arden heard on his tropical island, and Kinglake heard before him in the East. On a Sunday afternoon in winter the cruel north wind brings healing on its wings; it bears to the climber's tingling ears the "mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells," playing some simple hymn-tune. They are a plaintive oxymoron, sad and pleasing, suiting the great silence from which they issue. The tunes are in the minor key; *o si sic omnia*. The blatant confidence of some hymns is distressing; the older writers are not arrogant enough for this generation. We had our harvest thanksgiving the other day; the appointed hymns of rejoicing seemed all to ring false; those of jubilee, of loud certainty, are worse. They try with shouting to cover the secret footsteps of the Shadow feared by man. Perhaps they are meet for crowded worshippers in prosperous English churches. I prefer to hear the Kilshane bells beat slowly on the north wind, "Abide with me, fast falls the even-tide."

Straight opposite, high among the hills, is the lake from which cold and pure water comes into Tipperary town. From this mountain tarn, which is considerable in size, sixty swallows rise every spring, tied together by a silver chain round their necks. They fly down the valley until they come to a certain rock, against which they dash the chain, and are free. Is it not a pity that Gilbert White of Selborne did not know this story? He would have found in it the proof, for which he longed, that swallows hibernated at the bottom of lakes. The Irish legends are always such as this. The Celtic genius cannot abide the *mœnia mundi*, the atmosphere of material fact that surrounds the earth. The fanciful stories at which Englishmen smile in a pitying manner are

the revolt against the monotonous common-sense of daily life. Is it wonderful that this people did not become Protestant? The beliefs against which the reformers protested are the food of their soul. The country, to the countrymen, is even now filled with supernatural beings; the place-names everywhere testify to the existence of fairies and demons. The old name of the Rock of Cashel, a dozen miles away from us, was Sheerim (fairy ridge), and down Clonmel way the famous Slievenamon mountain was the palace of the fairies, the "good people" of euphemism, less kindly than their sisters the Oreads. The Pooka, Shakespeare's Puck, has left his name all over Ireland. I have forgotten the name of that most malignant spirit who sits on gate-posts, waiting for you. Most of the names are full of fancy and poetry, all are euphonious. Clonmel is the "meadow of honey," and Tipperary, the "well of Ara," is pleasant to the ear, at least of Irishmen. Near the Pale you find hideous names such as Harristown, Johnstown, denoting places which are towns in no accepted meaning of the word. Possibly the settlers named single farmhouses *towns*, after the old Scotch fashion. Who would not rather live in a place with a name like Gortnafurra, here in the Glen, than in Hull or Stoke? The names are long and sweet, explaining carefully the nature of the place. They remind me of a verse in Isaiah, "Then said the Lord unto Isaiah, Go forth now to meet Abaz, at the end of the upper pool in the highway of the fuller's field." That topographical definition might well be the name of an Irish village.

An ever-abiding charm about the Glen of Aherlow is its stillness. From the dark fen the oxen's low comes to you, but there is no sound of men. The quiet of slow-moving

time is over Ireland. Not here can one say *dies truditur die*; here season softly lapses into season. There is no fierce rush of work as in an English harvest, when men and women barter their strength for immediate gold, but cows are milked, the milk is taken to the creamery, the calves are fed; no one is careful about many things. As in Virgil's time, the herd goes to town with the milk, and for many this is the day's work. Daphnis and Damocetas rise betimes, don the tunic, bind fair sandals beneath their shining feet, and drive an ass-cart to the nearest Co-operative Creamery. The farmers' wives no longer use the churn, or go to market with butter and eggs and a pound of cheese. England hears so much of agrarian troubles in Ireland that people do not realise how peaceful the country is. Trouble comes from the men who live by trouble, who feed the people with wormwood and make them live upon gall. It may be that decent folk are wearying of them; "they have blown the trumpet, even to make all ready, but none goeth to the battle." Their appeal is largely to vanity. Conceive the pride of a small farmer, member of a District Council, when the local paper publishes his resolution commending the Boers or the Mad Mullah to God, and lamenting "the hideous presence of the Saxon in our own fair isle." Thersites feels himself the shepherd of the people, an Agamemnon or Parnell, for indeed "a dream about a shadow is man; yet when some god-given splendour falls, a glory of light comes over him and life is sweet." Pindar may abide such desecration of his stately verse, for Pindar himself was a Greek "pro-Boer," and repented the same all the days of his life. I feel mild wonder that the forward party in Ireland has not been nicknamed "The Resolutionary Party." An abundance of

resolutions proves a lack of resolution. Indeed, every Irishman knows rebellion cannot be; the people would not stir if Humbert and Hoche were to come again.

The sun-burst has waved before now over the tall mountaineers of Tipperary, for the Normans, if history lies not, were in 1190 routed in the valley beneath our feet. The Munster war-song opens with an address to the defeated,

Can the depths of the ocean afford you
not graves,
That you come thus to perish afar o'er
the waves—
To redden and swell the wild torrents
that flow
Through the valley of vengeance, the
dark Aherlow?

The clangor of conflict o'erburthens the
breeze
From the stormy Slieve Bloom to the
stately Galtees;
Your caverns and torrents are purple
with gore,
Slievenamon, Glen Colaich, and sublime
Galtee More.

Somehow or other, the poetry of the NATION recalls the GRADUS AD PARNASSUM. But Mangan will survive, and perhaps Davis, when many are forgotten. The battle which the war-song commemorates can have had no abiding influence, for Galbally, at the western end of the glen, means English Town. It was settled by the FitzGerald at a very early period, as Tipperary was held by William Burgh, or Burke, who left the name Clanwilliam to future ages. For the natives have always been *bellipotentis magis quam sapientipotentis*. As Jeremiah asketh, "Shall iron break the northern iron and the steel?"

We will turn our backs on Galbally, and walk down the valley to Bansha, which is, being interpreted, the "level spot covered with grass." Our valley weeps more often than it smiles.

After the Reeks the Galtys must be the condensers-in-chief of Ireland. Four days out of five they take the wind from out the sweet south sliding. Shakespeare's curious dislike of the south wind is not shared by Irishmen, to whom a southerly wind and cloudy sky mean home, sweet home. The villages that smoulder and glitter in the plain can see the mountains flinging rain upon the dark Aherlow. On showery days waterspouts form and fade upon the mountains. So the Glen roads are most often soft, and the wayfarer does all that human effort can ever do, he moves matter from one place to another. The valley is not dark through boundless contiguity of shade. Over large areas Munster is nearly treeless. When compulsory land purchase has been completed the country will be naked to the sky, for groves and woods and forests do not suit peasant proprietors. The spreading chestnut tree and the umbrageous beech occupy ground that would more profitably feed cattle; shelter from the noon-tide heat is unnecessary to the neat-herd. The Tipperary brim of the Glen bristles with young firs and larches, but the Galtys are bare, covered with short grass, full of turf-bogs. All along the valley are green fields, with here and there stubble from which oats have been reaped. In the back end of September there seems grass enough to last till next April, but by the new year the cattle will be hungry. They are not housed in winter, and are fed with hay spread on the grass. The process is wasteful, but at any rate is good for the fields. No fields of barley and of rye on either side the river lie. The Vale of Aherlow is not as the Vale of Camelot, its rainfall is possibly three times as great—what must it have been before the deforesting? In weather like this the rain overtakes

you as a galloping horse overtakes a footman. The top of Galty More suddenly disappears in mist, shadow-streaks of rain stripe the lower sides, and in a minute the Aherlow river is filling again. We do not need to cross it on our way to Bansha, which is lucky, for after heavy rains the stepping-stones are covered, and you must take off boots and stockings and wade. There is a bridge farther down, a swinging-bridge, which makes teetotalers feel drunk, and gives drunkards a foretaste of *locomotor ataxia*; for it is hung on chains, and squirms and wriggles like a snake. In crossing it you can easily become a cause of joy to your enemies, and a casting down of eyes for your friends. It may, in its time, have sent down many gallant souls of heroes to Hades. The glen opens out towards Bansha, and there are fine clumps of trees. Even after tenant ownership, I suppose, some demesnes will be left, and the country children may be taken excursions, like the London waifs, to see the trees. In those days, also, the birds will have "taken a single ticket to Holyhead."

There are plenty of birds yet in Tipperary, although at this season of year most are mute. The robin sings away for half-a-dozen, and I would as lief hear him as thrush or blackbird; perhaps Browning overpraised the thrush's "first fine careless rapture," and the blackbird too soon becomes as full as a schoolboy on Hallowe'en. The rooks and jackdaws are very noisy in the fields; the latter bird will leave the plebeian company which he affects in summer, and will deign to patronise the human race again. The rooks will then receive calls from the Limerick gulls, driven inland twenty miles by the

incessant autumn gales. The magpies fly across our path, and we may cross ourselves half-a-dozen times in five minutes. These bad characters are parvenus, more recent arrivals in Ireland than "the sireless Saxon strangers, London's loutish lords," to quote a modern poet. Along with the missel thrush they came and settled the country at the end of the seventeenth century, about the date of the Great and Glorious Revolution. We have no snipe-bogs, but on the wet cold winter days the plovers lament in company, as is their right. With good reason Tennyson uses their cry to mark the desolation of most desolate scenes: "There let the wind sweep and the plover cry." That cry will be insistent many days in the next six months when one climbs fiercely among the young firs and larches, in the wind that beats the mountain,

When a blanket wraps the day
When the rotten woodland drips
And the leaf is stamped in clay.

I do not know whence the pleasure comes on such days, but it does come, perhaps to balance the mental dejection which sometimes spoils the perfect summer's day. It is exhilarating to rise above life's little annoyances. We do not make mountains out of molehills in Ireland, because there are no moles. Even now, Galty More suddenly becomes invisible, the warm rain flies down the glen as the crow flies, and we run into Bansha, a place proudly conscious of being a station on the Limerick and Waterford railway. But they have been cleaning out a drain on the road that leads to the station. Bansha smells.

ERNEST ENSOR.

THE GIPSY MAID.

THERE'S a gipsy and a rover
 And a queen of all desire,
 And she tramps the wide world over
 With a step no time can tire ;
 But at night she plays the lover
 By her blazing gipsy fire ;
 And, when she kneels beside us
 With her witching words to guide us,
 Though the mocking world may chide us
 We shall labour in her hire,
 Splashing colour on the canvas, striking music on the lyre !

For her dreamful eyes and tender
 Watch us lovingly and long,
 Lest a careless line offend her
 Or a heedless hand go wrong
 In the picture's perfect splendour
 Or the setting of the song ;
 And those warm and watchful glances
 Bring our hearts the golden fancies
 That were struck at elfin dances
 On a bluebell for a gong,
 Where the fairies faced their partners in the woods, a thousand strong !

We can bring no gift to give her
 That shall bribe her or disarm,
 That shall purchase fame for ever
 Or defend from failure's harm.
 Save the moonbeams there shall never
 Any silver cross her palm ;
 Yet that maid shall lift the bars for us,
 And horse the ruby cars for us,
 And rob the steeps and stars for us
 With sweep of gipsy arm
 Just to give the sketch its glamour and the simple verse its charm !

But if we, with fortune laden,
Should be careless in our pride ;
If we set that gipsy maiden
And her golden gifts aside,
We shall share no moonlit Aiden
With a laurelled laughing bride ;
Ere the shades of night are rifted,
Ere the stars have dreamland-drifted,
We shall find the tent is lifted
And the gipsy fire has died,
And no more we'll meet our maiden in the wan grey world and wide !

WILL H. OGILVIE.

SOME PRINCIPLES OF POETIC CRITICISM.

It has been said that the critical mind is that which perceives the differences of things, just as the creative mind is that which perceives their similarities; that in the one the analytic understanding, in the other the synthetic imagination, is predominant; and in this, perhaps, there is much truth. The power of clearly seeing the indissoluble unity of things is a distinguishing feature of the intellects not only of the poet, the novelist and the historian, but also of the constructive scientist and philosopher. Thus far the minds of Shakespeare and Bacon, of Darwin and Tennyson, of Kant and Goethe, are alike; they all see the general in the particular. But the artistic mind would seem to be more complex than the philosophic. It also possesses the faculty of reproducing the general under the symbol of the particular. While the constructive scientist expresses a truth in a formula, the constructive artist expresses the same truth as a conception of life. The scientist's language is as exact, as colourless, as human language is capable of being; it does not present a phenomenon, it formulates the law of a class of phenomena. The artist's language on the contrary must sacrifice something of exactness to vividness, and it expresses, or endeavours to express a phenomenon conceived "under the aspect of eternity." The poetic mind again is more complex than the merely artistic, just as the artistic is more so than the scientific. The poet indeed also expresses the general under a presentation of the particular, but in the livelier images

of a more delicate sensibility, in the more vivid conceptions of a more deeply emotional imagination; and his conceptions too assume the regularly rhythmic form which is the natural, the inevitable mould of certain types of thought.

This complexity of the artistic, and still more of the poetic, mind reacts upon the manner in which the actual world affects them. The happiness of man depends upon his suitability to his environment. The simpler his character, the fewer his wants, the more likely he is to be adapted to the fellow-beings who surround him, to the circumstances in which he is placed. This was the truth which underlay Stoic and Epicurean philosophy alike, and inspired the life and much of the verse, of Horace.

*Contracto melius parva cupidine
vectigalia porrigam,*

he said, indicating in a curiously negative fashion how the world into which he was born, the embryonic decadence of the Augustan age, was ill-suited to satisfy the inner desires of his nature. This complexity then tends to set the poet at variance with the world in which he lives, since it tends to decrease the possibility of his finding material satisfaction for the crying demands of his spirit, and to increase the likelihood of the coarse facts of existence jarring discordantly in contact with his tremulous nerves. And his demands too are of an especial delicacy. His sensibility is of finer temper, his imagination of more vivid, more intense colouring,

than those of ordinary men, so that his dream of happiness, his vision of the beautiful, may not find that approximate material realisation, which a kind fate grants to most, and his only solace lies in his expression of it, in his escape from the Gehenna of the mute. For artist and poet are on a ceaseless quest of Beauty, flying before them like a phantom shore.

And what is Beauty? In Stendhal's subtle words, it is "a promise of happiness." Perhaps then you may say, that the quality of beauty lies in that adaptation of the thing perceived to the mind of the perceiver, which gives happiness through the medium of expression, of realisation, and that happiness thus consists of the perception of the beautiful, the subjectively true, whether in the moral or material world. But yet this only leads one to the paradox that, as ordinary minds are better adapted to this ordinary world of men and women, as their ordinary desires for material things are easier of realisation than are the necessities of the poet for the expression of his delicate yet overpowering emotion, therefore their lives are fuller of happiness and consequently of beauty than his. Fuller of happiness such as they can experience, fuller of the content which perhaps the stalled ox may feel, no doubt—but of beauty, no. Beauty is only a *promise* of happiness, and it is not in the approximate realisation (which the world lacks subtlety to perceive is but approximate) that its messages can be felt, but only when it reaches that well-nigh absolute degree of which poetic strength and delicacy are alone capable. To muse constantly on forms of beauty may well give, not happiness, but misery, since the world is so little fitted for the fulfilment of their promise. Nor must we forget that happiness and beauty, too, are only

relative. Which is the more beautiful, the sea boiling in tempestuous rage against some tall granite promontory, or breaking in an undulating filmy line upon far-stretching sands? The tree, with delicate foliage whispering in the twilight breeze, or bare and wonderfully outlined against the pale gold of a winter sunset? Does not the answer depend upon our temperament, perhaps even upon our mood? And what does this mean but our particular need for emotional expression? But the realisation of the most ordinary ideal ever lacks something of imagined perfection, and hence arises the irresistible impulse to seek in the mystic world of dreams the perfected joy man cannot find on earth—a necessity felt as keenly by the Greek in the Vale of Tempe as by the Viking on the gloomy waters of the North. The growth of religions depends, not only on the vain desire to learn the secret of the Hereafter, but on the living need of a happiness not of this world wherein the tortured soul may find repose.

Heaven but the Vision of fulfilled
Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on
fire,
Cast on the Darkness, into which
Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon
expire.

It is this same need, more and more deeply felt as men's desires grow with the growth of civilisation, that the poet voices in plangent utterances of revolt against the inscrutable destiny of man, saying with Job, "I am made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed unto me," or telling us of Arthur departing in his gloomy barge with his unfulfilled promise of return.

For it is the poet's peculiar function to express articulately the tragedy of human life. He feels it more deeply

than other men, and he gives his feelings that rhythmic expression which is their natural form, that form without which impassioned thought seems still to lack something of expression. Thus poetry becomes a "criticism of life," easing by giving vent to those sorrows which spring from an experience of its shortcomings. Viewed from this stand-point, are not the objects of tragedy and comedy, of infuriated satire and of fantastic reverie, the same? Is not the only difference one of method? What matters it whether we read the plays of Molière or those of Ford? Whether Sophocles tells the fateful story of the House of Thebes, or Aristophanes girds at the Athenian democracy and its mock heroes? Whether we listen to the imprecations of Juvenal or the plaintive melancholy of Virgil? Whether Spenser consoles by leading us into a world of dreams or Shakespeare by the revelation of an agony greater than our own? In M. Bourget's words, "Each chooses his own opium." To comprehend the poem we must resemble the poet who has transcribed himself therein,—a universal truth to which a Kempis only gave particular expression when he wrote, "Whosoever would fully and feelingly understand the words of Christ, must endeavour to conform his life wholly to the life of Christ." The poet in expressing his sorrow must also express ours, or we shall be in hopeless disunion; and literary fame consists in the myriad assertions of similarity which readers pour forth in praise, just as the popularity of a religion depends upon the similarity between the ideals it presents and those of the age to which it is presented.

And so the poet's fame depends upon the success with which he images the general in the particular,—on the reality, the vividness of his

types. The Homeric heroes, with their bitter tears, still live because they still represent with fidelity a part of human nature that has lasted thirty centuries. Aucassin and Nicolette are still fresh and intense with the passion of spring-tide love. Shakespeare and Otway still people Venice. Amalfi recalls its ancient glories in Webster's pages. Of Giovanni and Anabella might be said in Keats's words, "For ever wilt thou love and she be fair."

For there is a two-fold way of reading poetry. We may read it as a thing of life, or as at once the cause and effect of moral forces whose operation we would trace. The ordinary reader reads for pleasure. He is in sympathy with his poet, or he casts the book aside as insipid, lifeless. He seeks the ultimate expression of his personal emotions. He finds it in so far as his mind resembles that of the author. Instinctively he ranks the poets in the order in which they affect him. And so it nearly always comes to pass that there is some contemporary idol whose poetry is preferred to that of past ages, but whom the revolution of thought will inevitably displace; and at the same time there is an undercurrent of opinion, representing the more deeply learned, the more highly cultured, who prefer the older poets because of their culture, because culture is the offspring, not of the new, but of the old, because their converse with the past is fraught with psychical results which tend to render them more facile of sympathy with the past than with the present. And it would almost seem that the veneration in which the Latin and Greek literatures have been and still are held must be due to the persistency with which they have been studied, as well as to their marvellous power of expressing the emotion, of presenting the type. Speaking gener-

ally literature is no study for the lower classes, the uncultured. They are under too urgent stress of finding the necessities of life; and the bodily wants must not be in too great evidence if the mental wants are to emerge into consciousness. Literature appeals to the wealthy, to those at least who should be cultured; who, having their bodily wants supplied, have leisure to feel and to attend to the needs of the soul. And these have studied in their youth, ever since the Renaissance, the classical literatures to the exclusion of all others. Thus it comes to pass, that for the last five centuries men who have found the need of the assistance of poetry, the men for whom a poetic literature exists, turned first to those of which they possessed any knowledge. The national poetry of Europe sprang up at first to supplement rather than to supplant the poetry of Greece and Rome. And over these a strife has been waged so fierce and purposeless as to recall the warfare of the rival schoolmen in the middle ages, or of rival politicians in our own. A varying arrangement in accordance with a personal standard is all that has resulted from the personal criticism of the past.

The teleological system, against which scientific writers have striven during the last half century in the field of ontology, had also profoundly influenced such critical thought as existed. Critics were always seeking the object which the poet ought to have had in writing—to delight or to reform the world—when often enough his only conscious object was to earn his daily bread, his only real compulsion the necessities of his nature, for, in the past at all events, men without some literary aptitude have not made their living by literature, nor have poets as a rule supported themselves by manual labour. Such

teleological judgements, which neglect the fundamental truth that all action on the part of man results from the inter-action of temperament and environment, have produced very much confused thought in the moral world. Critics have evolved the startling theory that because Greek poets imitated life after one manner, it was impossible to imitate life successfully in any other—for this is the essence of the teaching of the schools of Classicism both in France and England—as if a fourth-hand copy were likely to be a successful portrait, as if, when Greek conceptions had filtered through the Roman mind into the French, and then into the English, they were likely to have retained any originality or truth! The result in England was Cato and Sophonisba.

With a puny infant's force
They swayed about upon a rocking-
horse,
And thought it Pegasus.

Any attempt to regulate the products of the human mind by laws other than its own, which are its own because they are its nature, produces brilliant works, polished by all that "infinite capacity for taking pains" in which the eighteenth century recognised the essence of genius—but works too in which the form was everything, the thought nothing, although they were addressed to the intellect, and say nothing to the heart which might not almost as well have been written in prose; thus they are noticeably deficient in that pronounced *emotion-tone*, which is as essential to poetry as sensibility to a poet; they are addressed to the Mirabels and Milla-mants of their stage, not to men and women. It was criticism of life based on the works of Aristotle and Horace, of Vida and Boileau, of Roscommon

and Pope. Despite the accumulated experience of man, despite the many variant types of poetry which had arisen between the ages of Aristotle and of Pope, no progress had been made, no wider generalisations had been formed. It was a sterile method, imposed by fashion and accepted by insensibility.

The success of this criticism would have reduced literature to a formulated science. There would have been evolved a number of formulæ for each several species of emotion, and within these formulæ the literary man would have been strictly confined. There is the same difference between such work and poetry as between a photograph and a portrait by Michael Angelo. Unfortunately one cannot catch souls by machinery. The ill-success of this method seems analogous to the similar ill-success of the gnosticism—"science falsely so called"—of ethics. Morals are indeed the essential basis of society, but there is no science of the unit, of the individual as such. The general truth is always individually modified, and so there is no science of individual action. So long as citizens are moral, society will hold together, and no amount of reasoning over the matter will change the nature of man from good to evil or from evil to good.

Another almost obsolete form of criticism is that of the "class-list"—indeed it is the most natural and perhaps the most useless criticism one can imagine. It is natural, because whenever we read we make a mental note of the amount of pleasure or disgust we experience in the perusal; it is useless, because, however much others may resemble and therefore admire a poet, that fact cannot affect the degree of our resemblance. People might talk Hallam or Macaulay, but unless they resembled them they could not feel

with them, could not sincerely endorse their literary judgements. This criticism, in especial that of Johnson, of Jeffrey, and of Macaulay, was that of men who, in Lowell's words, mistook their personal likes and dislikes, tastes and distastes, for general principles; who, believing in the permanent advance of man, forgot that they in their turn would be left behind; men who saw in their own generation the *ne plus ultra* of the human race. Happy they in such a pleasing illusion!

Is the function of criticism then to discover and reveal beauties which are, or may be hidden to the ordinary eye? But it is at least arguable that, unless the ordinary eye be acute enough to perceive for itself, it will scarcely appreciate them when revealed. It is said that the artist reveals on his canvas beauties which the vulgar ignore. But is not the man of sensitive soul, with a keen taste for beauty, that ever unfulfilled promise, equally able to discern the beauties of the painting and of the landscape of which it is a transcript? And do the vulgar who stand and gape before the picture realise the revelation? Is this method successful? Is a man any the nearer comprehension because he can talk glibly in the terms of art? Though he talk Ruskin, can he feel Ruskin if it be not his nature to? If then he be naturally out of sympathy with Ruskin, Ruskin can do him no good. Such criticism does not appeal to the vulgar. And another objection is still to be met. Is the method critical? Is it not rather creative? Ruskin in those gorgeous periods of his describes his soul-states rather than pictures; he mingles his own personality with that of the painter, and educes a new beauty for him to taste who lists, as Lamb did with the Elizabethan dramatists, and Arnold

with the select brotherhood of "sweetness and light." It seems in essence creative, scarcely critical.

And Matthew Arnold falls into the very sin at which he aimed such irony. Is he "disinterested" when the aim of all his criticism was the elimination of the Philistine? Surely this is a very "practical" object to pursue, and hardly may be called a pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, unless the words be used in some hidden, esoteric sense, and then they should scarcely have been published to the world. And what does he say is the object of criticism? "To learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world"—another practical "interested" aim, only to be reached by polemics, in which too Arnold falls into the teleological quicksand. The best! Ay, but what is the best? What if of three men of apparently equal culture each one prefers either *Æschylus*, or *Sophocles*, or *Euripides*, to the others? Who shall say which of them is right? Who shall say whether *Lamb* was right or wrong in preferring *EDWARD THE SECOND* to *RICHARD THE SECOND*? And if there be no absolute standard, but only our own preference, by which we may decide what is best, how is it to be learnt or propagated? Though Matthew Arnold was well qualified for criticism by a wide capacity for sympathy, though he was one of the earliest Englishmen to see that the coming age was to be one of criticism, though he vindicated criticism from the strictures of Wordsworth and his like, yet he based his system upon the unhappily false postulate, that man may know what is the best with certainty. If only it were true, how different would have been the story of human life! We, and I think succeeding generations, have cause to be profoundly grateful to Matthew Arnold, but, as I have said, his work

is rather creative than critical, and his theory unfortunately mistaken. For man cannot know the relation of subjective to objective truth, nor ever "see the object as it really is."

But if my analysis of the poetic spirit as manifested in poetry be just, the functions of criticism must be other than these. If it be a science, it must increase our stock of knowledge, of scientific truth, which is as demonstrable as mathematic truth, by no means depending on that variable factor, taste. Indeed the only aim which poetic (or for that matter, any other) criticism can seriously propose to itself, is, not to record the intensity of emotion which the poet awakes in the writer and thus to furnish the materials for another chapter in psychological history, but to write that chapter in the history of the human soul, to trace that portion of the development of *Psyche* in man, which has been laid bare in the throbbing melodies of verse. As we have seen, to the ordinary reader the perusal of living poetry, of verse that expresses his emotional necessities, is a psychical event which leaves him other than he was before. His experience is widened. His conceptions of the possibilities of life are enlarged. The boy, for instance, on the threshold of life who sits on some moss-clad stone, perhaps the base of a sun-dial vanished long since, in an old-fashioned garden, musing over the tale of *Tristram and Yseult* as Mr. Swinburne tells it, while the whispering air now turns the neglected leaves of his book, now carries to his unheeding ear the light voices of the companions he has deserted—is he not living, adding to the store of his emotional experiences more truly than if he were mingling with their sports? But this is not the reading of the critic. He too may pause to think, but with him it is the thought

of analysis; he is disentangling the many threads that are interwoven in the poet's consciousness as manifested in his utterance; he is connecting them with those great tendencies of thought which marked the poet's age. The reader's attention is concentrated on his own emotion, but the critic's on that of his poet.

And to write this history a two-fold power is above all requisite—a power of sympathy and analysis. A man is born a critic as he is born an orator or a poet. Perhaps the most wonderful example of this is Charles Lamb and his treatment of the Elizabethans, whose verse he as strangely recalls in his own JOHN WYDVIL, as in the cadence of his prose he reminds one of the RELIGIO MEDICI. Although Coleridge dimly perceived the same truth through his haze of metaphysic, Lamb was the only man of his age to fully comprehend the truth that when the human soul reaches that degree of intensity which we call poetic genius, it may no longer be weighed in the balance against another; it is set in a vacuum; it has touched the note beyond which variations are not perceptible to human ears—it is too different, perhaps it is too similar. Analysis may prove subtle enough to indicate these differences, these similarities; but by what apparatus shall we determine the relative value of two poets? Is he the greatest who has charmed most restless hearts to forgetfulness? But the plebiscite may only be taken on that day which closes once and for all the “dream of human life.”

And so Lamb refrains from the perilous method of setting one poet above another; he does not attempt to decide whether Ford or Webster were the greater of the two; but he analyses so subtly, so delicately, that

we know at once that he has read their inmost hearts by the light of his own sympathetic soul. That his method only resulted in turning the attention of men with increased interest to the study of Shakespeare's contemporaries for their own sakes was due, I think, to the limitations of the age, but not to those of his mind. He cast the glamour of his personality over the men of his generation, and became a potent psychical factor in their intellectual lives, revealing to them, or rather suggesting to them through their common kinship, those beauties he himself perceived so clearly.

As Arnold said, the age is a critical one, but for other reasons, I think, than those which he assigned. It is critical, because the scientific spirit is critical. Science has analysed and re-written the history of the material world; it is re-writing the history of the soul of man. It is devoid of belief, that is, of prejudice. It is therefore capable of understanding, of appreciating, of sympathising with, the varied expressions of what has been subjective, emotional truth. It was urged against the character of Henry St. John that his opinions never hardened into convictions. But what was deemed a sin in the eighteenth century would be accounted unto him for righteousness by the thought of to-day. We feel the unity of all life, of all thought, of all emotion. If we refrain from cherishing ideals, saving those personal ones which are the basis of all action, through a realisation of their vanity, we are so much the more in a position to sympathise with the ideals of others. The typical intelligence of the age is that of Amiel, in whom Matthew Arnold found so excellent a critic. We possess within us the germ of every emotional state, and so when we are dealing with emo-

tional truth our sympathy is catholic. And sympathy which arises from resemblance means comprehension. In Stendhal's words, "*Les éloges sont des certificats de ressemblance.*" But this is not enough. Sympathy by itself will only mean that one will read, enjoy, and praise. The power of analysis must be added, the power to resolve a state of consciousness into its component elements. The critic must also be a psychologist and an historian. He must trace the causes, both moral and material, which governed the conception and execution of the work he is considering. He need not give expression to the depth of his own feelings; he need not extol his author, however subtly he may find his mute and hidden thoughts clothed in vivid words; but he must remember that

it is only such a poet whom he can understand, and that in dealing with any other his work must lack sincerity, which is subjective truth. As Joubert said, "*Les hommes ne sont justes qu'envers ceux qu'ils aiment.*"

And let us not forget that the poet often lives with the terrible consciousness that he has fought the fight in vain, that he has served no good purpose, that he has lost the faith, however impassive he may seem; while if the desires of our souls are sated by the things of earth, if our hearts are gross and our ears are dull of hearing, if we cannot comprehend the expression of his grief for the destiny of man, we may be like the children peering through the gaping chinks at the ever-recurrent tragedy of the slaughter-house.

H. HERBERT DODWELL.

VENUS.

The harbinger of light, whom following
close,
Spreads o'er the sea the saffron-robed
morn.

THE Earth's twin sister throbbing
on the fringe of the eastern sky
Venus breaks upon our admiring
gaze "under the opening eyelids of
the morn," where the shadowy phan-
toms of night are fleeing before the
first rays of the coming day. In a
brief space she is lost in a flood of
golden light swelling over mountain
and meadow, and the observer must
wait the return of another grey
dawn for a glimpse of the peerless
planet whose praises have been sung
by poets of every land. By-and-by
(after a few months) she reappears in
the west radiant in calm pure lustre.
In lines of unusual beauty Milton
apostrophises the planet, thus :

Fairest of stars, last in the train of
night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day that crown'st the
smiling morn,
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in
thy sphere.

As an evening star Venus is first
seen low down in the heavens almost
visibly pulsating amid the after-glow
of the setting sun. Gradually as the
evenings lengthen the lover of nature
casting his eyes over the azure vault
will notice that Venus is night by
night receding farther and farther
away from the Sun, and approaching
nearer to Jupiter. At the moment
of writing this paper these glowing
orbs are both in the constellation
Virgo, and have attained their

nearest point of approach ; Jupiter is
just a little to the north-west of Venus.

Venus, then, becomes an evening
star when approaching the part of
her orbit nearest the Earth, called
the inferior conjunction, and a morn-
ing star when moving from our side
towards the farther part of her path
round the Sun, or towards superior
conjunction. For a certain time she
is invisible, just as the Moon is in-
visible for a certain time before and
after her conjunction with the Sun,
or at the time of new Moon. After
the Moon Venus is our nearest
neighbour ; her place in the planetary
sphere is second in order from the
Sun, and in size she is but a little
less than our globe. Though so beau-
tiful Venus is not capricious ; she
keeps her course with less eccentricity
than any other of the planets, at a
distance from the Sun of about $67\frac{1}{2}$
million miles, and from the Earth of
about 26 million miles. Being so
much nearer the Sun than we are her
calendar year is comprised within the
briefer period of 224 days, 16 hours
and 49 minutes, or in rather less
than seven and a half terrestrial
months. So, if Venus be inhabited
by living sentient beings resembling
life on Earth, their span of life may
be briefer than ours. A hundred
years with us would with them reckon
as a hundred and sixty-two. In some
of her leading characteristics, as in
size, density and atmosphere, Venus
resembles the Earth more closely
than any other member of the Sun's
family, not excepting Mars, our next
neighbour on the outer side of the
Earth's orbit.

And, as may well be supposed of a heavenly body so lustrous, Venus has a history reaching far back to the dim mysterious times of Assyrian mythology, when the Chaldean priest and astrologer beheld in the radiant star of the morning the image of a chaste deity, the goddess Ishtar, mistress of life. She ranks third in the great triad of the heavens, namely, the Sun, Moon, and Venus. When Venus was once set there was nothing left in the sky sufficiently brilliant to replace her worthily, and the priests were compelled to introduce another deity, Ramman, the lord of the atmosphere and of thunder, in order to fill the void her disappearance occasioned. Of all the "wandering stars" Venus was looked upon as supreme, and admiration of her loveliness found expression in such epithets as the Incomparable, the Flower of the Sky, or the Bright One. Strangely, however, they associated the evening star with the impure Beltis, the Mylitta of Herod. Associated, yet contrasted, these attributes of the planet correspond respectively with Ashtoreth, the pure, and Asher, the impure. A further glimpse into these old-world views respecting Venus may be gained in Mr. Thompson's rare work on the *REPORTS OF THE MAGICIANS AND ASTROLOGERS OF NINEVEH AND BABYLON*, preserved in the Oriental room of the British Museum. The varying positions and aspects of the planet were regarded by them as signs of the varying moods of the goddess in relation to human affairs. Thus, when Venus fixes her position the days of the prince will be long; there will be justice in the land. When Venus appears in Siwan there will be slaughter of the enemy; and when she appears in the tropic of Cancer the King of Akkad will have no rival. ". . . Five or six days ago she reached Allul: This is its inter-

pretation: When Venus approaches Allul there will be obedience and welfare in the land; the gods will have mercy on the land; the crops of the land will prosper. The sick in the land will recover. Pregnant women will perfect their offspring. The great gods will show favour to the sanctuaries of the land, the houses of the great gods will be renewed. . . . When Venus puts on the diadem of the Moon divided there will be desolation."

These early conceptions of the divine attributes of the fair star spread over Western Asia to Egypt, and onward to Greece and Rome. To the old Greeks the resplendent orb of morn was Phosphor, the torch-bearer to Aurora, heralding the dawn; while the star of the evening, Hesperus, held sway over the western realms of Earth and sky. In the *ILIAD* (book xv. 395) Venus is referred to in the following lines:

As radiant Hesper shines with keener
light
Far-beaming o'er the silvery host of
night.

The identity of the morning and evening appearances was not recognised in the Western world until Pythagoras had returned from Egypt laden with Eastern lore. The Chaldean astronomers had taught that both Venus and Mercury moved in circling paths about the Sun, and necessarily appeared sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the evening, according to their position relatively to the Sun.

Leaving behind the glamour of myth and marvel which for ages clung to the "Shepherd's Star" (the "Star of Bethlehem," as some fondly believe) we come to the dawn of modern astronomy, and find Galileo Galilei, at Florence, intent upon the construction of an optical instrument

which shall enable him to explore the heavens with a penetrating eye far exceeding the feeble power of natural vision. He had heard of Jansen's invention of a tube which caused distant objects viewed through it to appear as distinctly as when brought near to the eye, and recognising the assistance such an instrument would afford him in his astronomical research, he adopted Jansen's method and succeeded in making a telescope by the aid of which the power of the eye was increased thirty-fold. None but a beginner in the observation of celestial objects can realise the interest with which Galileo for the first time in human experience pointed his new instrument towards the heavens, and took a sweeping survey of the glories revealed to his astonished eyes. Parts of the firmament which to the naked eye were a perfect blank were now aglow with far-off worlds hitherto undreamt of by man.

Armed with his powerful lens Galileo entered upon a career of observation and inductive reasoning which mark the first stage of an epoch in the history of astronomy, when it rose from dim, indefinite speculation to the front rank of the exact sciences. It was impossible to break away from old-world conceptions of the heavens without disturbing deeply-seated prejudices resting upon the sanction of antiquity. To overcome these was an arduous task. Strengthened however by the *DE REVOLUTIONIBUS* of Copernicus, Galileo steadfastly persevered, and from his labours there gradually broke upon the world a new light which revealed the true structure of the heavens. In this brief narrative however we may touch but lightly on some of the points of the controversy which arose between the adherents of the old and the pioneers of the new astronomy.

Soon after his discovery in September, 1610, of Jupiter's moons, which had done so much to unsettle the old belief in the Earth being the central body of the universe, around which the Sun, Moon and stars revolved, Galileo directed his telescope towards Venus. He found it to be not exactly round but somewhat convex in form, or like the Moon when nine days old. The true significance of the phase was not lost upon Galileo, but he evidently thought it needful to exercise caution in communicating to others this fresh discovery. Adopting a method not uncommon in those days he put his announcement in the form of an anagram, thus: *Haec immatura a me jam frustra leguntur, o.y.*, which may be read, "These incomplete observations are as yet read by me in vain." Father Costelli disliking the testimony that Galileo's discoveries were bringing to the truth of the Copernican theory had asked very pertinently why, if Mercury and Venus were interior planets revolving about the Sun, they did not show phases like the Moon's. Galileo was ill, and put him off for a time. This was on the 5th of November, 1610. By the 15th of the following month, however, he was prepared with a complete answer; his gladdened eyes had meanwhile been greeted with a full view of the lovely planet in her half full stage. From this point onwards she had passed through all the varying phases with which the Moon has rendered us familiar in her calm, majestic sway over the evening sky. It was now certain that only the side of the planet turned towards the Sun was illuminated: that it shone only by light received from the Sun, and not by its own glory, as hitherto had been believed. This was disquieting news for the astrologer. For, if the

story told of Venus were true of all the planets, away would fly the cherished illusion of ages that each orb poured its own special influence upon the denizens of this lower world, and with it would go the renown which by right was his as a foreteller of events. Nor was the apprehension lessened when in 1611 Galileo published his *NUNCIUS SIDEREUS*. Yet it would almost seem as if the preacher who lifted up his voice against Galileo Galilei was something of a humorist with a turn for punning; he chose for the text of his discourse, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here gazing up into heaven?"

Boldly entering the disputants' arena at Padua or at Pisa, Galileo would lash with the scorn of his tongue the professors of science and philosophy who, never daring to investigate for themselves, held tenaciously to the doctrines of the schools; who, if they were able to recite from the *NATURAL PHILOSOPHY* of Aristotle, or quote from the *ALMAGEST* of Ptolemy, were content to believe they had reached the limit of human knowledge. "Your eminence would be delighted," writes a contemporary, "if you heard him [Galileo] holding forth in the midst of fifteen or twenty all violently attacking him, sometimes in one house, sometimes in another. But he is armed after such a fashion that he laughs all of them to scorn; and even if the novelty of his opinions prevent entire persuasion, at least he convicts of emptiness most of the arguments with which his adversaries endeavour to overwhelm him."

Galileo, however, saw danger ahead, and prudence suggested that he should move warily. We find him next addressing a letter to William de Medici, at Prague, in which he gives an account of his discoveries, and he asks that it may be forwarded to his friend Kepler. It is printed in the

preface of Kepler's work on Optics. After speaking of the world of wonders his telescope had revealed to him, Galileo adds,

We have hence the most certain, sensible decision and demonstration of two grand questions, which to this day have been doubtful, and disputed among the greatest masters of reason in the world. One is that the planets in their own nature are opaque bodies, attributing to Mercury what we have seen in Venus, which necessarily moves round the sun, as also Mercury and the other planets—a thing well believed indeed by Pythagoras, Copernicus, Kepler, and myself, but never yet proved as now by ocular inspection upon Venus.

He concludes with an explanation of the cypher already mentioned, showing that by transposing the letters of the sentence it may be read as follows: *Cynthia figuræ æmulatur Mater Amorum*:—i.e., "Venus shows phases like the Moon's."

Conscious of the power his opponents possessed over him and their determination to use it, Galileo sought to propitiate the favour of the Church, and in 1616 he was so fortunate as to be granted an audience of Paul the Fifth, who received him with cordiality. At the close of the interview his Holiness assured Galileo that the Congregation were in no humour to listen lightly to calumnies against him, and that so long as he himself held the papal chair Galileo might consider himself safe from harm. It was tacitly understood between them that these assurances were given on the understanding that Galileo should cease from advocating the opinions of Copernicus respecting the movements of the heavenly bodies.

It is difficult to reconcile Galileo's devious courses with honest conviction. He is perpetually trying to blind those who oppose him on ecclesiastical ground by subtle artifice in the way he presents his argument,

both orally and in print. In 1624 we meet with him again hurrying to Rome in order to congratulate Urban the Eighth on his elevation to the Papal throne, and to assure his Holiness of his devotion to the Church. The Pope was so agreeably surprised with Galileo and his profession of faith that he at once wrote a letter to the Grand Duke of Tuscany commending the distinguished Florentine to his good graces. In this letter, still extant, the Pope says: "We find in him not only literary distinction but love of piety, and he is strong in those qualities by which Pontifical good-will is easily obtained . . . We lovingly embrace him, nor can we suffer him to return to the country whither your liberality recalls him without an ample provision of Pontifical love. . . . Every benefit which you shall confer upon him will conduce to our gratification."

A curious commentary on Galileo's attitude towards ecclesiastical authority is found in a letter which he wrote soon after leaving Rome to the Archduke Leopold. It accompanied a treatise which Galileo had prepared on the *THEORY OF THE TIDES*. A vein of sarcasm runs through the letter, thinly disguised with what may be sincere loyalty and submission to the will of the Church, but certainly betraying keen sensibility to the perils of plain speech. He tells the Duke that the idea of writing the work occurred to him when in Rome listening to the theologians debating on the prohibition that had been put upon Copernicus's *DE REVOLUTIONIBUS*, on account of the opinions which it contained respecting the earth's motion, and in which Galileo says he at that time believed—"until it pleased those gentlemen to suspend the book, declaring it to be false

and repugnant to the Holy Scriptures." He adds,

Now, as I know how well it becomes me to obey and believe the decisions of my superiors, which proceed out of more profound knowledge than the weakness of my intellect can attain to, this theory which I send you, and which is founded on the motion of the earth, I now look upon as a fiction and a dream, and beg your Highness to receive it as such. But as poets often learn to prize the creations of their fancy, so, in like manner, do I set some value on this absurdity of mine. It is true that when I sketched this little work I did hope that Copernicus would not, after eighty years, be convicted of error; and I had intended to develope and amplify it further, but a voice from Heaven suddenly awakened me, and at once annihilated all my confused and entangled fancies.

At a later date Galileo succeeded in obtaining ecclesiastical permission to publish his great work on the *TWO PRINCIPAL SYSTEMS OF THE WORLD: THE PTOLEMAIC AND THE COPERNICAN*. No sooner, however, had it appeared in print than he was called upon to renounce the opinions of Copernicus, to which it was considered he had given too much prominence and favour. Bold and skilful as he was, Galileo never lost sight of the risk he ran by frank avowal of his new theory, to escape which he clothed the subject (presented in the form of a dialogue) in a subtle disguise, apparently thinking the intelligent reader would discern the real aim and value of the arguments employed on either side. Galileo cannot be acquitted of using every form of artifice in order to screen himself from responsibility. He would have presented a nobler figure to posterity had he possessed the unflinching courage of the early martyrs.

At the age of seventy, infirm of body and blind, Galileo passes out of public view, cheered it may well be by the comforting thought that he

had shaken to their foundations the astronomical fallacies of the old school, and that no earthly power could arrest the progress, or stay the development of the new astronomy, whose authority rests upon demonstrable facts.

It was but little the painstaking Schröter could make out, between the years 1788 and 1793, respecting the surface of the planet. The first feature that attracted his attention was a sharp prominence on the southern horn of the crescent, which was always seen to be longer and more pointed than the northern one. After careful examination he came to the conclusion that the southern projection was really a high mountain ridge which, arresting the sun's rays, caused a dark shadow to fall on the inner side. But surely Schröter was far out in his reckoning when he estimated the height of the peak to be about twenty-seven miles, that is to say, an altitude five times higher than the loftiest eminence on the earth's surface. There seems to be little doubt of the existence of a dark streak on the southern horn suggestive of a high peak. Astronomers situated at widely different places have often seen it, notably Mr. Breen, at Cambridge, using the great Northumberland telescope. Schröter, continuing his observation of the dark eminence, noticed that it appeared and disappeared at regular intervals, and from the time which elapsed between these occurrences he inferred that the planet revolved on its axis once in every twenty-three hours, twenty-one minutes.

Sir William Herschell, however, arrived at a different conclusion. On his first examination of the planet he fancied, or indeed more than fancied, that he saw hazy traces of prominences and depressions, here brighter, there duller parts, as of

lofty peaks rising high above a cloud-laden atmosphere. But on more careful inspection he found that these appearances varied so much from time to time, and disappeared so rapidly that they really afforded no evidence of a diurnal revolution. Assuming the planet to be surrounded by an atmosphere he concluded that what he had seen was more probably due to clouds and other varying phenomena. Schröter, however, led the way to a definite conclusion on the subject of an atmosphere. He pointed out, in the first place, the observed rapid diminution of the planet's brilliancy towards the terminator (the hollow edge of the crescent), which he thought could only be attributed to atmospheric absorption; next, to the horns of the crescent projecting beyond the limit of a semi-circle, and lastly, to the presence of a bluish gleam illuminating the early hours of the planet's night. What else could this illumination indicate but the waning rays of the sun gradually melting away in an atmosphere laden with moisture? Herschell was constrained to admit that the same effect is produced by refraction in our own atmosphere when the heavenly bodies are visibly above the horizon at a moment when they are really just below it. On this point Schröter's reasoning received half a century later ample confirmation from observers in Europe and America. Herr Mädler, of Dorpat, in May, 1849, found the arms of the waning light mentioned to embrace no less than 240° of the entire extent of the planet's disc. Mr. Guthrie, of Bervie in Scotland, had seven years earlier observed under favourable conditions the whole circumference lit up with a faint nebulous glow, an appearance which could only result, it was assumed, from the solar rays piercing the planet's atmosphere. Similar phe-

nomena were noticed in September, 1863, by Mr. Leeson Prince, at Uckfield; and in December, 1866, by Professor Lyman, of Yale College. During five hours before the transit of Venus across the sun's face took place in 1874 Mr. Lyman noticed with special interest that a yellowish ring of refracted light showed at one point an approach to interruption, as light would do shining through a dense atmosphere. It is noteworthy that the dark hemisphere of the planet was occasionally seen slightly illuminated, Venus presenting the appearance seen on the Moon, when we say, "The old moon is in the new moon's arms." This faint glow on the Moon which comes of the Earth's reflected light falling on her dark side may be seen on any clear evening three or four days after her change. But in the case of Venus there is no large body near her to shed such light as this upon the side turned away from the Sun.

It must be admitted that the sum of these observations is not so complete or satisfying as could have been wished. For, after all, men's most ardent desire is to know whether our brilliant neighbour is really a world like our own. Some astronomers, it is true, have charmed the imagination with a prospect of finding in the glowing planet a world peopled with intelligent beings akin to ourselves, playing their part in the Cytherean drama among hills and valleys clothed in perennial verdure, and laved by sylvan streams. Early in the last century Herr Gruithuisen, of the Munich Observatory, threw out the suggestion that the opalescent gleam occasionally seen on Venus might be the effect of a grand illumination got up by the inhabitants of the planet in celebration of some periodically recurring event; while Zollner saw in the peculiar light the phosphor-

escent glow of an immense ocean teeming, it might be, with warm life.

Certainly the presence of an atmosphere surcharged with dense cloud opens to the mind's eye a view of large expanses of ocean, seas and rivers; of mountain ranges whose cooler surface condenses the sun-drawn vapours into clouds. Hence may follow all the phenomena with which terrestrial experience has made us familiar, and which conduce to the existence of vegetable and animal life. And there are reasons for thinking that Venus is in about the same stage of her existence as the Earth is. But this pleasing conception is not heightened when we remember that Venus has no attendant moon to lend charm to her evening skies, and that she is placed so much nearer than our globe is to the source of all light and heat. The Sun as seen in her skies has a diameter one-third larger than that which he presents to us. Hence it is inferred that Venus has a temperature, particularly in her equatorial regions, which would be unbearable to us. But possibly her atmosphere (about double the Earth's in density) may temper the heat of the Sun, and give the planet a mean surface temperature not much unlike our own. Then there are the temperate and subarctic zones, where the climate and environment may be well suited to the existence of the various forms of life as we are able to imagine them. Assuming then that the planet has large expanses of ocean (and we are fairly entitled to do so from the fact that its surface is shrouded in an almost impenetrable atmosphere which reflects the Sun's rays as from the surface of driven snow), the question arises, how in the absence of a moon are the tides regulated? The Moon as we know is the chief factor in the production of tidal waves on our

globe, her proportion of the work being about two and a half times greater than the Sun's. From their combined action we have tidal waves ranging from the highest spring tides when the Sun and Moon are pulling together, to the lowest neap tides, when the Sun is in opposition, these latter being only one and a half times as high as would be tides produced by the Sun alone. And taking into account how much nearer Venus is to the Sun than we are it becomes clear that she has no need of a satellite to raise tides on her great surface waters, for the Sun's more powerful action will raise an upheaval and flow about equal in amount to the Earth's mean tides, and without the extreme variations which mark the tides on our globe.

Some astronomers of repute, as Gruithuisen and Trouvelot, Webb and Phillips, perhaps unconsciously influenced by a desire to bring Venus into harmony with terrestrial conditions, have seen whitish points glittering like "ice needles" at the poles of the planet. M. Trouvelot is very precise. When Venus was approaching inferior conjunction in February, 1878, he observed the polar spots distinctly. The one on the southern pole or horn sparkled more brilliantly than that on the northern pole. The surface of each was irregular—a confused mass, indeed, of luminous points; in general outline they resembled a mountainous district studded with numerous peaks (like the Earth's polar regions) reflecting the Sun's rays with surprising brilliancy. He remarks: "The polar spots seem bristling with peaks and needles. This is especially the case in regard to the southern spots, which seem entirely formed of brilliant points. On the north polar spot is a luminous peak which seems to project outside the limb." Though there may be

no *prima facie* reason against the supposition of polar regions of the character mentioned, it seems very doubtful if mountains of ice can have been seen on a planet whose surface is shrouded in a vaporous covering so dense as is the atmosphere of Venus, which rises to a height of about one hundred and twenty-six kilometres. Miss Ellen M. Clerke in her admirable monograph on *THE PLANET VENUS* (1893) suggests that "they may be not solid rock structures, but cloud masses piled up to an abnormal height, perhaps at the meeting point of cold and warm air currents."

In recent years astronomers have found that Venus can be observed in the daytime with far better results than can be got from evening observation. In the middle of the day the planet can be found with an equatorial stand mounting a moderate-sized telescope—a silver reflector answers better than an achromatic. And high up in the heavens she is free from the vapours of the horizon which lend her the limpid glow so dazzling to the eyes. She is most favourably situated for observation when near her elongations; she then appears like a half moon, or slightly horned. At the time when she is nearest the Earth—25,000,000 miles away (*i.e.*, 10,000,000 miles nearer to us than Mars is at his least distance), she is invisible, being lost in the Sun's rays. Consequently, only a portion of her apparent surface can be seen at any one time. When she is near her elongations, however, she affords a good opportunity for getting solar parallax (the sun's distance), one of the most important units in astronomy. But this is work which belongs more particularly to transit observation.

Transits of Venus over the Sun's disc occur at such rare and distant

intervals, and the work to be done is so important, that as the time approaches there is a general call to arms throughout the ranks of astronomers in every civilised country. It happens that the orbits of the Earth and Venus do not lie exactly in the same plane (that in which our neighbour revolves is inclined $3^{\circ} 23'$ to that in which the Earth moves); if they did Venus would be seen slowly gliding across the Sun's face once in every five hundred and eighty-four days. Owing to this difference in the level of the two paths Venus passes above or below the direct line of vision looking towards the Sun, except at the time when she comes very near the lines of intersection of the two tracks. When this happens she presents the appearance of a dark, well-defined, round ball on the Sun's disc, which, as Mr. Proctor remarks in *OLD AND NEW ASTRONOMY*, serves as an index-plate, the duration of the transit varying from about four to eight hours, the length of time depending upon the line of passage, whether central or across a smaller section of the Sun's disc. The transits usually happen in pairs separated by eight years. Long intervals, however, of $105\frac{1}{2}$ and $121\frac{1}{2}$ years elapse between one pair of transits and another, and they occur alternately in June and December. A transit of Venus took place in December, 1631, and its companion (the first transit ever calculated by an Englishman, Rev. J. Horrocks, Hoole, Lancashire) occurred on the 4th of December, 1639, the very day the computist had foretold. Then after the lapse of $121\frac{1}{2}$ years came a June couple in the years 1761 and 1769, followed $105\frac{1}{2}$ years later by the two transits of December, 1874 and 1882. These last events aroused a high degree of enthusiasm in the astronomical world; a system for their observation was organised

which embraced in a complete zone the whole hemisphere illuminated by the Sun. For the transit of 1874 expeditions of highly trained observers were equipped and sent out, at a cost of a quarter of a million, to eighty different parts of the globe including some of the most inaccessible regions.

England despatched parties of observers to Egypt, Syria, Persia, India, China, Japan, Australia and the Cape. The labours of this grand army of observers when classified, compared and analysed did not yield results so satisfactory as had been expected. The great illumination of the planet's atmosphere had prevented the observers from getting the exact moment of the contact between the solid body of the planet and the Sun. To this cause were due discrepancies of as much as twenty or thirty seconds between the figures of different observers at the same station. The conclusion deducible from the whole series of observations left the problem of solar parallax undetermined within a probable error of about a million and a half of miles. Parenthetically it may be mentioned that three years later Mr. (now Sir David) Gill, Director of the Royal Observatory at the Cape, made a more satisfactory attack on the problem through the agency of beardless Mars. His heliometric observation, known as the diurnal method of parallaxes, gave him a solar parallax of $878''$, corresponding to a solar distance of 93,080,000 miles. This is now the accepted footrule by which the mathematician gauges the expanse separating our Sun from other like orbs, though the distance be so vast that their light-rays may take hundreds, nay, thousands of years to reach us. Still unsatisfied, the chemist, armed with the light-breaking spectroscope, seizes upon these rays of light and analysing them tells

us of what stuff they are made. But surely the greatest wonder of all is that these and other similar triumphs over matter and space should be achieved by beings such as we are, who, relatively to the size of the planet on which we dwell, are but as microscopic objects on the leaf of a tree.

All that can be safely affirmed respecting the physical condition of Venus is that she is surrounded by a vaporous atmosphere which presses upon her surface with nearly double the weight of ours, or in the ratio of 189 to 100. And as to her features discernible through this thick veil we can only infer that the apparent indentations and prominences visible on the crescent, particularly the cusps, may indicate a more uneven surface than the Earth's. In size, however, she comes closely up to the Earth; her diameter, according to measurements made at the Lick and Yerkes Observatories early in 1902, is 7,713 miles, the Earth's equatorial diameter being 7,926 miles. The volume of the Earth exceeds that of Venus about as 100 exceeds 92. And, as seems but fitting, the beautiful star is not so dense as is the Earth, her mass being in the ratio of rather less than 78 to 100.

But it is to be feared there is a rude awakening in store for those who indulge in dreams of a Cytherean world alternately bathed in a flood of golden sunlight, and steeped in the cool, dark shades of night. In 1890 the distinguished astronomer of Milan, Signor G. V. Schiaparelli, after a long series of daytime observations, watching the planet for eight hours consecutively, found himself driven to the conclusion that Venus always

presents the same face to the Sun, just as Mercury does, and as the Moon does to the Earth. If this should be so indeed, and there seems little room for doubt, it follows that Venus has no diurnal rotation on her axis; that she can have but one everlasting day on the side turned towards the Sun, and on the opposite hemisphere but one never-ending night. The error of previous observers in assigning to the planet a diurnal rotation was due, it is believed, to variations in the atmospheric condition of the Earth, which recur, Schiaparelli had remarked, about the same hour daily. Confirmatory evidence of the planet's fixity of position relatively to the Sun was soon afforded by M. Perrotin, at Nice, who during six months' almost continuous observation in 1890 could find no sign of a daily revolution about its axis. He is of opinion that the few varying features visible now and then are due to cloud movements in the upper strata of the planet's atmosphere. The real body of Venus has never been seen; all that has been taken to indicate the presence of lofty mountains, wide chasms and crater-like peaks is now believed to be the fleeting forms of cloud-scenery. But amid the perplexities which beset the observer there is the certainty that between the two separate regions of perpetual night and day there must lie a wide zone of subdued rose-flushed twilight, where the climatic conditions may be well suited to the existence of a race of intelligent beings, whose highest aim may possibly be the exploration of the mysterious regions lying beyond their ken.

ED. VINCENT HEWARD.

A MIDDLE-AGED MEDITATION.

I REMEMBER, when I was an undergraduate at Cambridge, that I went one Sunday morning, after chapel, for a walk with a friendly Don. We stopped for a moment—it was summer—on Clare Bridge, and looked down the Cam. I can still see with the inward eye that incomparable prospect; the Renaissance front of the college, like an Italian palace, the high ironwork of the gate, the grey balustrades of the bridge, the terraced walks above the river, the ivy on the mouldering walls, the shrubs of the garden with the high elms beyond. My companion said, "What a delicious day for my birthday—I am thirty-six to-day."

I was consumed, I remember, in a moment, by a great pity for my friend. I had thought of him vaguely as a few years older than myself—and now a veil was torn away; here was not the lively and vigorous companion that I had imagined, but a man faint with experience, and within a few years of forty, an *old man*, with but a handful of declining years between him and the grave.

I suppose I was myself very young for my age, and somewhat unreflective; for it certainly appeared to me that to describe a man, as I often vaguely did, as "about forty," was practically to relegate him to the class of people for whom life might perhaps hold a few more sober hours, but for whom pleasures of a serious kind could hardly be said to exist. I am now half a dozen years older than my decrepit friend was then, and I find that my point of view has insensibly changed; I do not feel

appreciably older myself than I did on Clare bridge; I have still many illusions; I am still irrepressibly hopeful, and look forward confidently to setting the Thames, or at least the Cam, on fire within the next year or two. The next book that I write is to make me famous; the shower of honorary degrees and decorative ribbons is shortly to begin to fall; and yet I suppose (nay I am sure) that there are many boys to whom I seem as distressingly old as my friend did on that day. Yet every time it is brought home to me—as it is sometimes brought home to me by the confiding talk of some girl whom I take in to dinner, who regards me as long past the power of being interesting, as a *dear old man* in fact—every time, I say, that this is brought home to me, it is with a shock of pain.

I wish here to consider my position briefly, and to state the sources of my happiness and unhappiness. I have always cherished the hope that I shall not fall into the error of those who lament in retrospect over vanished joys and pleasures. It seems to me that it ought to be possible to grow old temperately and joyfully, and to gain at each point the appropriate virtues and ornaments of the decade to which one belongs. I have no wish to anticipate age or to prolong youth unduly. I remember a silly chattering old man in a Swiss hotel, who insisted on taking a large party of helpless persons on a glacier tied together with a rope, while he headed the hapless band himself, waving an ice-axe and recounting the incidents of the days when, as he

said, he *bounded from peak to peak*. Hardly were the words out of his mouth when he fell into a shallow adjacent crevasse, and was extricated by the porter who had accompanied the procession, not indeed to protect it, but to carry humbly the provision for the midday meal. Neither then nor since has that lamentable old man appeared to me in anything but a distressing light, though there were unhappily only too many persons to be found in the hotel to encourage him, and even to admire his parade of vigour. I desire personally to become older in a dignified way, and to know when to stop active pursuits; and when the time comes, and not before, I desire to "beam through my spectacles" upon the young people. I have known men and women who have done this gracefully and successfully, just like the old dog who in his hot youth used to run exulting with the carriage, and who now only turns out to salute it when it departs, to give a hoarse bark or two, and then returns contentedly to the fireside to sleep quietly and to be at his best when the beloved party returns.

I will say frankly that I am far happier in every way than I was as a young man. I suppose I was never a real *young* young man, or I should not be so contented a middle-aged one. I suppose too that I have not yet reached the point at which physical vigour abates, or at which the mind becomes irrevocably made up on every point. I find that I can take exercise, though not violent exercise, as well as ever and with less fatigue. I can walk all day in a mountain country, or bicycle all day in an agreeable landscape. I can shoot better than I used to be able to do; and if exercise has not quite the zest it used to have, I believe I enjoy it more; at the same time I become aware that it is not so necessary to

me as formerly, and that I can keep in health without it; that air in fact is more needful than exercise.

Moreover my interests have largely increased. As a young man I never read the paper, and thought meanly of those who did. Now I read my *TIMES* from end to end and hate to be deprived of it. Then (I had enjoyed a strictly classical education) I knew no history to speak of; I have now a fair general knowledge of the events and personages of modern times. Then I loved poetry and fiction. Now I cannot read modern novels, but tend to revert to half a dozen favourite authors; and poetry I seldom deliberately read. I now prefer biographies and memoirs to almost any other reading. Formerly a biography ceased to interest me as soon as the hero left the university; I now find that up to the age of about forty I can follow his fortunes with absorbing interest. Then my circle was composed of a few friends and relatives, and my interests were confined to the doings of my old school and university and my own countryside. Now a network of innumerable fine chains has grown up over the whole of England, and even extends into foreign parts. I have many correspondents, and the world seems a more real and lively place than it did. All this is pure gain.

One special advantage of middle age I will here gratefully record. I now do, in matters of amusement, only what I know amuses me. As a young man there were many things I felt bound to do, because other people did them, because they were fashionable, because it was natural for a young man to do them, and I did not wish to appear *slow* or exceptional, and for other equally lame reasons. But now I know my own mind. I only go to houses where I know I shall feel at home—

formerly I was incapable of declining an invitation. I now have no difficulty in refusing to do what I do not like, except in cases where some sacrifice must be made for goodfellowship, as, for instance, if a party of bridge cannot be made up without me. If I am asked to ride a friend's horse, I say no. If I am asked to play golf, I say I do not play it; if I am asked if I would like to go over and lunch with some tiresome neighbours, I say frankly that it would not amuse me. This, it seems to me, is not selfishness; I may honestly say that I have a stronger sense of duty and am more conscientious than I was when I was young—but it seems to me that when things are intended purely for pleasure, and have no other motive behind them, it is a pity to do them when they are only burdensome. It is necessary when one is young to do a large number of things for the sake of experiment, because an unenterprising young man can often be prevented from doing something, which turns out eventually to be a source of pleasure, by indolence or some initial shyness. And thus I think that the instinct of trying to do things from a sense of shame is a healthy one in youth. I well remember how I used to frequent balls, though a miserable dancer; and I remember too the moment when I achieved my freedom. I had gone to a ball in a neighbour's house, and stood gloomily about behind doors endeavouring to enter into lively conversation with people who were frankly enjoying themselves. My genial host, espying me as I stood solitary, said to me, "You look as if you were at a funeral." My spirit rose within me, and I said, "Yes, that is how I feel—and, please God, I will never go to another ball as long as I live." And I have kept my word.

Another great benefit conferred by age is the gradual extinction of the sense of shyness. I find that I can now ask a question in a natural way, say frankly, and I hope not discourteously, what I think, meet a stranger on easy terms and without a suspicious feeling that he is likely to despise me. The reason partly is that though my belief in my own attainments has not markedly increased (and indeed there is little reason why it should) my belief in the attainments of other people has not increased either. In youth opinions are apt to be held with a species of defiance, however harmless or inconspicuous they are. But the feeling that I now have, that I have a perfect right to any opinion of my own, probably causes me to modify the language in which I express it, quite apart from the fact that I now see no reason to deny to other people the right, if they are foolish enough to exercise it, of holding opinions diametrically opposite to mine.

Moreover my feeling of the consequences of social solecisms is not so acute. As a young man if I behaved awkwardly, if I expressed an unfavourable opinion, by mischance, of a near relation of someone present in a social gathering, I used to go away feeling an outcast. I now know that awkwardness wins more sympathy than disapproval; and, if I have the misfortune to commit myself to a critical opinion on a near relation of a neighbour and become aware of the fact, I have the courage to invite him to express a similar opinion on some near relation of my own. I no longer feel that the eyes of Europe are on me, and, realising as I do how soon I forget all about the persons I have met, I realise that no one troubles their head very much about me in my absence. Part of this loss of self-consciousness is

physical no doubt, but it is also greatly due to a truer sense of the proportion of things. It is true that one does not become instinctively conscious of one's advancing years. But I have found it useful to remind myself, when I am in the company of people whom I do not hesitate to consider as *buffers*, that after all I am a buffer myself, and have every right to behave as one. All this convergence of experience helps, and the fact remains that a sort of social liberty and equality is one of the best gifts of advancing years, and tends to deliver one from the proneness of youth to indulge in harsh judgements, the converse of which is the painful consciousness of being harshly judged oneself, which results in shyness.

So much for negative benefits; to turn to the positive advantages gained by advancing years, I am inclined to put among the highest the increasing sense of the beauty of simple things. When I was young I required, to make me conscious of beauty, that there should be some exceptional and sensational quality in what I saw; I wished to feast my eyes on great mountains, huge precipices, immense buildings, furious seas. Now I am contented with a lane of elms, a sloping pasture, a quiet wood-end, a little stream, a building with a tender grace of antiquity about it. I used to require to be violently impressed and stirred. I liked pictures representing some poignant emotion, music that shrieked and blazed out in a tumult of sound. Now I like small tranquil pictures of landscape, and soft music. Hardly a day passes now without my being surprised by some fine and delicate effect, some glimpse of meek and incommunicable beauty in the things that surround me. A flower on my table, a daffodil with its crumpled head, its smooth sword-like leaf, an airy elm seen from

my window against a blue sky, a mellow wall orange with lichens, a little pool in a pasture set round by rushes—each gives me a thrill of contented delight. I find that I love purity and simplicity of effect more than complexity and magnificence. The result of this is that my life is far fuller of beauty than it was when I was young, and I have exchanged the craving of unsatisfied sensation for a tranquil pleasure in the uninterrupted series of patient delights that nature is for ever preparing in the homeliest landscape. Perhaps I am not so deeply moved and stirred as in the old days; but the sense of beauty is far more constant and far more sustaining.

This brings me to my last point; it is that there has grown up in my heart a species of philosophy, I might almost call it religion, which is both stronger and more wholesome than the tumultuous emotions that used to affect me in youth. I used to desire to read the riddle of the world, to have some definite and all-embracing theory which should explain all the mysteries of life and ennoble the dark trials of the soul. I think that I am content to leave more unexplained now, to be more grateful for simple happiness, to take affection soberly and thankfully, to realise that one can but see a little bit of life, and to be thankful for any emotion which enables one to play a quiet and brave part. I fear that this philosophy has not been put to any very severe test, and I do not know what its strength would be if I were confronted with some hopeless and irreparable calamity. But I have seen such visitations fall on others, and I have recognised with deep gratitude that the human heart is capable of bearing with a great deal of equanimity a thought which, it would seem, must darken the whole of life. In

smaller things I believe I am more conscientious, and more aware of the rights of other persons. I have learnt that one has inevitably to pass through hours of depression, and even long and dreary periods when there seems no particularly enlivening or hopeful thought on the horizon. But one somehow emerges, and one is more content to wait.

Of course one cannot profit by the experience of others; and I am well aware that a youthful reader of these lines may think that I am describing a very tame and spiritless existence; all I would say is that I am a happier man than I was when I was young, and that I frankly do not regret the loss of my youth.

A great artist was once describing the decadence which in so many cases

seemed to enfold the middle period of life. "Yes," he said, "old men dream dreams, and young men see visions, but middle-aged men only *dine*." I am aware that there is some truth in this; one gets to find a certain degree of comfort, I will not say indispensable, but at all events a convenient and an agreeable thing. But I entirely deny that my happiness is built upon this or depends upon it; and though I may have lost the faculty of seeing the visions of what may be, and may not yet have lapsed into the region of dreams,—the dreams of what might have been—I can gratefully say that life seems to me more full, more interesting, more poetical, though perhaps less romantic, than in the days when I was young.

POSTUMUS.

THE NINE PENGUINS' EGGS.

I HAD made up her fire when I retired at ten ; it was midnight now, and to touch it would have brought down the top ash and smothered the whole. A dull red glow rested upon the hearth-rug and reached the valance of her bed ; everything above was in darkness. This was unfortunate, for her candle had burnt to the socket and Miss Barnwell would not release me to fetch my own.

"I'm a-dyin' !" she muttered for the hundredth time.

"*I think not, dear !*" I shouted at intervals, rather mechanically, for we had gone through the performance many times for years past and nothing definite had transpired, as the papers say. Yet I wished I could see her face. She was holding my wrists tightly, but, perhaps not so tightly as usual ; her fingers were certainly cool.

This is the sort of thing that a lady-companion has to put up with. I do not complain : we are paid for it ; but I am not going to simulate an emotion which I did not feel or regret which was not honestly due.

Miss Mary Amelia Barnwell owned to eighty-nine and was believed to be ninety-one. Unlike most old people she took no pride in her age. If she had ever been personable or amiable, or even interesting, she had lost all claim to these qualities before I came to take care of her fifteen years ago. To begin with, she was hard of hearing, and deaf people, as we all know, are less observant than the blind and consequently less cheerful. Some elderly persons are confidential ; she

was secretive. I knew almost as little of her affairs that night as I did when, as I said before, I came to take charge of her ; which is one way of putting it, for she was most independent and far from easy to influence.

Mr. Samuel's precaution was quite uncalled for. Mr. Samuel Barnwell is the eldest great-nephew ; Mr. Albert and Mr. Thomas are the others. All three are well-to-do ; Mr. Samuel, they say, is rich ; he claims to have declined to be knighted the year he was mayor, but that may be only his imagination. He is in business at King's Waterbeach some fifty miles from this, and the other two in Newark and Ely. Their sister, Mrs. Grey, lives the other side of London ; her husband holds a perpetual curacy, and the education of their sons is said to be something of a struggle. She sees but little of her brothers.

Well, as I was saying, Mr. Samuel, when he proposed to engage me for his great-aunt, made it plain in so many words that under no circumstances was I to nourish expectations, and wanted me to sign some paper renouncing in advance any prospective legacy. I am glad to say that I stood upon my dignity and declined to discuss the subject with him, and the thing was settled by Miss Barnwell (to whom I privately referred the question) engaging me over his head.

It was after this that she altered her will, as I always believed. He has never forgiven me. We are distantly polite, which is to say that I am, for Mr. Samuel is one of those

persons who pride themselves on being what they call brusque and other people call rude. Her late Majesty might have made him a knight, but only a miracle could have made him a gentleman.

"I'm a-dyin'!" said the old lady.

The syllables came more slowly; she might only be dropping off. I regretted for the fiftieth time that the hand-bell was out of reach; not that it would have made much difference, the maids sleeping so sound.

"E-li-jah!" This was something fresh. "Yes!" (I had not spoken.) "Certainly—You may come in—"

"Lijah! dear!" This was in a tone I had never heard her use. I had an absurd sense of intruding, but in a moment her grasp fluttered and relaxed; the change came and I was alone.

I know what is too often done at such times, and I know what should be done; and am glad to say that I did it. I knocked the maids up, lit their candle, and packed them off together for the doctor. By the time they returned every bureau, drawer, cupboard, and cabinet was locked, the plate in safety and many of the smaller ornaments. What they thought and what they said I do not know: how they looked I do know; but I had myself to consider and Mr. Samuel Barnwell to face, and couldn't be so considerate to their feelings as I should have liked to be. I should have looked well hunting the house for missing sheets and dessert-spoons the day after the funeral with the executors at my heels!

But that half-hour was an experience. Going about the empty rooms with only the poor old corpse overhead for company was ghostly work. I had her private keys for the first time and I declare it gave me the creeps to use them; something

seemed at my elbow or peeping over my shoulder all the time.

On the drawing-room what-not lay her knitting; upon the blotting-pad inside the front of the oak bureau was the afternoon's delivery, mostly prospectuses and appeals for charity; one from poor Mrs. Grey (her first and only one in my time), a very touching request for the loan (mind you) of a hundred pounds "for a temporary but pressing family need."

My rule has always been never to interfere, and I had kept to it, but that letter tempted me to put in a word. It did no good; the old lady was flint. "Heigh, indeed! what next? I'm surprised at Isabel," was her comment. I wonder what she thinks of it now. The letter lay half-open, like a mouth beseeching help from the ceiling. The room overhead was the room. I locked the front of the bureau, and never turned a key with greater pleasure.

This was the Saturday night, or rather the Sunday morning. The post goes out at half-past seven on Sunday evening. On Monday, just as I was sitting down to my lunch, Mr. Samuel Barnwell marched in and was for taking possession of everything at a moment's notice.

"Why wasn't I told before?" says he severely, without even a good-morning; running his eye over the furniture as if he half expected that something might be missing. "I wrote—," I began, but he cut me short. "Not by the first post, Miss Fanning. If the telegraph office was closed (as to which I'm making inquiries), you could have sent a special messenger, Miss Fanning. You seem to have forgotten that I am the next of kin, Miss Fanning, and heir-at-law. I will trouble you for the keys. I—said—the *keys*!"

His voice grew louder and more imperative as he went on. He

finished taking off his gloves and slapped them into his hat, which he had placed upon the table laid for me. We were both standing. This might have done with a younger woman, but I am not a chicken. I had expected something of this sort, and had completed my dispositions (as the papers were always saying during the war), had looked up the trains, and sent Martha across for Mr. Laidlaw as soon as the cab turned the corner.

Our neighbour, Mr. Laidlaw, is the lawyer who managed things for Miss Barnwell; he lives close by with an invalid sister in a great draughty old family house with the hall lined with cases of stuffed birds. He is thought much of by the county people all round. He had called on the Sunday afternoon and expressed a wish to be in the house when the relatives arrived and I was only too pleased with the suggestion, for the late Miss Barnwell's great-nephews are,—well, peculiar.

Mr. Thomas, the youngest, is sly and selfish, with little piggy eyes. Mr. Albert is quarrelsome and selfish, with a double chin and a coarse red neck that overhangs his collar behind. Mr. Samuel is the finest man of the three, being tall and rather imposing; but he is as sly as Mr. Thomas and as overbearing as Mr. Albert, and as homeward-bound as either. How they come to have a sister like my dear Mrs. Grey is a mystery; she has always taken my fancy, but by some ill luck the poor lady never pleased her great-aunt. Mr. Samuel stood first with her, until he put his foot into it over my coming; after that she changed her way of living, and there was no telling how the money would go.

Well, as I was saying, Mr. Samuel was for riding the high horse, and was behaving himself as no gentleman behaves, when Martha opened

the door of the room and showed in Mr. Laidlaw.

The lawyer is a little clean-shaved precise sort of gentleman, about fifty-five and a bachelor, neatly dressed, very quiet and conciliatory as a rule, though he can put his foot down, too, on occasion. He bowed and shook hands with me first, which was one for Mr. Samuel; then he turned to him quite pleasantly, and said something courteous in the way of condolence. But Mr. Samuel brushed it all aside and came to the point at once. He seemed to think he was in his own house and repeated his demand for the keys, but more reasonably.

The lawyer heard him out with an air of grave concern, standing meanwhile upon the hearth-rug with his back to the fire. Nor did he put himself about to reply; but turned his answer in his mind and put it in the form of a question in a little dry undertone. Did he understand Mr. Barnwell to propound a will? Mr. Samuel stared. Had Mr. Barnwell a will? It appeared not. Had Mr. Barnwell seen the will? No? Did Mr. Barnwell know, as a matter of fact, that he was named executor?

Mr. Samuel cooled and began to realise some of the possibilities of the situation, and the disadvantages of being too previous; but he is all there, is Mr. Samuel, and he popped up again in a moment. Was there a will then? Ah, very gratifying, just what he had always understood; intestate estates are a great nuisance. He had merely looked in as a matter of precaution: some responsible person must be in charge, as Mr. Laidlaw must know; and he had done what the occasion seemed to demand, and so on, feeling his way. But the lawyer's reticence daunted him, so he began again about being the heir-at-law and how pleased he should be

to have Mr. Laidlaw's professional advice, and how a few words in private would doubtless be necessary, Miss Fanning would understand; the will now. Here he gave me a look which was equivalent to an order to leave the room. With my chop and the vegetables getting cold upon the table under his nose I regarded this as insulting, and held my ground; there was an awkward moment.

Then Mr. Laidlaw cleared his throat and began. He apologised for the inconvenience he was causing me and promised, with the most courteous little smile, to be brief; then, turning to Mr. Samuel, he gravely and slowly put him in his right place. I must say he let him down almost too gently. With Mr. Barnwell's permission (that was how he put it), and with Miss Fanning's kind assistance (a bow to me), he would undertake the arrangements for the funeral, at which, no doubt, Mr. Barnwell would wish to be present.

"I should think so indeed," rapped out Mr. Samuel recovering himself.

"Just so," remarked the lawyer; "after which the testamentary dispositions of my late client will be disclosed to—those concerned."

What might this mean? Mr. Samuel hardly knew what to make of it, as I could see. For a couple of breaths he scrutinised the lawyer's impenetrable face but he could make nothing of that either. "Now look here, Laidlaw," he began at length, in the hectoring way which seems natural to some men, "this is all very well, and of course I needn't say I have confidence in you; but I hope there's been no hanky-panky, you know. Miss Fanning here remembers perfectly well the terms on which I engaged her, and my brothers and I are not going—"

Mr. Laidlaw raised a hand so suddenly and looked so sternly that he

stopped. I bridled up, naturally, but before I could open my mouth, the lawyer, who is very ready at times for all his precise delivery, cut in, looking very straight at Mr. Samuel. "The term you have used, Mr. Barnwell, is not a legal term, nor, if you will pardon me, one used between gentlemen. If you mean undue influence, I would have you know that I drew Miss Barnwell's last will; and I think I may so far satisfy your quite natural curiosity as to assure you that your reasonable expectations will not be disappointed."

"But,—but,—"

"But you are not named executor, Mr. Barnwell."

If I had expected a day or two of quiet before the funeral I did not get them. Mr. Laidlaw worked me early and late, but in such a pleasant, appreciative manner that it was impossible to object. He is a perfect gentleman.

"Under the terms of the will, Miss Fanning," he kept saying, "there is a good deal of business which must be transacted upon the day of the funeral, business which I am determined shall go through without a hitch; and the more minute and perfect the arrangements we make now, the easier it will be for you and me on Thursday, Miss Fanning. These books, now,—you did well to keep these cases locked—am I to class them as *divisible curios*, or shall I send them up to Sotheby's?" He was speaking to himself. "Hullo!" he chirped, "THE LAMB'S DEFENCE AGAINST LIES, THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS, THE SANDY FOUNDATION SHAKEN: are any of the family interested in seventeenth century polemics, I wonder! HOLY WAR, *first* edition, ho! ho!"

"Mr. Thomas Barnwell should know the titles on those books by heart," said I; "he would stand with his nose to the glass, chatting

to Miss Barnwell, by the half-hour together."

"That is so? Then a summary division would be most unfair to the other three who don't know the value of Elzevirs and black-letter tracts. We will catalogue these and sell them for the benefit of the estate, and, trust me, they will fetch a pretty penny. I would give one hundred and fifty pounds for that top shelf as it stands, Miss Fanning."

My respect for Mr. Laidlaw grew daily. I would never have believed that, in matters of housework, a man could be so executive. By Wednesday night there was nothing left to do. The wearing-apparel was spread upon dust-sheets in the second spare bedroom; the plate and the curios, of which the old house was full, were laid upon trestles in the library, as if for a bazaar, in numbered lots corresponding to our catalogue.

"There are some people with whom it is necessary to be very methodical, Miss Fanning; a verified, descriptive inventory with the approximate value of each article noted in cipher is a useful thing to refer to in case of any little disagreement or mistake; and a *very* useful thing for subsequent production, Miss Fanning, if the disagreement is carried into court, let us say. But it is not a thing that one can improvise at short notice in a room full of argumentative people."

Mrs. Grey arrived over night, and I did my best to make her comfortable. Mr. Laidlaw looked in during the evening and explained to her the course of procedure he proposed to follow. He was most sympathetic, and courteously invited her to a private view of the things that would be divided. "This may not be strictly regular, Madam, but I understand you are the eldest of your family, and it may be just as well for you to have some idea of what there

is to divide, that there may be as few regrets and after-thoughts as may be. This portrait is a Romney, and is worth all the rest of the pictures put together. This posset-cup dates from the Commonwealth; it is possibly not in modern taste, but would fetch three times as much as that Georgian salver, for instance. If the will permits you to select, you will naturally bear these little points in mind while making your selection; and I venture to call your attention to them this evening because I shall not be able to do so to-morrow."

So he ambled on, pausing occasionally to make sure that she was following him, gently helping the poor woman to come to some sort of judgment, for she was almost as ignorant as a child in such matters.

After he had left I did my best to impress his points upon her memory, making her out a little list, and so on; and, said I: "Whatever you choose, Mrs. Grey, stick to; remember your husband and children, and don't let the gentlemen persuade you out of your rights."

"You are speaking of my brothers, Miss Fanning!" she answered, with a spark of resentment that I liked her the better for. I said nothing but looked; her eyes fell and she smiled miserably. "You mustn't be hard upon them; we were left orphans in straitened circumstances, and their lives have been hard battles from the first. If they don't show much respect for their great-aunt's memory to-morrow you must just consider that there were times when she might have helped them and—didn't."

"And you," said I to myself, "how much of her help have you had, I wonder? And has not your life been a pinching time?" For she was little and stooped, and struck me as having lived poorly and sat late during her growing time; and I happened to

have heard that she had kept the home together and educated Mr. Thomas herself.

"Well, good-night, my dear," she said and offered me her thin, soft cheek. At her chamber-door she turned, her candle in her hand, and said: "You've been most kind to me; I'm sure you meant well, and,—perhaps I had better keep the list. I can't tell you how I dread to-morrow, and how I despise myself for having looked forward to it for—thirty years! Think of it,—that's what it means to be poor!"

The funeral went without a hitch; trust Mr. Laidlaw and me for that. The party was of the smallest; two coaches, the doctor's brougham, and a fly for the maids. The only person who showed the slightest feeling was poor Mrs. Grey; she had a heart, as I knew. Twice since I have kept house for Miss Barnwell the old lady has had serious attacks, and both times Mrs. Grey offered to come and help me in nursing her, but her great-aunt wouldn't hear of it.

On returning from the church tea was served in the dining-room. After his second cup the doctor caught Mr. Laidlaw's eye but found no encouragement and shook hands rather pensively.

The six of us were left.

Mr. Samuel, who had been fidgeting with his seals, cleared his throat in a rather authoritative fashion and began. "I suppose," said he, gradually lengthening his neck and narrowing his eyes. "I take it," he resumed, looking across at Mr. Laidlaw and then glancing at me. The lawyer raised his eyebrows and waited. Mr. Samuel spoke again. "There will be a little business to see to, Miss Fanning, family matters, you know, quite private and not likely to interest you, we think."

Mr. Thomas held the door open for

me. Knowing Mr. Laidlaw's intentions I did not rise. Mrs. Grey was holding my hand; there was no doubt as to her wishes in the matter, but none of her brothers ever thinks of considering Mrs. Grey.

"The executors naturally wish to be in privacy, Madam," said Mr. Albert, flushing and settling his double chin in his collar with a forefinger.

"The executor," interposed Mr. Laidlaw with gentle emphasis, "desires the presence and assistance of this lady."

"The *what* d'ye say?" shouted Mr. Albert, sitting back and tucking his heels under his chair and his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest—an attitude in which a stout man looks positively repulsive. There is only one male posture less becoming; I mean when they straddle with their backs to the fire. I wish they could see themselves; one cannot conceive a woman in either position.

"The *what*, my good fellow?" says Mr. Albert again, puffing and scowling.

Mr. Laidlaw drew the will from his pocket and flattened it out upon the table before him. "I am the late Miss Mary Amelia Barnwell's sole executor," he said.

"Pre-posterous!" snorted Mr. Albert.

"I protest!" said Mr. Samuel.

"Colourable, but perhaps we had better hear him read it," said Mr. Thomas.

"I think so, yes," murmured Mrs. Grey.

"To prevent disappointment," began the lawyer dryly, "you should know that the deceased, some fifteen years since, invested the bulk of her property in an annuity."

"The deuce she did," snapped out Mr. Albert.

"Hold your row, Al, will ye?"

snarled Mr. Samuel, giving me a vindictive little nod.

"Her real estate, this house and grounds," pursued the lawyer unmoved, "and her personalty, some six thousand pounds in consols, she leaves as follows: twenty-five guineas apiece to each of her two servants; five hundred pounds to myself, five hundred to Miss Fanning,—"

"I shall contest that last," remarked Mr. Samuel emphatically.

"—The residue in equal fourth shares to Mrs. Grey and you three gentlemen, or the survivor or survivors of you, contingencies which do not concern us. The plate, and certain articles which she calls *curios*, the selection of which she leaves to my sole discretion, she directs to be distributed immediately after her funeral among her relations aforesaid, each legatee choosing in turn in order of seniority. This, madam and gentlemen, is the sense of this document. If it please you, I will now read it verbatim."

"And we shall be none the wiser for that," growled Mr. Albert. "My brothers may do as they like, but, speakin' for myself, I shall want an office copy of that thing, and the best advice I can get upon it afterwards."

Mr. Albert's ill-humour was obvious, his brothers' hardly less so. I never met persons of their position who took so little pains to control or conceal their feelings. They glowered at one another, rubbing their chins, digesting their disappointment.

"Dead swindle," gulped Mr. Albert and pushed back his chair. They all rose.

"Pardon me a moment," interposed the solicitor. "In the will there is no mention of the testatrix's wearing apparel; but in this codicil, informally executed, in that the witnesses are not stated to have signed by request, nor in one another's presence, and cer-

tainly signed upon different dates,—in this codicil, I say, which Miss Fanning found yesterday and which I then saw for the first time, it being wholly in the late Miss Barnwell's handwriting,—by this codicil she devises the whole of her clothing to Mrs. Grey."

"What might it be worth?" asked Mr. Thomas cautiously.

"Possibly sixty pounds, sir."

"*In*-formal, you said?" observed Mr. Samuel, looking at his finger-tips.

"I said informal."

"I don't think we need discuss an informal—illegal document, eh?" He referred to his brothers. For once the three were agreed. "Isabel would not wish,—she *cannot* wish to press an illegal claim."

"But, Samuel, dear, what use would poor old auntie's frocks and,—and,—underclothing and things be to you bachelors?"

"Not the point, Isabel, not the point. They're not *yours*; d'y'e see? If you want 'em you can buy them at a valuation, or auction; yes, auction will be best. D'y'e hear, Laidlaw? We'll have no valuations. They offer a loophole, you know, they offer a loophole."

Mr. Laidlaw said nothing. He heard and saw a good deal that day which aroused his deepest repugnance, but preserved an unruffled composure through all. I never admired a man so much in my life. As for poor Mrs. Grey, she drew back into herself, quivering almost as if she had been struck. Her brothers never heeded her.

"Well, we're all agreed; next thing is to divide these knick-knacks. Where are they? In the library? I see you keep it locked."

"All in good time, Mr. Barnwell. There is a second codicil, as to the formality of which I believe there can be no question. In it you will re-

cognise the character and executive capacity of your deceased relative. My client foresaw that the division of such property as we are about to deal with might be beset with difficulties, and might even give rise to disputes, and she has appointed me sole arbitrator and referee in all such cases, whether my adjudication is sought or desired or not, adding,—” he paused and continued in low, clear tones—” that, if in my opinion,—*my* opinion, you will kindly observe—‘any legatee shall object, obstruct, protest, reclaim, recriminate or make himself or herself disagreeable or offensive upon the occasion of this division, or shall refuse or delay upon the conclusion of this division to sign a declaration of full agreement and satisfaction before leaving this house, then he or she or they, the objector or objectors, shall at once and finally forfeit and forego all share in this division and—in the residue of the estate, and the decision shall proceed between the assenting and agreeable legatees as though he, or she, or they, the objectors, had never existed.’”

Whether the men recognised their great-aunt's hand in these provisions or the hand of Mr. Laidlaw didn't much matter; what they did recognise was that they must submit to the solicitor or lose their legacies. Mr. Samuel looked wicked but said nothing. Mr. Albert gave a short laugh, and ground a bit of coal into the carpet, Mr. Thomas meanwhile regarding him covertly with an air of subdued expectation, measuring-up, as one might say, the limits of his brother's patience and temper with an eye to contingencies.

An attempt was made to shut me out of the library upon the pretence that I had heard all of the will that concerned me, but Mr. Laidlaw was firm. He said I had helped him with his lists and could put my hand on

each article; but he did not say, what he has told me since, that he had private and professional reasons for insisting upon my presence.

“It's pure intrusion,” blurted out Mr. Albert.

“’Tis not usual, Laidlaw, I must say; if you want help send for your clerk,” said Mr. Samuel.

“My clerk, sir, is in bed with influenza; but if I had ten clerks, and all were available, I should insist on doing my business in my own way. What is the nature of your objection to this lady is no concern of mine. You have shown it in my presence twice in the last few days, and you must pardon my observing that it does you but little credit. You and the other legatees have to thank Miss Fanning for many hours of hard and exacting work upon your account.”

Mr. Samuel was taken aback by the good little man's unexpected firmness. He had bitten into the peach forgetting the stone. Something was said about being obliged to me, which I did not over-value under the circumstances.

Into the library they trooped as soon as I turned the key; Mr. Samuel first, his sister last like a little shrinking grey mouse. Some minutes were given to silent inspection, and when the rest had taken their seats Mr. Thomas would still be sauntering off to look over and finger something again. I observed that these excursions were narrowly watched by his brothers, but it was only upon the second “Sit down, Tom, will you?” that he joined the rest.

Then the scramble began. Mrs. Grey as eldest was bidden to choose first, and named her great-grand-mother's portrait.

“The Romney, begad, that's Isabel all over!” snarled Mr. Samuel. In fact there was such an outcry from

all three that the poor lady was reduced to tears and was ready to have renounced her right had not Mr. Laidlaw intervened; but her "selfishness" in "picking the eyes out of her aunt's sticks" was so harped upon that she lost what little nerve she had begun with, and was cajoled out of more than one good thing. Mr. Laidlaw did what he could to protect her but felt the difficulty (as he has told me since), of offering advice when at any moment he might have to use his power as arbitrator. I never saw such men for native hardness and coarseness. Mr. Samuel, for instance, was for removing his things to a side-table as soon as he had chosen them; at this rate the room was presently not big enough for the three, but he would have his way. He is a wonder to spread himself, the sort of man that wants both racks and all one side of a compartment for himself, his hat, and his newspaper.

They bickered about this, they bickered about every trifle, each in his own style, as unabashed as small badly brought-up boys, coming to the verge of a rupture twice. Mr. Albert, at length getting outrageous, drew upon himself a reminder of the terms of the codicil. Their mutual jealousy led to the breaking up of a set of Apostle spoons. Mr. Samuel, who fancies china, begged the one piece of blue hawthorn so shamelessly of his sister that his whispers aroused the suspicions of the rest, and Mr. Laidlaw's valuation being asked, there was an outcry, and the bowl being eventually put up to auction among them was knocked down to Mr. Samuel for forty-nine pounds ten shillings. The amazement, delight, and confusion of its rightful owner were almost laughable; the poor thing hardly liked to accept the cheque which her brother tossed surlily across the table.

Well, everything comes to an end

at last. We reached the rubbish; boxes of old letters, framed silhouettes in black, and faded daguerreotypes, the hoarded keepsakes of a century and a half of women's lives. Last of all was a leathern case which I had disinterred from the bottom of a box-ottoman full of flowered silks and stiff *moire antiques* and poplins, uncut materials in the very papers in which they came from Norwich a hundred years ago. The thing was octagonal, banded and hasped with tarnished metal, and might be fifteen inches across by five in depth. It contained nine largish, whiteish egg-shells, streaked and splashed with brown and black like ink-marks upon an old blotting-pad. I suppose there are people who can see the beauty of such things; I cannot. These were not glossy and handsome like ostrich eggs, but roughish to the finger and shaped like pears. They were packed in oakum and smelled faintly of a ship. Upon them lay three old love-letters, weak in the creases, faded and yellow, one written from Rike Awick and two from Conniesberg (wherever those lands may be) beginning *Darling Poll* and signed *Elijah*, a word which pretty nearly made me jump, but conveyed no meaning to the rest. With them lay a cutting from the KING'S WATERBEACH ADVERTISER for July 25th, 1830, telling of the loss with all hands of the brig NORTHERN TRADER of Boston off Sherringham, while on a voyage from Riga to Great Grimsby. Upon a paper pasted inside the lid was written in the formal sloping hand that our grandmothers learned in their seminaries *Pengwins' Eggs, a Gift from E. G.*

That was all. I have described the things particularly, tediously, you may think, for reasons; but at the moment no one at the table looked twice at them. They were one more

bit of out-of-date family lumber, and the last ; so far we were in a way glad to see them, for some of us were cross and all were tired, and much packing had to be done yet, and time was running on.

"What's here?" said Mr. Samuel, whose turn it was. "Nothing worth the carriage." He sniffed the leather: "Russia; held a fur cap once and will hold my spoons. Here, Isabel, these are more in your boys' line than mine, you shall have 'em for half-a-crown."

He roughly reversed the box, turning the contents upon the table-cloth. The egg-shells rolled hither and thither in rings, clicking and jostling. One went over the table's edge but was caught by Mr. Laidlaw.

"Penguin," he remarked abstractedly turning the thing in his hand in the light of the lamp, "who would have thought that a native of the southern hemisphere? But this is not—" He stopped abruptly, a quick flush mounting from his cheeks to his forehead.

The rest saw nothing of this, though Mr. Thomas, the selection over, was examining the books through the glazed doors of the cases and overheard something.

"There's an encyclopedia in here,—locked. Who has the key of this? Ah, thank you, Miss Fanning. Here, you are,—Penguin, a wingless sea-bird of the family *Sphen*—something or other; extremely abundant in southern latitudes and so forth. No catch there, Sam. *By George!*" The last words were breathed softly. He replaced the volume, locked the case and returned me the key.

Mr. Laidlaw sitting with his back to the books must have seen something in the mirror upon the opposite wall. He rose, turned, glanced at a gap in the top shelf and overtaking Mr. Thomas, who was moving away,

tapped him lightly upon the breast, smiling straight into his eyes, a very firm smile. There was something which sounded hard beneath the coat.

"Miss Fanning, a moment if you please."

I was at his elbow; still smiling he was holding Mr. Thomas by a button; the man was white and frightened. Then I realised what had happened; the rest packing their things with much tearing and crumpling of paper noticed nothing.

"I cannot permit this, sir. I doubt if I ought to condone it. That is a first edition of *THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*."

"I—I'll pay—It—it was only to look at. I swear I meant,—but I'll pay," he muttered abjectly, rapidly, as thieves always do; I've seen two or three caught in my time, and they all had plenty to say for themselves.

Mr. Laidlaw, still fast to his button, read him through in silence. "You will write me your cheque for this book, now, this very minute, for two hundred pounds, or—"

"Two? Monstrous! Say five-and-twenty!"

"—Leave the house under the forfeiture clause."

The culprit twisted. Mr. Laidlaw, still holding him, made a half-turn to the others and cleared his throat as if to speak.

"Don't! I'll pay!"

"Two hundred, you take me! No fencing, if you please; it is your last chance.—Kindly take care of those eggs, Miss Fanning," he whispered as he led his captive to a writing-table, whence he presently returned still smiling, and remarked to me in an undertone: "There was just a suspicion of bounce in that, Miss Fanning, for you remember the books are excluded from the terms of the reference, and by my own action."

"Then you couldn't?"

"Precisely. I could not." His eyes twinkled with enjoyment, although his voice was so modulated that it would not have carried a yard. Then in his clear business pitch he said to Mr. Samuel: "Mrs. Grey takes these natural curiosities at your price, sir," with a swift warning glance at the lady who had not spoken: half-crowns were too scarce with her to spend lightly. He pushed the coin across the table to her brother and obtained his initials to a receipt. "Fussy? say formal, sir; mine is a formal profession. And now, my dear madam and gentlemen, I am about to verify with you the list of curios with the names of their new owners, to which list you will attach your signatures by way of receipt and in token of your agreement. You are then at liberty to remove your property as soon as you like. What remains here remains at its owner's risk, although Miss Fanning and I will take the usual precautions."

The men guarding their hoards looked at the lawyer, at me, and last at one another. Him they could trust, me they could trust, but one another?—No!

They took themselves off at last in cabs with their treasures stored in candle-boxes and hampers, and we two women with Mr. Laidlaw breathed more easily round a cosy little supper-table, very, very late but oh so welcome!

The lawyer (who eats as genteelly as a lady) said little until I dismissed the red-eyed, yawning maids to bed and undertook to close up myself. He looked white and must have felt tired, but with food and warmth some little pleasure in his success returned, and he began, so to say, to sparkle. He turned to Mrs. Grey: "Did you ever break the tenth commandment, madam?" said he.

The demand was not quite so startling as it looks, for the quivery little lady had already learnt to admire and to trust him. I am sure it never crossed her mind that he was joking, for she answered that she feared she must have done so at some time, and then, some painful memory recurring, "Oh often, often," says she; "I've lived for thirty years within sight of water and never, until this hour, have I had enough to drink!"

I laughed my loudest and patted her arm, for I feared a little scene, she was smiling so tremulously.

"But did you ever covet anything so suddenly, madam, and so strenuously, madam, that the temptation almost stopped your breath, and came within a measurable distance of overmastering your virtue?" He had ceased to balance his spoon, and his tone had grown so earnest that we looked upon him with a sudden growth of wonder. "Once have I been so tempted," he went on, "and only once. In the course of thirty years of family practice (an old connection of my father's before me, among some of the best people around here,) I have had my opportunities. Yes, we lawyers see singular things,—surprising lapses of memory, oversights, crass blunders,—I've seen several ripe pears that needed but one little touch to tumble into my mouth,—yes, into mine—I've seen derelict real estate which needed,—well, no more than a touch. These were such chances as have made a county family before now; but, I thank my Maker, ladies, that not only have I never succumbed to them, but that I cannot recollect ever being seriously tempted,—until this afternoon."

We sat bolt upright in our chairs. "Mr. Laidlaw,—you are making fun of us!"

"It was the atmosphere; I am

convinced of it. Possibly Miss Fanning is unsusceptible, but I—to me, ladies, the atmosphere of the library was most oppressive, almost mephitic, certainly infectious.”

“Dear, dear! but I would have opened a sash; why didn’t you speak?”

“That was it. I nearly had spoken,—nearly, not quite, *laus deo*,” he bent his head over his hands as for grace after meat. “Mr. Thomas Barnwell’s intervention saved me; I shall always think kindly of Mr. Thomas.” His eyes met mine and I learned two things, that this was my grave, precise little neighbour’s way of joking, and that I was to breathe no syllable about the adventures of John Bunyan.

“But what was it that took your fancy so? For I suppose that is what you are going to tell us. If it is anything of mine, dear Mr. Laidlaw, and I do hope it is, I am sure you are only too welcome to it. After the way you have advised and helped and,—and stood by me,”—her eyes began to fill—“I am sure I am only expressing the feelings of my husband and sons, Mr. Laidlaw.”

He raised deprecating hands in affected dismay. “Don’t try me too sorely, my dear lady; I am only human.” He tripped from the room smiling so brightly that I knew the temptation, if it had ever assailed him, had passed.

In a minute he was back again.

“These are what brought the blood to my head, ladies, these egg-shells. No, madam, pardon me a moment; I know what you are burning to say; that I am welcome to them all, that I paid for them with a certain half-crown of my own, and that in deed and truth you did not and do not want them, don’t know where to put them, or who would care for them, and that they are mine already,

—and all the rest of it.” Mrs. Grey had been breathlessly trying to assent to every word of this, but Mr. Laidlaw would not let her in, laughing her down with hearty enjoyment of what was yet to come. “Do you know?—But how should you know?—You do not know that these nine egg-shells are, next to the Romney, probably the most valuable property we distributed to-day. No, I am not joking, ladies; these are the eggs of the Great Auk, sometimes known as the northern penguin, a bird that has been extinct for more than half a century, and the egg, or rather the egg-shell of which is worth pretty nearly a hundred times its weight in gold.”

“Is—this—possible?” we asked in amazement.

“It is as certain as that I stand here. Ornithology is my hobby. I know the history and present possessor of every Great Auk’s egg in the world. I have seen and photographed most of them,—pretty nearly all indeed except the American specimens and those at Turin and Lisbon. I said I knew them all; good Lord! to think that for fifty years I have lived within five minutes’ walk of nine, *nine*, N—I—N—E absolutely unsuspected, undescribed, uncatalogued specimens!” He paused for breath, tossing up both hands and letting them fall to his sides, a figure of ecstatic surprise. “And such specimens! fairly well-blown, much better than most, clean, unhandled, unworn! Why, my dear madam, you are the possessor of property which, if you choose to keep it in your own hands, will make Wardlestone Parsonage a Mecca. Your drawing-room carpet will learn the foot-falls of every leading bird-man in Europe!”

“Mis-ter Laidlaw, whatever shall I do with the things?”

“Sell them, madam, sell them at once by auction at Stevens’s;—yes,

auction will be best," he murmured to himself with a little one-sided smile. "It will give me the greatest pleasure to make the needful arrangements. The worst of them, this pale one, is cheap at two hundred."

Mrs. Grey clasped her hands firmly to steady herself.

"These larger scrawly ones, with the interlacing pattern in Indian ink around their thicker ends, may fetch three hundred apiece. Nothing so good has been offered for thirty years at least. What this monster will make, heaven only knows! It is bigger, handsomer, and more curious than the hitherto unique specimen in the City of Liverpool Museum, the one which belonged to the Lord Derby's great-grandfather. Yes, there are three thousand guineas in this band-box. But,—I beg your pardon, my dear lady; compose yourself, I entreat! What *have* I said, Miss Fanning? Salts, salts, if you please!"

Poor Mrs. Grey lay doubled-up in her chair weeping aloud and without restraint. "To think,—to think," she sobbed, "and no later than last week I was beg—begging for a little loan, Mr. Laidlaw! My poor boy, Theodore,—you don't know him, a dear fellow, so clever, sure of his first-division honours, I'm told, possibly even a high wrangler-ship—had at last made up his mind to come down, was going to take his name off the books, to leave Cambridge, you know, in his second year, too! Oh, it was hard, but we could stand the expense no longer. And now—and now!" She wept again, and I felt like tears myself though Mr. Theodore is nothing to me. "But, Samuel, has he no claim? What *will* he say?" she added, dabbing her eyes nervously.

"You may take it from me, madam, that he has not the shadow of a claim in law or equity. If he is so ill-

advised as to prefer one, I beg you to refer him to me. As to what he will say; well, if we three keep counsel, I take it he will say nothing, this class of property being quite outside his experience. We will, with your permission, madam, dispose of them as the property of a lady, and put this Iceland letter into the auctioneer's hands to add a touch of—what shall we say?—local colour. You must know, ladies, that the Garefowl, Great Auk, or Penguin, (*pen*, signifying king or chief, and *gwin*, crow, hence its Welsh name King of the Crows,) was at one time abundant upon the coast of Newfoundland and elsewhere up north, but was so persecuted by whalers during the breeding season that by the year 1829, when Mr. Elijah Gilbert, whoever he may have been, visited the place there was but one colony left, a reef off the coast of Iceland,—Eldey, I think. It was there that he took these eggs, which he presented to his lady-love, Miss Polly, whoever she may have been. Now the scientific interest of the situation centres in the fact that these nine must be positively the last eggs taken from this or any other locality, for the whole reef was submerged by an earthquake in the following spring, 1830. With these facts brought properly to the attention of the ornithological world I think we may count upon spirited competition for your property."

I listened to this with amazement. At that time I took no interest in natural curiosities; but this was a different matter, a fortune at the very least. To think how roughly Mr. Samuel had handled these valuable things turned me hot, and how I had saved one from bumping against the lamp-stand!

As for Mr. Laidlaw his excitement and delight were a pleasure to see. "Nine!" he crowed, rubbing his

hands palm to palm. "The Smithsonian will send a commission; foreign governments will compete; the Kaiser, our own people, Lord Mildenhall, Sir John Chieveley, Mr. Gawston-Dering,—oh, ho! I shall bid myself, but I shall stand no chance!"

He wagged his head with such comical self-commiseration that we women laughed in spite of ourselves, and one laugh leading to another the evening ended cheerfully, as I have known the evenings of other funerals to do.

Mr. Laidlaw's forecast was fulfilled almost to the letter. The sale took place in May and was quite an event; most of the London papers had leading articles about it. The thing touched the popular fancy, and, what was more to the purpose, the fancies of people with money to spend. The competition was very keen; an effort was made to secure the whole nine for the Cromwell Road Museum, but the ambition to get hold of the last set that would ever come into the market had seized the Americans, and a syndicate of New York millionaires bid up for them too for the Central Park Museum. Neither party had reckoned upon certain private collectors who went for the three especially handsome eggs regardless of cost. The records, as I heard Mr. Laidlaw say, were broken from the first lot.

The Romney made a deal of money, too; I had not the faintest idea all those years that I was living with such costly things in the house!

And poor Mr. Samuel did hear of it. The idea that those must have been his eggs dawned upon him the day after the sale. We heard that he almost had some kind of fit. They said that he cried like a child, and went on about that half-crown for four-and-twenty hours.

He got but little out of Mr. Laidlaw, and only silence from his sister. She is a good woman and a forgiving one, but his behaviour about that codicil had touched her to the quick. She said little, but she felt it, and it opened her eyes at last. I know, for I was paying her a visit at Wardlestone at the time, looking around and considering, for I had lost the only home I had, and after fifteen years in one place it is cold work moving on, and I had begun to fancy that at my time of life I was not everybody's choice as housekeeper or companion. But it does not do to give way to discouraging thoughts or one's manner suffers and then it is all up with one, so I put what face I could upon it and kept my advertisement in *THE DAILY TELEGRAPH*.

As for the Greys, it was the prettiest thing to see their almost childish enjoyment of their new means and the tiny little treats they allowed themselves, and their pleasure in being able to give. Goodness me! What pitiful little economies had become second nature to them, and how they laughed at one another for keeping them up, and unconsciously dropped into them again while they were laughing! I declare that the maids in Miss Barnwell's kitchen had lived better, far better, than these poor gentlefolks had lived.

The sons seemed fine, grave, thoughtful young fellows with the most beautiful manner towards their parents, and a kind of easy deferential entertaining way towards myself, which quite altered my opinion of young men from the University—not that I have ever come across one before, now I come to think of it. Mr. Theodore had done all that his mother had said, and better, something most unusually brilliant, I forget what, and had a nice appointment already.

I had received my legacy. Five hundred pounds sounds well, but twenty pounds a year is not enough to live upon. Mr. Laidlaw, when paying it over, had suggested an investment, and had acted for me most kindly and would charge me nothing; indeed he smiled at the suggestion. "Let me hear from you pretty frequently, Miss Fanning," he had said at parting, (he once addressed me as *my dear young lady*,) and had actually seen me off, although it is quite possible that he had other business at the station.

Not being quite a fool I had not allowed myself to dwell upon these trivialities, and was utterly surprised at finding him in Mrs. Grey's drawing-room one day when I came down for tea. He was in mourning for his sister whose death we had seen in

the paper two months before. He rose to his feet as nimbly as a young man, cup in hand, and greeted me cordially, his usual precise, twinkling, smiling manner just a little heightened by absence, possibly. It seemed he was down in Surrey on business. He spoke with some momentary hesitation. He had put up at the Davenant Arms; a comfortable house apparently.

Why had he not let us know he was coming? Ah, why indeed? He seemed nervously amused and perhaps a little at a loss upon this point.

At this moment Mrs. Grey heard her husband calling from the garden and left the room looking at me over her shoulder as she opened the door; such a curious look!

And yet I suspected nothing.

And then——!

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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JOHN MAXWELL'S MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was the year of grace seventeen hundred and seventy-nine. Nineteen winters, eighteen summers had gone by since John Maxwell turned for the last time on the brow of Slieve Alt to look across Douros Water. They had not been uneventful. Many changes of the small world, many changes of the great world, had happened in them; and great and small had been interwoven.

The price of cattle had risen; a great nobleman had lost money at cards; leases had been put up to auction; big graziers had outbid small cottiers; and Ulster tenants in hundreds had crossed the sea to America, making, as it were, a beaten track with a sign-post pointing to the new country. That had begun about the time when John Maxwell rode away and took ship, he also facing westwards.

Half a generation later, in the new country, a new flag was flying, and Lord Donegal's dispossessed tenants, with the thousands more who had followed in their wake, were gathering together under the Stars and Stripes. Four years more, and the new flag had powerful allies throughout Europe; and in the drift of these great affairs was caught a certain gentleman—known to his friends in Boston as Mr. Macnamara—who was Irish by birth, but American by

sympathies acquired in eighteen years of colonial life. So it happened that in the early part of 1779 this gentleman found himself in Paris on a diplomatic mission. The main purpose of that mission was to inquire whether a diversion might not be effected that should lighten the pressure on America by giving England work to do nearer home; whether Ireland, where feeling ran strong in favour of the revolted States, might not be prompted to follow their example and strike for her own freedom.

Such were some of the great events and great changes which reached forward and backward across the Atlantic, linking Ireland to America through innumerable petty chains of individual destiny. To Douros only the faint vibration of them reached across the sea and across the mountains. Yet even in Douros, beyond the sea and behind the mountains, folk were not safe from some capricious chance of the world-movement; any morning they might find strange flotsam and jetsam—a boat, a spar, or a drowned body—brought to their doors by the great flood which is made up of innumerable human wills.

Here also at Douros, in the smaller world, these eighteen years had brought great changes; here also a monarchy had been overthrown. James Nesbit was dead—dead long years ago. He had scarcely returned

from a frantic pursuit of Isabella, that carried him to Dublin with useless spurring, when the blow of her devising struck him, full on the heart. In the fancied security of his position, during the months of her sullen acquiescence, he had launched into new and costly schemes, had incurred new indebtedness. There were no means left him to fight this unlooked-for attack; the management of his estates passed without a struggle into the hands of his daughter's agent, and he lived on by sufferance in the great house which had engulfed so much of his money.

Grass sprang up in the innumerable and interminable walks which it had been his pride to keep raked and tended like the alleys in the Mall. In an outhouse lay the marble baths that he had imported from Italy; artisans to set them in their place could not be brought to Douros for lack of money. For lack of money broken windows let in the air, or were patched with slates or brown paper. The house gradually took on the appearance of a dismantled dwelling, and in its vast spaces the owner, owner now in name only, paced up and down in impotent resentment, till a stroke came, almost mercifully. His wife never left him; yet even by the bedside of the paralytic, fear was always in her eyes. In a few months after his funeral she too faded into the grave, as leaves fade and drop before their time on a tree uprooted. And so the great house, once the centre of so much life, so much prosperity, stood empty and untenanted, year by year falling into ruin.

Yet the most noticeable thing about all changes is that nothing really alters very much. Great events pass, and leave men and women much as they found them. The Rights of Man, so long and so eloquently talked of by Rousseau and Voltaire, stood

indeed affirmed in America; yet even for the actors in that great scene, the colour of man's blood and the complexion of the thoughts in his heart did not change; and Mr. Macnamara, now in Paris, busily engaged in forwarding the millennium, was very little different from the young man who had cast away John Maxwell's name with John Maxwell's property eighteen years before. He saw the world with eyes of more experience, but his character was in all essentials the same—though stamped perhaps more than is usual with the impress of one emphatic and far-reaching act.

As with the individual, so with communities. From Douros a masterful presence had vanished; but still in his fief all, from a little distance, seemed to be utterly the same. A tribe of folk were tilling the ground in little corners and patches among bog and mountain, as they had tilled it under James Nesbit; they paid their rent to his daughter now, and not to him—that was all the difference, except that they paid with fewer abatements. For Isabella lived in England, and Martin, as her man of business, had no title to exercise the picturesque generosity of a grand seigneur. The people regretted the old days, and talked over them; but, on the whole, there was little real change with the change of the times. Still the one road wound over the neck of Slieve Alt and down the swell of his breast; still the Lanan flowed sluggishly through bog, plunged precipitately in falls and deep swirling holes over slabs and boulders, on its course to a meeting with the tide; still, up its narrow estuary, the silver fish pressed in shoals, and leaped jubilant into the air under the very walls of Carrig Castle. And still through all that country-side of mountain, sea, lough and river, sun shone and rain fell, and man and woman,

boy and girl, were drawn to one another in the eternal complication, eternal solution, of human existence.

Mr. Richard Musgrave sat in his office, busily employed upon a case between two leading shippers of the town of Belfast, and he lifted his head to protest as his clerk opened the door. "Well, what is it? A gentleman to see me? I can't see any one. Tell him to come back in six months."

Mr. Musgrave's fat jolly face, full lips and twinkling eyes, gave no indication of the ferocity with which he was used to invest his injunctions. The clerk, still standing in the doorway, said he had told the gentleman so already.

"What's his name? Why won't he go away? What does he want?"

"Mr. Macnamara, sir. He says that he comes from England and wants some statistical information, and he begs as a matter of personal kindness that you will see him."

"The devil he does! Like their impudence! Well, show him in."

Mr. Macnamara entered, a tallish man in travelling costume, with a full wig. His face, rather lean, looked older than his eyes; his age might have been guessed at anything between forty and fifty.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" asked the lawyer, with a fine endeavour to repress his natural joviality.

"A thousand pardons for trespassing on your time, Mr. Musgrave," answered the stranger, who surveyed his questioner with a singular and amused curiosity; "but I am come over to investigate the condition of the potato trade, and I was referred to you as an authority."

Musgrave's face changed perceptibly, and lost a good deal of its cheeriness. He turned to his bureau and began

sorting papers as he spoke. "Take a seat, sir. As to what you are asking, every man in Ireland is an authority on the potato trade these times."

"And you think there are prospects of an export trade in potatoes?"

"I think, Mr. Macnamara, that Ireland will need all her potatoes for her own consumption. Potatoes are the staff of life in Ireland."

Without the least change of tone the visitor observed, as if the remark had entire relevance, "Dr. Franklin sends you his best remembrances, Mr. Musgrave."

The lawyer started a little and went over to the door, which he locked. A touch of laughter puckered the lines about Mr. Macnamara's eyes as he continued. "Why, Mr. Musgrave, have we not recited that ridiculous litany about the potato trade, which every government spy is certain to have by heart? Dr. Franklin is surely a most respectable acquaintance."

"There is not a decenter man living," answered the lawyer fussily; "but for all that, Mr. Macnamara, if you come from Dr. Franklin, I do not want Tom, Dick, and Harry to know that Dr. Franklin is anxious to be remembered to me."

He sat down in the chair at his bureau, closely surveying the stranger with his shrewd twinkling eyes. "Be pleased, Mr. Macnamara, to give me an official account of yourself before we go any further. It is a very strange thing, but I seem to have met you before."

"These resemblances are often very puzzling," Mr. Macnamara answered. "I do not know where it could have been. I am, as you see, an English gentleman travelling for his pleasure and information in the sister kingdom, who can only desire to be a friend of so good an Irish patriot as yourself. People are very curious in England,

and elsewhere, about this volunteer movement of yours, Mr. Musgrave. I am come over principally to see for myself what is the real truth about that movement."

The lawyer sat up in his chair, his hands on his knees, and rattled off into a burst of voluble humour. "My dear sir, you need no kind of password to help you to that. We are all open and above board. We drill in the light of day. One of the first noblemen in the country is at the head of us. It needs no invitation to be present at as many demonstrations as you please. Upon my word, it would take you all your time to keep out of sight of them—decent fat men, like myself, putting ourselves into green uniforms, and learning the goose-step, hayfoot, strawfoot, and marching behind drums and penny whistles with the whole population cheering, and every man keeping his own time; and the Lord-Lieutenant up in Dublin sitting like a cat on a hot griddle and not knowing what way to look."

Mr. Macnamara lay back in his chair and laughed out. Richard Musgrave started forward on his seat, looked intently at the stranger, and then smote his hand on his thigh. "Jack—Jack Maxwell! Don't tell me! How's every bone in your body?" He crossed the room and shook hands enthusiastically as he spoke. "Why couldn't you come under your own name, man? What takes you into this business? Damn it, Jack, let us be frank! Are you a French spy or an American agent, or what?"

"To tell you the truth, Richard," Maxwell answered, "I suppose I am a little of both. And that makes it rather serious that you should recognise me."

"Recognise you!" cried Musgrave; "not recognise my old college chum!

You came to the wrong man if you did not want to be known. It was only the wig deceived me for a minute; you always wore your own hair."

"Well," said Maxwell, "I thought I would try you for a beginning. I was given a number of addresses, and I found that you had settled up here among the dour northerners; and no one else in this town ever heard of me, that I know of."

"And who was obliging enough to give you my address, may I ask?"

"Oh, your friend Dr. Franklin. Here is the whole story of it. France has its eye on this country, as you very well know, and Paris is full of ardent patriots assuring Franklin and the French ministry that the Irish will rise like one man if a French ship lands a regiment."

"So they will," retorted the other, "but maybe not the way Monsieur de Vergennes and his ministry would like."

"Vergennes is no fool, Richard," answered his friend, "and he put no great dependence on these patriots; neither did Franklin; but still, they wanted a report, and the long and the short of it is that Franklin sent to America for a man who knew this country, and they sent me."

"And I suppose you've been a rebel under arms," cried Musgrave, shaking his head with a despair only half humorous.

"Oh yes, in a small way," said Maxwell, "we've all taken our turn. At the end of three or four years one is not sorry for a change. So I came."

"To run your head into a halter."

Maxwell smiled. "I don't feel it tightening," he said. "As Franklin said to me, 'Once these amiable Breton smugglers, who make a trade of the business, have landed you somewhere in Kent or Sussex, what is to

distinguish you from any other Englishman travelling post with plenty of money in his pocket? and you cross to Ireland at your leisure.”

Musgrave shifted uneasily in his chair. “I don’t like it, Jack, I tell you plainly. What is it you want? Is it trouble?”

“I want information for M. de Vergennes and for Mr. Franklin,” replied his friend. “What are the Catholics doing? that is the first question.”

“Paying the Protestants to arm, since they are not allowed to arm themselves,” was Musgrave’s prompt answer.

“And the Protestants—your Presbyterians here? They fight with a will in America, I can answer for that.”

Again Musgrave burst out in his explosive fashion. “The Protestants? The Protestants are arming and drilling, as I told you, to prevent the French from burning their towns. Why, man, if you had seen Belfast last year when Paul Jones, the ruffian, took two ships in the lough! It was like a bee-hive, every one ready to sting. You may put your hand on your heart and tell Vergennes that if a Frenchman lands in Ireland, we’ll be out after him with horse and foot—ay, and Protestants and Catholics. And if the English won’t give us ships to keep our coast clear, it won’t be long before we build them.”

His visitor watched him with a smile. “Then you would wish me to report that Ireland is perfectly contented and loyal.”

Again Musgrave exploded. “Contented! And the country bankrupt! No trade doing! Thousands out of work in every town! What country could be loyal in the face of that? No, Jack, there must be a big change in Ireland, or we may give up entirely, but it isn’t France that will help us—no, nor America. You saw Frank-

lin’s manifesto to Ireland: ‘Take my advice, dear friends, and stay quiet. But if your grievances are not redressed, somebody will help you.’ Damn his impudence! Much help we shall get from America.”

Maxwell laughed. “But I thought,” he said, “you were all Americans in Ireland. What did Chatham say?”

“Chatham said what was true enough,” the other replied eagerly, “Ireland is American to a man. But the plain English of that is that Ireland is Irish to a man, barring the placemen, and they don’t count. We’re asking for nothing but what has been offered again and again to America since America rebelled. And we shall get it, because America rebelled; that is why we are American. You may tell Franklin that we are vastly obliged to him for his good wishes, but that Ireland will be perfectly loyal—on her own terms.”

“I see,” said Maxwell, with an air of relief, “and, candidly, that is pretty much what I expected, and I’m not sorry. I have seen civil war, and it is not a pleasant thing to look at.”

The little lawyer leaned still farther forward, gesticulating as he spoke. “Well then, Jack, you may take it from me that any sensible man in the length and breadth of Ireland will tell you the same story. Here and there you’ll meet an enthusiast who wants his blessed republic; there are plenty in this town. But they don’t signify. If England will give Irishmen the rights of Englishmen—and she must—there will be no trouble. And now, take my advice,” he added urgently, “get away to a safe place by the next ship that will take you, and don’t come back till the whole affair is ended. I won’t know an easy day while you are in this country.”

Maxwell laughed quietly. "I'm afraid I can hardly get done with the business so easy as that," he replied. "But I give you my word, Richard, I don't want to make trouble; I undertook nothing but to inquire thoroughly. But I must do that. Besides, I'm not sorry to see the old country."

"It was the worst day's work ever you did when you quitted it," cried Musgrave hotly. "Oh, we all heard that story! Did any one ever know such a fool's quixotism?"

A touch of retrospect came into the other man's eyes. "I don't suppose I would do it now," he said. "But that doesn't prove I was wrong to do it."

"I can tell you this, then," the little lawyer said, working himself into a rage, "it was a black job for your tenants. That woman is grinding the guts out of them. Old Martin is a friend of mine, and he says he often wishes another man had the agency. She's a bad, cruel woman that, Jack."

Maxwell's face darkened. "She was cruelly dealt with," he said shortly, "and I don't suppose she knows what she is doing. I learnt in Paris that she lives entirely in England. I can't wonder."

Musgrave exploded again in righteous indignation. "Don't tell me, Jack. She's a cruel, bad nature. What woman with a spark of decency in her would treat the child like that?"

Maxwell's face turned suddenly white, as if he had received a deadly blow. Abandoning his habitual pose of indifference, he leaned forward in his seat.

"Child! What child?"

"And do you mean to say you did not know there was a child?"

"My God!" cried the other, leaping from his seat as if suddenly stung. All the memories that time

had numbed revived on the instant, and the vision of that horrible awakening stood before him with hateful vividness. "She might at least have been spared that," he said, as if thinking aloud.

Musgrave was touched by his friend's dismay and distress. "Why, man, don't fret," he said. "It's a long time ago. I am sorry I spoke of it so bluntly. But it never entered my mind you had not heard."

Maxwell turned sharp on him. "How should I hear?" he retorted. "I was five years in the backwoods before I came down to Boston and began to practise as a lawyer. I never thought of it as possible—I suppose because I wanted to put the whole out of my mind. And so there was a child. Poor soul!" he added, half to himself.

"Ay, you may say that. It came into a hard world."

Maxwell started slightly. "It was not the child I was thinking of," he said, with a curiously painful smile about his lips. "But I suppose it was hard for the child too. She hated it, of course."

"Would not let it near her, I believe."

Maxwell again paced the room before he spoke, while his friend watched him in sympathetic curiosity. At last he stopped and spoke.

"Poor creature! The business was even worse than I knew, then. Well, she has lived it down, I suppose. How long did you say the child lived?"

"Well, upon my word, Jack," cried Musgrave, "you beat all! Who said the child died? You think of nothing but the woman."

The other man looked at him, half absently. "Yes," he answered. "One does in the colonies, I suppose. Women are scarce there." Then with a sudden flash a thought

lit his face. "Good God! I understand. The child is living. Where is it? Who has it?"

Musgrave threw himself back in his chair and laughed with the condescension of experience. "It! Do you suppose it is in long clothes still? It's as fine a young woman as you would wish to see, by what Martin tells me."

Maxwell put his hands up to his face, pressed them over his eyes, then drew them downward. Then he burst into a sudden fit of laughter.

"And do you tell me that I—I! —I have a grown-up daughter this minute? Really, Richard, this is too much. Well, go on, tell me the whole story. Where is this fine young woman? She thinks I'm dead, naturally."

"Like the rest of us."

There was a pause. Maxwell tramped the room again. "This is the very devil!" he said at last. "A pleasant surprise for her if I walked in and said, 'My dear, I'm the person who was responsible for bringing you into a world where you were not wanted. Aren't you grateful?' Still, if I have a daughter I want to look at her. Well, where is she? I'm not a grandfather, am I? That would be too much for one day."

"Oh, you may be easy about that, and I can tell you she's in good hands, though maybe you won't like it. She's with her aunt—the woman who ran away."

Maxwell stopped in his tramping. "That's good news anyhow. Poor Mary! I heard of her too in Paris, and indeed I had a sort of hope that I might manage to get a sight of her. Well, the girl is far better with her than with her mother. And they're in Donegal, of course."

"At Douros, in some old castle of the McSwineys that they have vamped up into a dwelling-place. Martin

says it gives him rheumatism to look at it, but Mrs. McSwiney would go nowhere else."

"Poor Mary," said Maxwell, with a long sigh of retrospect. "No wonder. And so that is where they are. Well, Richard, you have told me news anyhow; and now you will let me go and think it over. No, I won't let you be hospitable; I'm a compromising associate. But you may tell me a little about these other patriots to whom I have letters of introduction."

"My dear Mr. Macnamara," said Musgrave with his jolly laugh, "I hate any departure from precedent. If you come to me with a letter of introduction, it would be unusual in the extreme that you should not dine with me. Don't let us court suspicion. After dinner I will tell you all I can."

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was the lovely time when a day must decide whether it be spring or summer; this day, the decision was not yet. Heavy clouds hung about, but the sun was blazing for the moment; and though the earth was wet, no sign showed yet in the river of a rise after the long drought. So at all events Neddy Gallagher said, and the least movement of the river was plain to Neddy.

The tall, handsome, dark-haired lad who stood out on the end of the eel-weir at the head of the long pool, fishing with Neddy's big rod in the run below the weir, swore pettishly; and it was a noticeable matter that he swore in French. Old Neddy, who squatted on the loose rough stones of the weir-dam behind him, removed the black pipe from his mouth to protest.

"Troth, then, thon's the quare language you brought with you, Mr.

Hugh, fit to frighten all the fish in Lanan."

"Ay," said Hugh, lifting the rod viciously, and bringing his flies through the air with a heavy swish, "I suppose they expect to be cursed in good Gaelic. Well now, Neddy—*m'anam air diabhail*—my soul to the devil—*le diable m'emporte*—take it in what language you please—I'm not going to throw another cast. And I'm not going to give you the rod either. I'm sick of seeing you kill the fish that I've been thrashing over for half an hour. But I'd like to know why you said that I'd get as many fish as I wanted on a day when I can't turn a tail."

Neddy did not even trouble to cast his customary look round him. "Troth, then, you'll get fish. But it will hardly be one of them lads. They're too long in the water. You may go down to the sea-hole now, and maybe you might have more luck there."

"Well," said the young man, drawing in his flies and shouldering his rod, "it's on the road home anyway. But I don't believe I shall get a fish till the fresh comes down for all that, Neddy."

Then, stepping along the pier of loose-piled stones, he sprang lightly on to the close sward that carpeted the bank, and, raising his voice, called, "Grace! I'm going down to the bridge."

At the sound of his call a young girl rose up, lingeringly, from the lair that she had made for herself among heather tufts at the foot of a little clump of larches some way back from the stream. She had that dazed and dreaming air of one who had been engrossed in far-off matters, and the book in her hand told the story. Her eyes were still only half awake as she came across the sward to join the fisherman.

"And how is the young branch of Lanan, Sulmalla of the blue eyes?" he asked, with that touch of condescending ridicule which an active young man readily affects toward the bookish young woman.

But the bookish young woman was quick with her retort. "She is waiting for the salmon of knowledge which the youthful hero has gone out to capture with a branch from the fairy hazel; but the youthful hero has not yet learnt how to cast his fly skilfully, and the blue-eyed Sulmalla will have no fish for dinner." Then, turning to the old man who was leisurely shambling towards them, gaff in hand, she asked, "How long will it be before you make a fisherman of this fine French gentleman, Neddy?"

"Indeed then, Miss Grace," replied Neddy, "he's nearly as good a hand with the rod as I am myself already, and him not a month at it yet."

"Pooh!" said the young lady disdainfully, "you only mean he is not so bad for a Frenchman."

"No Frenchman am I," Hugh struck in with voluble Gaelic, "but it is my opinion Neddy is an *Eireanach binn breugach*—a melodious ying Irishman, O blue-eyed Sulmalla. I put it into English, for you have not the right way of the Irish."

The young branch of Lanan laughed and tossed her head. "Oh, I dare say. You are very proud of your three tongues. But anyhow, you haven't got the salmon."

"Neddy swears I shall get one in the sea-hole," he answered.

"That is only because Neddy is so *binn* and so *breugach*. But come along." And the couple of them took the trodden track among the boulders along the steep bank by the long pool.

Blue-eyed Sulmalla, as Hugh McSwiney affected for the moment

to call his cousin Grace Maxwell—in mockery of her rage for Macpherson's Ossian, a new discovered joy—was not really blue-eyed, nor had she golden tresses. Old Dr. Morrison of Kilcolumb, in whose house she lived for some years after the death of Mrs. Nesbit, used, when he wished to tease the girl, to call her "rednob." That was an insult. When he wanted to pet her, he would call her his squirrel, and that was at least descriptive. In some lights her mass of tumbled unruly locks had just the ruddy brown of a squirrel's tail; and she had something of a squirrel's leaping swiftness. But a day that she had never forgotten came, when the old scholar from the depths of his easy chair declaimed at her a Latin couplet, in which the poet likened the hair of his mistress to the inner bark of a stripped cedar. "There, missy," he had said, "some day or other that might fit you to a marvel." Grace never got much of Mr. Morrison's love for the Latin, but she had those lines by heart.

And with this mass of soft ruddy colour that was now drawn close to her head, yet escaped in light waves and tendrils on her neck, about her ears, and over her forehead, there went a complexion of singular beauty; not the clear red and white common and beautiful with red hair, but a skin suffused with warm colour; a warm glow flushed the white throat, deepened toward the angle of the jaw, flowed over the rounded cheek. Much sun and wind in that country life overspread the whole with their own hue, till her face showed in colour like a robin's egg when you hold it to the sunlight.

As for her eyes, they were neither blue nor grey nor green, but something of all those. They were eyes quick to shine in laughter, yet more often dimmed with dreams. Humorous eyes,

perhaps; but the subtle folds of inward laughter had not yet fixed themselves about their setting. For the rest, a straight slender figure, with shoulders inclining to slope, head carried forward rather than back; hands soft and white, of extraordinary beauty; the fingers tapering, but not pointed; eloquent hands.

Her dress of blue homespun was much simpler than her cousin's. Hugh McSwiney, just fresh from completing his education in France, had obeyed with alacrity his mother's instructions to equip himself with all that was proper for a gentleman before he followed her from the country that his father had served to the country where his father and his mother were born. Mary McSwiney grudged nothing to the one son who was all that remained to her from the marriage celebrated at dawn one summer morning on the strand at Douros, before she stepped into McLoughlin's vessel and turned her back on home. And when she saw her boy at last, after three years' separation, it seemed to her that she was well paid for all the hardships and sorrows of her marriage and her widowhood.

That widowhood had been absolute now for four years; but, in truth, her married life had been little but a long bereavement. Hugh McSwiney, her husband, like many another soldier of fortune, had found little fortune enough, and not long after his son's birth mere necessity compelled him to take service in India for the higher pay. Once in those ten years he returned; he was looked for again, when instead of him came the news of his death.

Then his widow turned to the home-country, for which she had longed through fourteen years in a strange air. As wife, she had refused to set foot in the land where her husband was an outlaw; his widow was no

longer so bound. And now, too, she took up the offer, harshly and ungraciously made through Isabella's lawyer, of a home in Ireland, with charge of Isabella's child. There had, indeed, been some trouble when Mary requested that instead of fixing her abode at Castle Hayes, she should have leave to furbish into a modern dwelling the old fortress of the McSwineys. But the leave had at last been given, and Mary came back to Donegal with a heavy heart, for she left her son to get from the Jesuits in France that education which law forbade to one of his religion in Ireland; but with a heart that lightened and softened, and swelled into happy tears, at the sight of the familiar mountains, the familiar waters, the figures and voices of the peasants, and the kind countenance of old Mr. Morrison. For the old divine welcomed her to his house while her new abode should be preparing; and there, last of all, and chief of all, her heart found a sudden happiness in the face of the girl, orphan of living parents, who greeted her with a shy rapture infinitely touching; a face new to Mary, and yet so strangely acquainted.

Mary McSwiney was not, in any common sense of the words, either clever or imaginative. She looked forward with much apprehension to the charge of this wild slip of a girl who had grown up with little control over her—so Mary guessed, and guessed rightly. She feared that she might seem to come as the governess, the duenna. It never entered her mind that her advent would be surrounded with a glamour of romance; that the prospect of companionship with a woman whose love-venture, picturesque and tragic, had been the introduction to a near view of Paris and the great world, was a prospect to keep a young brain awake for

many a night through weeks of waiting. Nor indeed, even when that companionship had grown into the sweetness of dear habitude, did she ever realise in the least all the emotions that were crowded into those days of the girl's life that preceded and followed the coming of this gentle beautiful person, with the soft grave face, soft laughter, and soft yet firm voice, who had fled over seas into poverty with a man seeking her at the risk of his life.

But, if Mary did not understand, that argued no imperfection in the companionship. She had that intelligence of the heart which is the most endearing of qualities. Herself owning no special taste for books or any kind of brain-spinning, she was in no way aloof from this girl, who had grown up in Mr. Morrison's library, and ranged at will over its shelves. If Grace chose to talk to her of what she read, nothing that interested Grace was strange to her. If Grace chose to read and not to talk of her reading, she was well content that the girl should do so. Sympathy kept them in touch; there was no need for discussion. She herself did not talk greatly of her own pre-occupations. She told Grace what Hugh said in his letters; she told her anxieties for his health; that was perhaps all. But Grace knew what it meant to Mary; she felt the hunger in the woman's eyes when the two climbed to the turret of Carrig Castle, and watched the road over Slieve Alt for Hugh to come riding home to a welcome of few words.

That April day, when Hugh arrived from France, had not been by any means so great a landmark in Grace's life as the other day, four years earlier, when Mary came to take charge of her niece. But there was no denying to herself, Grace thought, while she watched and

waited, that she was curious—that she was excited. She reasoned with herself upon it. Why be so perturbed for a schoolboy—just emancipated, it was true, but still a mere schoolboy—and a whole month younger than herself? Why should she fear to seem countrified to a schoolboy? She forgot herself for a while, when at last he was come, in the sense of Mary's happiness; but soon she was analysing her impressions. Certainly he was handsome; his face, perhaps, a trifle wedge-shaped, but undeniably handsome. And he had good manners; the trace of a foreign accent when he spoke English was no way unpleasing. She thought him over very carefully that night when she went to her room in the turret.

Now, their comradeship was a month old. They had walked, talked, joked, and quarrelled together interminably. Undoubtedly, life had been very pleasant. Nevertheless Grace felt sometimes that the sparring between them vexed her. Always she cherished a kind of grudge against Hugh in her inmost heart for his wider range of experience. Let him attempt even for an instant to give himself airs of superiority on that account, and she flew at him. Sometimes he vexed her on purpose; sometimes, and that was worse, he offended her without meaning it. But still, day in day out, it was a wonderfully pleasant world; and there was always the consoling fact that she could ride barebacked on the pony that had put him over its head out of stirrups and saddle.

At the present moment she was secretly regretting that she had yielded to her aunt's persuasions and refrained from learning to fish with the fly. She would have dearly liked to have taken Hugh's rod and killed a salmon with it, where he had failed.

They had made their way, still sparring, along the path by the long pool to where the salmon-trap blocked the water at the lower end; then through a fir plantation, skirting a stretch where the river broadened, and flowed or trickled in shallow streams through a wide bed, dotted with rocks and boulders. Here a few trails of weed and the water-mark on stones spoke of tide; and just below was the bridge high over a deep narrow water, the upward limit of the sea. On each side of it the rocks were thick with oozy seaweed. At the head of it boulders were piled thickly, where in old days, before the bridge was built, men forded the river. At this moment from either side you could step dryshod, leaping from rock to rock, to where a mere trickle of stream flowed through a gap five yards wide into the head of the sea-hole.

On this line of rocks Hugh now took his stand and fished, as no mortal can refrain from doing, over the sign of salmon. Close up by the weed-fringed stones, out in the centre where a fine ripple broke the water, fish after fish showed; blackish purple backs heaved up for a moment over the top, then disappeared. Salmon, fresh run from the sea, the joy of every angler, were wallowing and jostling each other in a shoal. Hugh fished with keen expectation, looking every moment for the swirl, the downward plunge, the weight on the line. But it did not come.

After ten minutes he turned to Neddy in disgust. "It's no use," he said; "they won't look at me, and the tide will let them up in a minute."

At the same moment he heard a splashing to his right, and looking toward it saw a fine fish endeavouring to shoulder his way over the shallow passage, his tail lashing with-

out grip, his back out of water. And quick as a cat Neddy was on him, jerked the gaff into the silvery side, and picked his way back swiftly across the stones to the shore.

"There, now! Didn't I tell you you would get fish? I knowed rightly they would smell the fresh coming down."

As he was still speaking, in the intervals of knocking the struggling fish on the head, again the splashing began. There were three or four now in a drove together. Hugh yielded to temptation. Flinging his line across the exposed backs he drew it sharply to him; one of the flies took hold, and a fish, foul-hooked, struggled heavily down into the sea-pool, and began to dash wildly across it. Two or three minutes of excitement followed; then the salmon, burrowing in the sea-weed, shook itself clear. But by this time the tide was pouring in, and the gap was a full waterway. As the flood spread upward, everywhere across the wide shallow backs began to show steering upward, slanting this way and that as the fish nosed for a passage.

"You could get a dozen if you wanted them, Mr. Hugh," said Neddy. "Would you like to take the gaff and fetch another out?"

"You old thief, Neddy," retorted Hugh, laughing; "is there any poaching wickedness to do with fish you aren't acquainted with? No, the one will be plenty, won't it, Grace? I don't suppose your Sir Garrett will eat two salmon."

Neddy looked up from under his eyebrows. "Is it for Sir Garrett Lambert ye wanted the salmon? Troth then, if I'd known that, devil a one of me would have got him for ye."

"Why, Neddy?" asked Grace with amusement. "What harm did Sir Garrett ever do you?"

"Do on me! Didn't he renaige his religion for dirty money? It's a wonder the mistress would sit down to meat with him."

"Well, Neddy," said Grace, "it would have to be a very bad man the mistress would refuse a dinner to; and Mr. Hugh will be able to tell them how he played that salmon all through the sea-pool before he landed it."

Neddy's face lit up. "Och now, isn't it the pity I wouldn't be there myself to put a good story on it!"

As the two young people walked back with their trophy, Hugh said: "I'm rather of Neddy's opinion. What does this Sir Garrett Lambert want with us? I hate the sight of his fat face."

CHAPTER XIX.

THESE eighteen years had not dealt well with Sir Garrett Lambert; yet perhaps this was only just, for Sir Garrett had not dealt well with the years. Your coarse dip gutters away quickly, whether it burns at one end or at both; and Sir Garrett at five and forty was almost an old man, whose dull opaque eye more than foreshadowed a lascivious senility. Mary McSwiney felt a sharp repugnance as she observed his stare rest on the fresh young girl who stood by the old spinet turning over music.

Sir Garrett, however, who prided himself on the ease of his manners, seemed indeed extremely at his ease as he stretched out his booted legs to the peat fire, which burnt pleasantly, and cheered the vast and somewhat gloomy room in the old castle.

"Damme, madam," he said, "you and your charming niece would soon reconcile me to this French fashion you have brought over of leaving the table with the ladies."

"You are very good to submit to it, Sir Garrett," Mary answered; "but, indeed, it is no great privation that I impose, for I fear that our cellar has little to offer. And as for Hugh, we can hardly persuade him to sit through a meal. As you see, I have to apologise to you for his absence. Where is he, Grace?"

"Gone to shoot some rabbits, I think," said the girl. "He is never happy without a rod or a gun in his hand."

"And so," said the visitor, with his most engaging smile, "Master Hugh is still of the age to think that there is nothing more attractive than the pursuit of fish or fowl? Does he neglect his other opportunities, eh, Mrs. McSwiney?"

"I think," said Mary quietly, "that Hugh is very well pleased to be at home again."

"With his mother—and his pretty cousin, eh, Miss Grace?" added Sir Garrett with a chuckle. "But come, are you not going to sing for me again?"

"As you will, Sir Garrett," answered the girl, reddening, and angry with herself that she reddened.

Sir Garrett listened indulgently, beating time with his hand, while his heavy stare rested on the soft curves of the girl's throat and breast as they rose and fell with the song.

"Excellent," he said, applauding loudly at the close; "on my word, most excellent! I have never heard a sweeter voice. And I may tell you, Miss Grace, that I have listened to the finest singers, not in our own miserable playhouse in Smock Alley, but in Covent Garden itself." He had risen as he spoke, and approached the girl before he added in a lower tone, "But it may be that the singer's face somewhat won upon my critical judgement."

Unused as the girl was to compli-

ment, the gross flattery affected even while it offended her. She was angry at finding herself reduced to a flushed silence, unable to reply except by a curtsy, and wondering all the while what grain of truth might lie in the praise. Swift imagination was shaping the great world so coarsely suggested, yet still brought nearer.

Mary came to the rescue. "Come, Sir Garrett, be moderate," she said. "Grace sings very nicely to my mind, and that is all about it."

Sir Garrett turned to her. "I protest, madam, I speak no more than the truth. But I understand that this is only one of your niece's accomplishments. Miss Grace, will you not be as good as your word and show me some of the paintings that you tell me are treasured in your own apartment? I take myself to be something of a connoisseur."

By this time the girl had somewhat recovered her composure, and her sense of proportion. "I will do so gladly, Sir Garrett," she answered with a gay mockery. "You will be able to compare them with the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and I trust that the comparison may not damage his laurels."

She moved toward the door, and the gentleman hastened to open it for her. As she passed out, he bent to her and said, "Give me five minutes, Miss Grace. There is a matter of some moment on which I desire to speak with your guardian—not altogether without importance to yourself!" He accompanied this speech with a leer of infinite significance. The girl curtsied and passed out, strangely confused.

Sir Garrett, on his part, showed no trace of confusion. Planting himself on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, he surveyed Mary McSwiney with the air of one who comes to confer a gift but intends to preface it

by admonition. Mary met him with calm steady eyes, in which none but those who knew her well could have seen the trace of anger.

Sir Garrett cleared his throat. "Hum! Madam, as I understand, you are entrusted by Mrs. Maxwell with the charge of her daughter."

"Certainly, Sir Garrett," Mary answered quietly.

"It is a responsible position."

"I do not forget that."

The tone would have checked a thinner-skinned monitor. Sir Garrett, however, was not to be so put off. "But, damme, madam," he retorted, "it seems to me that you do. Is it a right thing for the girl to be wandering over the countryside with a young fellow on the pretence of shooting, fishing, or what not—and a young fellow who can't marry her, at that?"

The inflection of anger was unconcealed now in Mary's voice as she replied, "By what right, Sir Garrett, do you speak to me of these matters?"

Lambert drew himself up to a noble attitude, and inflated his chest. "The man of substance" was written large on him as he spoke with pompous gravity. "I mean no offence, madam. I merely wish to warn you. Say, for example, that a man thought of marrying the girl, would he not have a right to object? Mind you," he added, shaking a forefinger, "I say nothing positive; I merely suppose the case."

"In that case," replied Mary, "I should say that any gentleman of suitable age and character and position was at full liberty to pay his addresses to Miss Maxwell; but I should refuse to be advised by him how to govern my own house."

"Then permit me to observe," said Lambert, growing angrier, "that you are doing very ill by your niece, and by the trust that is reposed in you.

Curse it, madam, a man expects his fruit fresh; he does not want it pawed over by a youngster."

Mary rose from her chair. "Sir Garrett, I cannot allow you or any one else to say such things to me. I think you will find your horse in the stables."

But Lambert was now red and swollen in the face with fury. "What! what! Am I not to be allowed to say a word upon the bringing up of the girl that I am going to marry?"

Mary looked at him scornfully. "Did I understand you right? Has Grace become engaged to you, Sir Garrett? I am surprised that she should have done such a thing without my knowledge."

"I did not say that, madam," the man retorted, raising his voice loud; "I said—the girl I was going to marry. And Grace is the girl I am going to marry, whatever projects you may harbour to the contrary."

"Then, Sir Garrett," said Mary, moving to the door which she threw open, "until you have the title to speak to me with authority, I will ask you to withdraw."

"What, and give you time to entrap the girl into an engagement! Not I. I demand the right to make my proposal here and now."

Mary's grey eyes grew very hard. "Sir Garrett, if you had asked me this as a matter of courtesy, there could have been no objection. As a matter of right, I refuse it. I consider you in no way a fit match for my niece."

Sir Garrett Lambert choked with rage. "*Me*, madam! *Me*! You consider me not a fit match for a girl whose mother disowns her and may never leave her a penny, if she has a penny to leave. Ah, madam, you have your own plans, but do not count on them. Your sister is making

money fly. There is not such another gamester at Bath or the Wells. And what is to stop her from marrying a curate when she reaches the age of piety, and settling every half-penny on him? What expectation has the girl, I ask you? Her mother won't look at her—hates the sound of her name. I made her bite her lip, I promise you, with talking to her in a company at Bath about her sweet infant. Bear that in mind, madam, when you plot to throw her and this youngster of yours together."

"Once for all, Sir Garrett," said Mary, "I must ask you to leave this house. Whoever Grace may marry will, I trust, be able to support her. I repeat that you do not appear to me in any way a person whose offer should be entertained."

At that moment Grace, with a portfolio of drawings, came into the room. Mary turned to her. "You must go away now, Grace," she said.

But Sir Garrett threw himself before the girl, shut the door, and set his back to it. "No, by God, she sha'n't; not till she hears me. Listen to me, Grace, my pretty. I want you to marry me. I'm a man that has seen the world and knows what's what. You're the girl for me. But you're young. You don't know what I'm offering. So listen. If you take me, you'll take a rent-roll of five thousand a year, and a place under government worth twelve hundred. You'll take a man who commands three votes in the House of Commons, and has voted steady with ministers these ten years. And I tell you for a fact, I have Harcourt's promise for a barony this minute, and if you marry me, you'll be Lady Renvyle before you're twenty, and you'll walk out of the room before any woman in this county."

His words came thick and fast, while the girl stood dazed and

puzzled, scarcely understanding the situation. "What does he mean, Aunt Mary?" she asked confusedly.

"Don't mind your aunt," cried Sir Garrett. "Listen to me," he went on, his red face now close up to the girl's. "Take me, my pretty, and you shall go to balls and the opera, and Almack's, and all the world will turn to stare at the beautiful Lady Renvyle. You shall have finer diamonds than any peeress in Ireland. Don't give me my answer now; think it over. And don't mind your aunt; she wants you to marry her brat of a boy and starve with him, as she starved with his father in a dirty Paris lodging."

Grace's eyes flashed at the taunt to her friends, and she drew herself proudly away. "Have you done, sir? Then I wish the brat of a boy were here, and I would ask him to throw you out of the window into the river."

The man stared at her furiously for a moment with red angry eyes. "You little vixen!" he said. "I was at the taming of your mother, but I'll tame you myself." Then turning on his heel he strode heavily out of the room, and banged the door after him.

Grace stood flaming, a picture of fierce resentment. "How dare he?" she cried. "How dare he think such things? I would have liked to kill him."

"What matter, Grace dear?" said Mary, kissing her. "What matter what a man like that says?"

But in her heart Mary foreboded trouble.

CHAPTER XX.

JUNE once more on Slieve Alt; but June rainy, not radiant. John Maxwell pressed his tired beast up the hilly road through a grey smother

of soft wet mist that hid all beyond the near distance. He pushed on through the gap in the mountain ridge, haunted by an odd sense at once of familiarity and strangeness, of perfect and imperfect recollection. Here and there a form of grey rock standing out smote him with recognition like the sudden face of a friend; and again another landmark would come on him as new and bewildering. The sense of contracted distances was always on him; roads seemed narrower, hills lower than they were in his vague mental picture of them. Once through the gap, he strained his eyes for a glimpse of Douros, but only a shadowy outline of mountain and water was before him. He quickened to a trot on the downward slope, presently reining in as the descent grew break-neck. Under him the tarn was grey and melancholy, a little wetter than the sky. Downward and downward he rode, the mist always thinning, till the shore opposite began to take shape, again oddly disappointing in its lack of conformity to the mind's image. He felt more and more a stranger; no need for him to have feared that his face would be recognised as he trotted through Kilcolumb. Here he was back at the hamlet by the lake-side at the foot of the mountain; here were the same cabins, mud-walled, ill-thatched; but not a face he identified among the few which stared out at the passing stranger, with his valise strapped behind him on the big horse. Now he was clean out of the mist; it was simply a day of grey weather, as he had seen so many in that country. The road to Lanan bridge did not turn at the angle quite as he remembered; he was after all, he felt, a stranger, who vaguely had a knowledge of his direction.

Over the brow of the moor he passed, where it rises in a knoll between lake

and sea-lough; and now the Douros woods were plain before him, and plain, too, the grey square tower of Castle Carrig. He remembered his last look back from there; he remembered his last fording of Douros; and he thought of the unlooked-for unsuspected tie that was drawing him back after these eighteen years.

Down now to the bridge he trotted, and as he went the horse stumbled a little; small blame to a beast that had been ridden that day from Derry, across the Swilly bridge at Letterward, and on and on over these mountains. "Hold up, boy," said Maxwell. "We're nearly there. Then your troubles will be over—and mine beginning," he added to himself.

There was the bridge, hog-backed and narrow as in his memory; and now he was taking the sharp rise through the belt of rough larch-wood and copse that fringed Lanan on the left bank. Positively the clouds were lifting; the road was drying already. And then, as he issued from the wood on to the open space of moorland, he saw in front of him—a girl.

She was walking with a quick light step in the same direction as himself. Her dress was of the same material as the peasants wore—home-spun woollen, dyed blue with alder. But her feet were shod, and instead of a shawl she wore a cape that showed a mass of soft red-brown hair under her little hat. At the sight of her, Maxwell instinctively pulled his horse to a stand.

There could be little doubt of it. Young ladies were not so plentiful on the shores of Douros that this could be any but the girl he had made his journey to see; the girl of whom he had thought with such an odd mixture of tenderness, curiosity, and apprehension, through these three weeks of travelling from town to town and from house to house of northern

Ireland. And now that he saw her before him, he was half inclined to turn back.

He watched the girl's figure, tall and graceful, as she walked on unconscious. Now she was fifty yards farther from him, growing less distinct to sight. And as she drew away, cords that he had not known pulled him after her.

He laughed to himself a little nervously. "Well! this is certainly the oddest moment of my life."

He stirred his horse into a walk, then into an easy trot. As the hoofbeats approached, the girl looked back to see who came; and, surprised by the sight of a stranger, turned her head again quickly and walked on. Maxwell drew alongside of her, then, checking his horse, saluted.

"Madam, may I ask for a direction? The people on this mountain seem ignorant of English. I am on my way to Carrig Castle, which, I make no doubt, is the building I saw yonder" (and he pointed), "and they told me in Kilcolumb of a short cut. My horse is tired and I would gladly spare him all that I can."

As he spoke, his eyes were keen on the face of the young girl, whose countenance took on a pleasant air of welcome when he mentioned Carrig Castle.

"I can direct you, sir, with pleasure," she answered, and her voice, Maxwell noted, was musical and flexible, full of compass. "A little farther on you will find a lane turning to the right. There is a kind of causeway across a small backwater up which the tide runs between us and the Castle, and the lane will lead you to it. Your horse can easily ford the place, but you will see only stepping-stones, and you must be careful to keep to the right, for above them the pool is deep. Otherwise you must ride to where the approach

branches from the road, and it will add another two miles."

While she spoke, Maxwell's brain was busy. "Heavens!" he thought to himself, "can I be wrong? Is this my daughter? Is it not my daughter? She has a look—but how can one tell? Altogether it is a droll predicament. Here is a girl telling me, her father, a way which I have ridden a score of times. If she were not my daughter, she would be simply a very pretty girl, and I should certainly endeavour to find out who she was. Where is the voice of nature? This is ridiculous. The voice of nature will not say anything till it has been assured that it is right. I think she is my daughter. I hope she is my daughter. If I am her father, I may judge of the propriety of her conduct, and I do not see why I should not prolong the interview."

"I thank you most sincerely, madam," he answered. "And my horse also should thank you. I have ridden from Derry."

"From Derry?" said the girl, her eyes opening wide. "But you must be dreadfully fatigued. I am glad you are at your journey's end. You are sure you understand the way? Because—" She hesitated for a moment. Who in the world could this be? she thought. This stranger—this pleasant-looking stranger who addressed her as "madam," and looked at her with such an air of interest? She knew that her aunt expected no one. Would it be right for her to offer to accompany him? Would it be forward? She looked up at him with perplexity evident in her face. He answered with a pleasant smile, and an assumed stupidity. "I think it is clear to me, madam. I go on. I meet a lane which leads to a ford. I keep the stepping-stones on my right."

"Oh no, no," she cried. "If you do that your horse will go in up to his neck. You keep on the right of them. But if you are going to Castle Carrig, that is where I live. Would you like me to show you? It is only quite a little way, and my aunt would be so sorry if you got wet."

Maxwell's heart gave a sudden leap. "My aunt." That settled it then. So—this was his daughter.

He took off his hat with a low bow and dismounted. "You are very kind," he said. "If Mrs. McSwiney is your aunt, I may be allowed to present myself. I am called John Macnamara. I knew your aunt a long time ago."

The girl curtsied. "And I am Grace Maxwell," she said,—and his heart stirred strangely at the sound of his own name on those lips. "My aunt will be so glad," she said, as they walked on. "She is always glad when old friends come all this way to see her. I suppose it was in France that you knew her."

Maxwell smiled a little. "Why do you suppose that, may I ask?"

"Oh, because you do not look as if you belonged to this part of the world, and my aunt only lived here before she went to France. And I do not think I have ever heard your name."

"Ah, it is a long time ago," he answered. "You are quite right, I did not belong to these parts, but there was a great deal of coming and going at Douros in those days. And now they tell me it is very different."

"Different!" she cried, with a note of regret in her voice. "Indeed it is. Why, there is never anybody here. Nobody has lived in Douros since my grandmother died, and we are at the very back of beyond. Oh, you can be sure of a welcome, Mr. Macnamara," she said, breaking into a laugh that rose like a lark's song.

"That is a good hearing," said Maxwell. His face was turned from the girl for a moment. The desire to question her was irresistible; yet he must not seem to question. "Unlucky Douros," he said, as he looked across the bay. "But"—and a grave smile lit up his face as he turned to the girl—"when Douros was full, Carrig was empty. I do not think that the back of beyond is a wilderness. Your aunt was the pleasantest thing in Douros; and now"—he paused for a moment and bowed—"she is not alone in Carrig."

The little compliment conveyed by the inflection of his voice rather than the words pleased the girl. But his eyes puzzled her as they turned on her. No one had ever looked at her like that—as if he were seeking for something, she thought. An idea flashed upon her—a romantic intuition. "I am afraid I am not at all like my aunt," she answered naively.

Maxwell was at once amused and horrified to find her come so near his thought, and he lost a good deal of his carefully planned caution. "No," he answered gently, "you are not. You have a look of the whole family, of course."

"Ah," she said quickly, "you knew them all!" Then, with a curious eagerness, "Did you know my mother?"

The question had come quicker than he looked for it, and it staggered him a little. He hesitated for a moment before he gave her the evasive answer which he had carefully framed. "I heard a great deal of your mother. But she was never at Douros in the days when I knew your aunt."

"And you never met her since?" Grace questioned eagerly.

"Never."

The flush of excitement died out

of the girl's face. She seemed like one who has been cruelly disappointed. "Ah," she said half to herself, "what a pity!"

Watching her, the man felt himself strangely wrought upon. This yearning, so plainly shown, after tidings of the unknown parent who had used her with so little kindness, filled him with compassion. At an impulse he spoke. "I knew your father in America, Miss Maxwell; indeed I came to see you as much as to see your aunt."

Quick as a flash, the girl turned. "My father!" she cried. "Oh, I hope I am not like him!"

A slow curious smile came to Maxwell's lips—as if they were forced to it, yet not by his will—but his eyes turned sombre. "No," he answered, "I do not think you need be afraid of that."

The girl felt the change in his tone. "Oh, I am sorry," she cried, "He was your friend—or is your friend. We do not even know if he is living."

"He vanished some years ago in the backwoods of Canada," Maxwell answered gently. "His friends heard no more of him."

"I am sorry I spoke like that," said the girl. "I can see you liked him. I am sure he had good in him." Then she hesitated. "He was not very good to my mother."

Again the odd contorted smile came over Maxwell's face, but with a softer light in his eyes. "Yes," he said, "I know the story; your father kept nothing from me, I think. But I know one thing now that he did not know then."

The girl looked at him quickly. "What is that?" she asked, with a certain imperiousness that was habitual to her.

Maxwell's eyes were turned from her as he answered, "That he had a daughter."

"But—what?" she cried, and paused for an instant. Then "What do you mean?" she asked, with the imperious note strengthened.

"Just what I say," her father answered. "He did not know. I only learnt of your existence the other day when I was inquiring after your aunt."

"Oh!" the girl said, with heavy-breathing emphasis, and was silent for a moment. Then she spoke. "Do you know I think that makes it all still more unpardonable?"

Maxwell's eyes half closed as he looked before him, unseeing. The conflict of pain and laughter was intensified in his face. "Truly," he thought, "I knew this must be a droll moment, this meeting. I had not realised the full scope of the comedy." But he answered her at once in a voice curiously expressionless. "Indeed. Why do you say that?"

"Why? Surely if a man inflicts on a woman such a wrong as that, and goes away and leaves her, he might at least in all these years have informed himself of her welfare. She was his wife, after all."

The man's face was averted, looking towards the bay; and the girl who spoke more to her own thoughts than to him did not see his lip quiver. Then he turned ceremoniously. "I cannot defend my friend. He never defended himself. I can only tell you that he believed himself to have acted for the best in withdrawing altogether. And you will guess that he did not desire to be reminded of the story. But I can understand your feeling towards him."

"You can!" cried the girl in surprise and exultation, her face suddenly lighting. "Can you really? I am so glad. Everyone has always told me that my father behaved so nobly, and they blame my mother. I cannot bear it. It seems to me so wrong—so unjust."

There was no touch of pain now in the smile that played about Maxwell's eyes and mouth, but a genuine laughter mingled with tenderness. "I can understand indeed, my dear young lady. I understand well. And, if you will permit me to say so, I think that in this you are like your father. He would have understood, as I do."

Grace looked at him with some amazement and incredulity. "Truly? Are you sure?" she said.

"Quite sure."

"Then I am glad." She paused again for a minute. "You will tell me all about my father, will you not?"

"I will tell you all I can," he said with his grave air. "But it is a long story. There is not time now. Here is your ford, I see."

"Oh yes. What a bother!" she cried, suddenly interrupted. "But you promise you will tell me by myself."

"Yes, I promise. I will tell you all the good I can of him," he added, smiling.

"That is right. Now you must get on your horse."

He did so. Then a flood of unaccountable laughter suffused his face. Taking off his hat he said, "Ladies still ride pillion, I think. May I not offer you a seat behind me?"

"Me?" she cried. "No indeed, I need no horse here. See."

And she ran across, jumping from stepping-stone to stepping-stone, with swift unstumbling feet. Maxwell on his horse splashed slowly after her. As he followed, his contriving brain was busy. In his forecast of what would happen, he had wavered. Should he declare himself to the girl? Should he not? Now, at last, his mind was made up. As a stranger, he could make friends with her, win her confidence; but to appear as her father—decidedly not. And he was now filled with apprehensions lest

Mary should recognise and reveal him before he could prevent her. When he joined the girl who stood waiting for him he dismounted again. "Will you do me a great kindness, Miss Maxwell? Be my herald. I was obliged to come unannounced, and I do not like to spring a surprise on Mrs. McSwiney."

"Oh, but do," the girl cried gleefully. "I should love to see Aunt Mary brought face to face with her past—for you were in love with her, were you not?" she said suddenly.

Maxwell gasped. The quickness of this girl's imagination astounded him. He did not realise that Aunt Mary was always a centre of romance. But he parried quickly. "We were all in love with your aunt," he answered, laughing. "But I wish you would go on and announce me. I can assure you she will probably not even remember my name, and you will enable her to assume a pretty and deceitful air of unforgetfulness."

The girl looked at him with a touch of disdain. "You cannot have known Aunt Mary very well," she said. "She would never assume a pretty and deceitful air. I might," she added ingenuously, "but she—never." Then she cried suddenly, "You shall see for yourself anyhow, for here she comes."

It was indeed Mary who came down the winding path towards them; her hair a little touched with grey, but her face settled into a great beauty of dignity and repose. And Jack saw her eyes looking at him in bewilderment.

Quickly he went forward, hat in hand. "Mrs. McSwiney," he said, "I am John Macnamara. Have you forgotten the old days at Douros?"

At the sound of his voice, bewilderment vanished from Mary's face, and Grace's eyes, keen on her, saw for the first time a flood of confused

red surge up into her aunt's face. Here indeed was confirmation for all the girl's quick fancies. But Mary's perfect nerve and composure gave her mastery over all but the sudden motions of her blood. "Indeed I have not forgotten," she said, holding out her hand. "But I was surprised."

"I could not write," Maxwell went on quickly, bridging over the situation. "And I was just asking your niece to announce me and try to secure a welcome."

"An old friend need not try hard for that. And so you and Grace have made friends?"

"Mr. Macnamara asked his way of me," said the girl, blushing a little, "and so I showed him the ford."

"That is right. Run on now, like a good child, and tell them to get things ready, and find some one to take his horse."

Grace obeyed, her head busy with speculations, her heart just a little touched with jealousy at this sudden dispossession of her new proprietorship. Still, she was not sorry to be alone to think over all that she had heard—and was going to hear.

In the meantime the two elders watched in silence her retreating figure as she ran quickly before them till she was out of earshot.

Then Mary spoke. "And now, Mr. Macnamara"—she emphasised the name—"what does all this mean?"

Maxwell turned round and faced her, standing still. "Mary, I have just done what I swore I would never do again. I have asked a young lady to ride pillion behind me."

Again the red flamed in Mary's cheeks, giving her a girlish touch quaintly at variance with her matronly carriage. She covered her face with her hands. "Oh, Jack, do not be unkind. If you only knew," she cried.

"My dear, my dear," he said quickly, "forgive me; I was a fool to laugh. All these years I have been glad of one thing, that you at least did not spoil your life. I wish fortune had been kinder to you."

Mary looked up at him with her candid eyes. "You need not be sorry for me, Jack. We are very well pleased with ourselves here—my boy and I, and Grace."

He scanned her carefully. "Yes," he said at last, "you look content. You have not altered a great deal, Mary—only ripened."

"You have altered greatly, Jack," she answered, "but I don't say it is for the worse."

"But you knew me at once. I did not think you would."

Mary laughed quietly. "You forget, Jack, that I have lived four years with your daughter. Do you think she never reminded me of you? Are you pleased with her? Is she not a daughter to be proud of?"

Maxwell's face took on its queer deprecating smile. "You know, Mary, I don't feel as if I could take any credit for that young lady. And I was not talking to her for five minutes before I learnt that she was in no way proud of her father."

Mary made a gesture of despair. "Oh, Jack, you did not talk to her about yourself?"

He nodded. "I fear I was rash enough to say I knew her father. No, Mary, don't protest. I know what you are going to say. If the girl has taken a dislike to my name, it is not only because you were foolish enough to praise me for what I did. And, after all, what does it matter? She has an enthusiasm for her mother."

"I wish her mother had some of it for her," Mary answered.

Maxwell shrugged his shoulders. "Anyhow, she has a very proper

appreciation of her Aunt Mary. Is it not a queer chance, Mary, that you should be the one to make up to her for the misfortune of her parentage?"

"Jack," said the woman solemnly, "it is more than a queer chance. And I have thanked God for the chance every night these four years."

There was silence for a moment. Then Maxwell took her hand and kissed it. "Thank you, Mary," he said, "for myself and my daughter."

They moved on slowly towards the house for a little, then Mary stopped again.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, and in her question also there was an air of command. But no less evidently there was a hint of

laughing rebellion in the man's answer.

"I am going to make friends with the daughter of my old friend, John Maxwell, who disappeared in Canada. I will tell you all the rest of it presently. But I must be Mr. Macnamara, please. Only—how long must I go on calling that child Miss Maxwell?"

Mary laughed her gentle soft laugh. "Oh, I will authorise it to be Grace at once—and Hugh also. I am glad you will see Hugh. And I am very glad you came."

"For old times' sake," he said.

"Yes, for old times' sake. But for another reason too, that I will tell you when you have told me what brings you here."

(To be continued.)

THE BATTLE OF SHREWSBURY.

For the week beginning on the 19th of this month the ancient borough of Shrewsbury will hold high festival, and in all England there is not a town more worthy to be the scene of historic commemorations or medieval pageants, nor one more adapted to stimulating the fancy of sympathetic visitors whose minds are for the moment turned towards the days of old. On the 21st of July, in the year 1403, was fought the famous fight on Hateley field, the "sorrie battaile of Shrobbesberie" as contemporary chroniclers have it. And it is the quincentenary of this murderous conflict, which preserved the throne to the fourth Henry, and to the House of Lancaster, for three reigns at any rate, that the Salopians are about to celebrate with such praiseworthy historic zeal.

On the Sunday the civic dignitaries of town and county, supported by the military strength of the whole district concerned, will attend in state that beautiful old red sandstone Abbey church which is only waiting, I believe, for the inevitable division of the diocese of Lichfield to assume the becoming dignity of a cathedral. On Monday there will be public receptions and in addition Mr. Benson's Company, with the whole strength of the Lyceum appurtenances, will act the very topical play of *RICHARD THE SECOND*. On Tuesday there will be a special service conducted by the bishop in a church that has no precise counterpart in England, the church that was erected on the battlefield under Henry the Fourth's own patronage for the saying of perpetual

masses for the souls of those who had fallen. Mr. Wyllie, the first living authority on the reign of Henry the Fourth, and his most exhaustive biographer, will again relate on the field itself to sympathetic audiences the story of the sanguinary conflict and the causes that led up to it. Public luncheons, old English games, historical pageants, daily or nightly performances by Mr. Benson's Company of the topical Shakespearean plays are on the week's programme, while an historical fancy dress ball will no doubt recall to the upper world every hero of that stirring period from the Falstaff and Dame Partlet of Shakespeare's creation to the Glyndwrs, the Hotspurs and Lady Mortimers of stern reality. The archæologist too is expected in force, and Shrewsbury will reveal to him her exceptional treasures by the mouth of local experts. And even in the midst of this early fifteenth century ardour time will be found, no doubt, to visit Uriconium, and over its wonderful excavations to recall the butchering Saxons, the effacement of the *white city*, the death of Cynddylan, the despairing odes of Llywarch Hên. Such is the outline of the delights promised for the third week in July.

Shrewsbury, obstinately and persistently misnamed *Shroosbury* by almost every outsider gentle and simple in all England, is beyond any doubt one of the finest old county-towns in Great Britain. It is not only the unrivalled centre and capital of a large county which in many ways is distinguished above the common,

but, like Chester, it is often called in jest the capital of Wales. At any rate it was for centuries the outpost which stood the shock of Welsh hatred for the Saxon; and now it is virtually the market-town of considerable sections of the Principality that have none of their own to speak of. The grimy hand of manufacturing industry has scarcely smirched it. Its ancient castle and much of those red sandstone walls, which with the help of the river kept the Welsh out of the town for so many centuries, still exist intact. Rows of wonderful old black and white houses, the abodes of county magnates in Tudor times some of them, still form narrow wynds from street to street, or face the market-square and are quite devoid of self-consciousness, neither courting the tourist nor caring two straws for the admiration of outsiders, who as a matter of fact do not find their way here in great numbers. Two fine churches besides the Abbey distinguish the town. The classic Severn, still buoyant with the life and sparkle of the Welsh mountains, enfolds it in almost complete embrace and is bordered within the precincts by lime avenues that rival those of Trinity College in Cambridge, while an ancient school gives the academic touch to which such a place is peculiarly receptive. But Shrewsbury in the middle ages was not thus peaceful. It led no life of even comparative quiescence as did Warwick, Norwich, Exeter, or Northampton. Its parallels were not such towns as these but Carlisle rather, or Morpeth, or Alnwick. The hinges of its gates had to be kept well oiled, its warders wide awake. Like these northern towns too it has memories which stir the blood, and which the very view from its windows looking westward keeps fresh and green.

The battle of 1403, however, laid

once and for all the ghost of its alarms; but it is not for this that Shrewsbury thus gives herself up to an historical revel, but because the fate of the kingdom was settled on that day and because the manner of its settlement was so dramatic.

Henry of Bolingbroke had worn his uneasy crown just four years when he found himself riding in hot haste across England to fight the battle of Shrewsbury. It will be remembered how, returning from the unjust exile his cousin Richard had imposed upon him, he had landed in Yorkshire with a view only of claiming the estates that with more than injustice had been filched from him, but how the Percies and the Nevilles had not merely welcomed him home again, but had encouraged him to seize the throne; which he did with the acclamations of nearly all accessible England, while Richard was trying somewhat feebly to cement the conquests of Henry the Second's Norman-Welsh buccaneers in Ireland. The harsh treatment and mysterious death of Richard must also be remembered against the account of the battle of Shrewsbury. For Wales, Cheshire and some other parts of England had reasons for resenting the dethronement and ill treatment of the handsome, weakly Yorkist King, not the least of which, perhaps, was that they had seen but little of him. By one ill-judged act against its most formidable representative Henry had stirred Wales to frenzy, and for three years Owen Glyndwr had defied him and had done more than anyone to make his life a burden and his crown a thorny one. Scotland too had worried him incessantly. Continental powers had regarded him askance and the attitude of France in particular was threatening, while the financial state of the country all made for discontent. Cool-headed

and good soldier though Henry was, circumstances were all against him as a king, above all when his own friends proved false. In the Percies father and son, his kinsmen, who had helped him to the throne, he placed implicit trust. They were his wardens of the northern marches and had recently defeated the invading Scots with tremendous loss at Homildon, and captured a large number of their most conspicuous leaders, including the Earl of Douglas.

Now the martial etiquette of the period allotted these prisoners, with the substantial ransoms they represented, to the Percies as their captors. Henry, however, could not resist the opportunity of placing so many formidable Scotsmen under lock and key and had forbidden the Percies to put them to ransom and commanded that they should be sent to him in London. "Hotspur," who was of the King's age (about forty), positively refused to send them, but he came himself instead, and a fiery interview took place, in which it is said that the King drew his dagger on Henry Percy, who retired from his presence exclaiming: "Not here but on the field of battle." Two other causes of grievance were cherished by the Percies. The Welsh at the battle of Pilleth had destroyed the royal forces under Sir Edmund Mortimer and had captured that nobleman, who was Earl Percy's son-in-law as well as uncle and guardian to the young Earl of March, the rightful heir to the throne. Glyndwr held Mortimer captive and Henry refused the Percies permission to ransom their relative, naturally thinking that his rival's guardian was well out of the way. Again the King's judgement was unfortunate, for Mortimer made friends with Glyndwr and carried his Radnor and Hereford tenantry over to his side and more-

over married his daughter. Lastly the Percies declared that they were vastly out of pocket by campaigns waged in North Wales and on the Scottish border, for Hotspur had been Governor of North Wales, and complained that the King would not pay them, doubtless because he could not.

If Henry was injudicious in these matters he was at least unsuspecting and over-rated the loyalty of his friends. For in July, 1403, he was hastening northward with a considerable force to support his "very dear Cousins" against the perennial hostility of the Scots and was absolutely thunderstruck when at Higham Ferrars, or somewhere between that town and Lichfield, he heard that they had betrayed him and were at that moment marching southward towards Shrewsbury with an army to join the "Damned Glendower."

The story of the Percies' change of front and long intrigues is mysterious and complicated. It will be enough to say here that they had given freedom to their Scottish prisoners in exchange for their alliance, a bargain which must have suited those warlike borderers admirably. The Earl himself was detained by an illness, which, having regard to that old fox's character, may quite possibly have been in part assumed. But Hotspur with his immediate retainers, and his Scotsmen, set off for the Welsh border gathering an army as he went, and drawing largely on the turbulent, disaffected Palatinate of Cheshire increased his force to fourteen or fifteen thousand men. Glyndwr was at that moment in Carmarthen-shire besieging Dynevor. Such communications as had passed, if any there were, miscarried and the Welsh chieftain was probably ignorant of the near approach of Percy. Casual bodies of North Welshmen joined the latter and the whole strength of

Cheshire, the best archers in England, who came wearing on their shields and tunics the white heart of the dethroned and, as they thought, murdered King, though the fiction of his survival was industriously circulated. Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, the trusted adviser of the Prince of Wales on the Welsh border deserted at the eleventh hour and joined his relatives.

One might be permitted the wish that Shakespeare's famous scene of the "Tripartite Indenture," where Glyndwr, Mortimer and Hotspur hold colloquy over an outspread map of England and divide it between them, pending the victory they anticipate in the forthcoming fight, was accurately dated. That the incident was in the main true makes one regret all the more that it occurred three years later in West Carnarvonshire when the possibility of its fruition was so infinitely less and its significance much weakened.¹ Such was the situation when Henry after informing his council at Higham Ferrars in Northamptonshire of the gallant conduct of his "beloved son" Prince Henry and his troops on the Welsh Marches, received the staggering news from the north. Whatever his faults Bolingbroke was every inch a soldier and he rose to the occasion. He had already with him a considerable force, Londoners mainly, but he instantly raised such troops in those midland counties near him as the Sheriffs could assemble at so short notice, and then sent orders to Prince Henry to join him on the road to Shrewsbury with all his forces. The result was that four or five days later he marched into Shrewsbury, which as a Lancastrian town gladly opened its gates to him, with about twenty-five thousand men, almost at the moment when Hotspur with little more than half that

number arrived outside the walls. If these two had still been friends and allies, the meeting would have been well timed; as enemies its precision was a curious coincidence. Henry now held the fords of the Severn while of Glyndwr there was no sign. Even Hotspur's stout heart must have sunk as he withdrew his small army some two miles away to the north of the town where, exhausted like their enemies with fast marching, they bivouacked for the night. He himself spent the night, his last on earth as it proved, a little apart from his army at the mansion of the Bettons at Upper Berwick and a strange tale hangs about his sojourn there or rather two strange tales. For the one relates that on this same evening he cut the outline of his hand upon a panel in the wall, and an old woman who saw it there prophesied that the Bettons would retain their estate only so long as this precious relic was preserved by their descendants:

Whoe'er by chance shall lose this hand
Will lose both name and house and land.

As ill luck would have it the panel was lost in the earlier part of the nineteenth century while the house was undergoing repairs, and the Bettons and Upper Berwick parted company soon afterwards as the old witch had foretold.

The other story too had an old woman for its evil genius, and relates to the morning of the 21st, the day of battle. After the troops had moved on to the field, Henry Percy missed his favourite sword and in answer to his enquiries was informed that it had been left the night before at Berwick. Now it so happened that he had not troubled to enquire the name of the little hamlet where he had slept, and when he heard it he

¹ See OWEN GLYNDWR by A. G. Bradley.

turned pale and said : "I perceive my plough is drawing to the end of the furrow, for an old witch in the North foretold that I should die at Berwick. But, woe to me, the double meaning of the name has beguiled me." The morning brought no sign and no news of Glyndwr, and Hotspur with his late prisoner and present ally Lord Douglas turned, manfully and with a stout heart no doubt, to make the best of a bad business. There was no escaping and indeed that he meant to fight was evident later. For when, after some manœuvring, Hotspur's army was drawn up about three miles from Shrewsbury where Battle church now stands and the royal army was confronting it, the King seemed still in a forgiving and generous mood towards his ancient friends, and actually sent the abbot of Shrewsbury over to their camp with instructions to offer full pardon to Percy and a redress of all his grievances if even at this eleventh hour he would lay down his arms.

It seems incredible that in the face of such odds these terms should have been rejected, but the latest pervert, as is often the case, was the chief barrier to reconciliation and this was Hotspur's uncle, Worcester, whose counsels a few weeks before had been held in such high regard both by the King and his son, and who now scouted their overtures. Hotspur's line of battle faced Shrewsbury from the north. What are now large enclosures were then an open common, though a field of growing peas actually covered their front, together with one or two small ponds, while in the rear the ground sloped gently upward. We know little of the relative strength of the various bodies which made up Percy's army, but a few hundred at the most probably came from Northumberland and North Yorkshire. South Yorkshire

and Lancashire doubtless contributed some as he marched southward, but Cheshire, as we have ample evidence, turned out in its full strength. The men of that county were at that time the best bowmen in England, and this was the first battle in which Englishmen had been themselves compelled to face that fierce tempest of arrows, that deadly hail with which they had scourged France and had broken the chivalry of Scotland and were yet to win Agincourt. It is not usually known that the famous English long bow was an adaptation and improvement of the South Welsh bow.¹ The bowmen of Glamorgan and of Gwent, Archenfield and other lordships which afterwards merged into Monmouthshire, had been for a time the best archers in Britain. The mantle had now fallen on Cheshire, which prided itself on its independence of King, Lords and Commons and came into the fight, rather because Richard had been its earl and overlord in his private capacity, than because he had been its king. Welshmen were there too, mostly no doubt from Flint, as that county had been made by Edward the First a kind of appanage of the Cheshire Palatinate. There were doubtless some too from the Mortimer estates about Denbigh and the lower end of the Vale of Clwyd. No one, however, rates the total of Hotspur's army at more than fifteen thousand. The King on the other hand had his original force of southerners, the levies he had raised hastily in the Midlands on hearing of the trouble before him, and the army which the young Prince Henry, now only fifteen years old, had collected for a fresh invasion of Wales.

One may perhaps take note here that the scapegrace of Shakespeare and popular imagination could have

¹ Morris's *WELSH WARS OF EDWARD I.*

had uncommonly little time for purse-cutting and frolicking in London. No young Prince ever spent a graver or more strenuous youth. For years he had his headquarters at Shrewsbury and Chester, which he rarely left except to take the field against Glyndwr, who had driven his father three times out of the principality in as many years, and fully justified the boast which the great dramatist puts into his mouth.

Thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy bottomed Severn have I
sent
Him bootless home and weather-
beaten back.

The King held his eldest son in great esteem, as well he may have, and to anyone who has followed the Welsh wars of the prince Shakespeare's picture of Bolingbroke lamenting that his own son and Earl Percy's had not been changed in their cradles comes somewhat as a shock; still more of a shock is it to remember that, so far from Prince Hal and Hotspur having lain in their cradles contemporaneously, it was the King himself and Henry Percy that were of an age.

More than half the day had been wasted and "Shrewsbury clock" must have been near striking the hour of four; at any rate the shadows must have been lengthening, when King Henry threw his mace into the air as a signal for the beginning of the bloodiest battle that had dyed the soil of England since the Norman Conquest. "Then suddenly the trumpets blew, the King's party cried St. George upon them, the adversaries cried 'Esperance Percy' and so furiously the armies joined."

Many old chroniclers have described this battle and with much wealth of imagery and epithet in their endeavours to depict its fury. All agree it

opened with a terrific discharge of arrows from the bows of Percy's Cheshire archers. "They fell upon the King's troops," says Walsingham, "like leaves in Autumn. Everyone struck a mortal man." The royal army which was advancing could make no head against it, and formed in two massive columns such as those with which the French had so often and so fruitlessly rushed to their fate upon the bent bows of the English archers. The King's vanguard was staggered, and as the hail of arrows continued to lash them, their formation broke and signs of confusion and retreat arose. Prince Henry was wounded in the face. He had insisted on posting himself where the danger was greatest and resisted the efforts of those who would drag him hurt and bleeding from the field. Percy's army seems at this opportune moment, as was only natural, to have made a fierce onslaught, and at the same instant a cry arose that the King had fallen. The *mêlée* by all accounts must have been terrific. The royal standard was overthrown by a furious charge of Hotspur's knights and the Earl of Stafford, Constable of England, struck dead beside it. But at this supreme moment King Henry, who was still unharmed, rode up and down through the surging throng of combatants to give the lie to those who had falsely proclaimed his death and by voice and gesture did all that man could do to stem what looked like imminent disaster. For a long time now there was a desperate hand to hand struggle and probably no more shooting of arrows. The panic was overcome and with two against one the result could hardly be doubtful—and all this ferocity too between men who for the most part had no quarrel and no race hatred, nor any long antagonism in the field to foster and stimulate

anger. "Yet it was more to be noted vengeable," says Fabian, "for here the father was slain of the son and the son of the father."

In the meantime Hotspur, on this last evening of his turbulent life, had behaved with his usual headlong valour. With the Scottish lord, Archibald Douglas, and thirty chosen knights he had fought his way again and again through the *mêlée* seeking the King as one account says: another tradition (used by Shakespeare apparently) describes King Henry as having attired several other knights like himself and relates that Hotspur, having slain two or more of them and discovering they were not the man whose life he sought, hurled taunts at the head of the elusive Bolingbroke, as he professed to regard him, for seeking personal safety in such subterfuge. But this may fairly be regarded as malicious or imaginary, for Henry was a fine soldier, as brave as Hotspur himself whose feats of valour, however, on this occasion availed him nought. And as the resistance of his out-matched army waned a cry arose that the fierce Northumbrian whelp himself had fallen and this time the cry was true enough, for he had been struck dead on one of the wings pierced in the brain by an arrow or a spear.

This was the beginning of the end. The stubborn fight which had lasted about three hours and had been confined to the few acres of which Battle church is now the centre, broke at last into a headlong fight on the one side and a ruthless pursuit that gave no quarter on the other. Most of the fugitives fled northwards in the direction of Wem and Whitchurch; others sought refuge in the long wooded ridge of Haughmond which runs parallel with the battle field about two miles to the east of it; while the Welshmen doubtless sought the safety

offered both politically and physically by Glyndwr's influence, and by their own mountains, within easy sight to the westward of this field of slaughter. The sun must have been almost under their summits when the battle broke, and but an hour or so of daylight can have been left to illuminate a pursuit, in which the carnage was as great as in the long fight itself; for though both sides must have had more than enough, the weariness of the feebler force would have been even greater than that of their pursuers. "Men lay down," says Walsingham, "as darkness fell in mixed heaps, weary, beaten and bleeding." There was moreover a bright moon that night, whose sudden eclipse, not then as now foretold in almanacks, struck onlookers and citizens of Shrewsbury with awe and perhaps aided the escape of many fugitives. Of Percy's army, no less than five thousand are said to have been slain, among whom were two hundred gentlemen of Cheshire.

There Dutton Dutton kills; a Done
doth kill a Done,
A Booth, a Booth; and Leigh by Leigh
is overthrown;
A Venables against a Venables doth
stand;
And Troutbeck fighteth with a Trout-
beck hand to hand;
There Moleneux doth make a Moleneux
to die;
And Egerton the strength of Egerton
doth try;
O, Cheshire wert thou mad of thine
own native gore
So much until this day thou never
shedst before.

The Earl of Douglas was taken in the pursuit owing, it is said, to his horse floundering on the wooded slopes of Haughmond ridge. The Earl of Worcester, Sir Richard Venables and Sir Richard Vernon were also taken alive.

On the King's side the numbers of the wounded are put at three thousand

and the slain at sixteen hundred. Among the latter, besides the Earl of Stafford, are many famous names—Stanley, Blount, Massey, Gausel, Mortimer and others. It was the bloodiest battle that had been fought on English soil for generations, probably since the Conquest. If Glyndwr and his twelve thousand war-worn men had arrived on the scene they would have much more than turned the scale. Some historians have related that the Welsh hero actually reached the banks of the Severn while the battle was in progress, but could not cross it for high water, and the still living trunk of a huge and ancient oak tree standing on the Welshpool road at Shelton near the town is the scene of a long treasured Salopian legend which relates that Glyndwr himself watched the battle from its branches. All this is pure fiction, the Welsh leader, as already stated, being fully occupied in the Vale of Towy nearly a hundred miles away throughout the whole of these eventful days. It is generally supposed that messages had been sent by Percy to Glyndwr but that either he had not received them, or that, as some old writers say, he refused to come, mistrusting the wily nature of the old Lord Percy, who should have been with the expedition which he pretended to the King afterwards he had discountenanced. Hardyng the rhyming chronicler and an admirable authority, in that he was Hotspur's personal attendant, says that the latter had met Glyndwr the year before by appointment, and that one of the King's grievances against him was that he had not treacherously seized the Welsh leader on that occasion. Before leaving the subject of Glyndwr it may be worth reminding those not conversant with this delectable part of the Welsh border that his chief manor and dwelling place of Sycharth was only eighteen or twenty

miles from Shrewsbury in the deep valley of the Cynllaeth near Llan-gedwyn, and that the moat and mound on which the house so celebrated in the poems of Iolo Goch, stood, are still conspicuous.

When the fight was over and the moment of retribution had come, the faithless but talented Earl of Worcester, together with Sir Richard Vernon and Sir Richard Venables, was beheaded at the High Cross in Shrewsbury. The Earl's head was sent to London and suspended over Westminster bridge till nearly Christmas when it was despatched to Shrewsbury to be buried with his corpse in the Abbey church. The heads of Vernon and Venables were hung over the gates of their own capital of Chester. The Rev. W. G. D. Fletcher¹ of S. Michael's, Shrewsbury, who has concerned himself greatly with Salopian matters of this period, historical and antiquarian, and to whom I have on several occasions been much indebted, thinks that a headless corpse found not long ago under St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, may have been that of one of these ill-fated Cheshire knights. Many of the persons of note who fell, Mr. Fletcher thinks, were interred in the Augustine Friars and Friar-preachers at Shrewsbury, some of the skeletons at the latter place being disinterred when the site was levelled.

But the most dramatic fate of all was reserved for the remains of the dreaded Hotspur, whom Shakespeare describes as meeting his death at the hands of his rival and equal Prince Hal (who was of course a boy of the generation below him) in the immortal scene, where Falstaff lies in feigned death watching the combat out of the corner of one eye, only to get up and claim the credit of having killed Hotspur himself when the Prince had

¹ BATTLEFIELD CHURCH; by W. G. D. Fletcher.

moved on to other scenes of conflict. Hotspur, as we have seen, was killed by a chance arrow or spear-thrust. His body was taken away and decently buried at Whitechurch, by his kinsman Lord Furnival. But this would not suit Henry at all, nor could the corpse of so daring a rebel be lost as an example to the world. So it was exhumed and brought to Shrewsbury and there in gruesome fashion set upright between two millstones in the market place under a guard of soldiers, to show to all men that the valiant and dangerous Northumbrian was in very truth dead. The body was then beheaded and cut up. The quarters were salted and sent to decorate the walls of London, Bristol, Newcastle and Chester, the honour of exhibiting the head over its gates being reserved appropriately to York, where much of the Percy intrigue both before and afterwards was hatched. Three months later these ghastly trophies were, by the King's order, forwarded to his widow who caused them to be interred in the family tomb in York Minster. The lands and effects of the leading men who fought on Percy's side were freely confiscated and in the list appear, as one might expect, Stanleys, Grosvenors, Leighs, Duttons, Bromleys and Masseys. Their personal pardon was compounded for by a heavy fine, and the town of Chester was mulcted to a like extent for the share it had presumably taken in the rising.

But one of the most interesting things connected with the whole episode is the existence of the church which was erected four years afterwards on the site of the pits where the mass of undistinguished dead upon both sides were buried after the battle. Though its patron was Henry the Fourth, whose battered effigy still looks out from above the east window towards Haughmond ridge, it was

actually built and endowed by the then rector of Albright Hussey, the parish in which the battle was fought. This was Roger Ive, priest of Leaton, a strong Lancastrian, and of an old burgher family in Shrewsbury. The site was given by Richard Hussey, squire, to use a modern word, of Albright Hussey. A college of priests was also erected and endowed to serve the church, which was in no way a parish church, but erected distinctly and emphatically as a commemoration and thanksgiving offering by grateful and pious Lancastrians, for the victory of 1403, and for the saying of masses for the souls of the thousands who had there fallen and whose bones lay piled so thickly beneath and around it; not of course forgetting that of Henry of Bolingbroke and his brave son, nor yet of Roger Ive, the pious founder and first warden, who was buried at his death, forty years after, beneath the high altar, nor of many other local people mentioned by name. Divine service was first held here in March, 1408, when letters patent were issued by the King, founding and establishing the church into a perpetual chantry of eight chaplains.

The history of Battlefield church is after this one of purely local interest—a tale of the letters granted to it, of its various restorations and of how through the decay and falling down of Albright Hussey parish church it gradually took its place. But it remains so far as I know a unique memorial of this particular kind to an epoch-making event, and has an origin and a history unparalleled among English country churches. Perhaps if it stood in the bustle of some city's traffic it would not appeal to one so strongly as it does. But here, alone amid the quiet Shropshire fields, removed even from the country highway and providing

for the worship only of a country parish minute in numbers, the old building stands amid a perennial calm broken only by the murmur of bees and the song of birds, and the contrast between the tempest of arms that gave it birth and the peaceful seclusion in which it has rested ever since is curiously suggestive.

Not very long ago when workmen were engaged on some drainage excavations in connection with the vault

of the Corbet family, who are now the patrons of the living, they found themselves cutting through masses of human bones, grim reminders of the great slaughter of 1403. Inside the building too with singular appropriateness are hung the armorial bearings of the chief families who lost members on that sanguinary July evening just five centuries ago.

A. G. BRADLEY.

THE FOUR PACKMEN.

"WHAT'S in your Pack, O young and joyous Traveller?"

"Lovely toys and treasures, and beads that gleam and shine"

"Go upon your way—for my toys are lost or broken ;

All unstrung and fallen are the beads that once were mine."

"What's in your Pack, O gay and lusty Traveller?"

"Roots that soon will blossom, and seeds with promise filled."

"Go upon your way—for my roses are all faded ;

All my tender seedlings by the cruel frost were killed."

"What's in your Pack, O staid and toilworn Traveller?"

"Fruits sweet and sour, nuts and stores of grain."

"Go upon your way,—I am weary of the harvest ;

Canker's tooth has gnawed and the labour has been vain."

"What's in your Pack, O lean and weary Traveller?"

"Long white raiment,—very plain and white."

"Ah ! I will buy,—I have need of that you carry.

It will serve to hap me in the long and quiet night."

A VILLAGE FEUD.

EVERYBODY in the village knew old Dindy Bates, and everybody knew Dindy's wise brown pony Kindy, which some wag in the past had named Kind Words because he would "never die." Everybody knew Dindy's huge oak stick, an aid to eloquence when Dindy sat in the cart, an aid to his lame, bent body when he went a-foot, a goad to Kindy always. Everybody knew Dindy's battered hat, Dindy's patched smock frock, and, moreover, his loves, hates, humours, and private affairs, the which he would declaim with vigour from the cart-seat.

And everybody knew Gordon Sleighby, Esq., D.C.L., J.P., and how that he and Dindy Bates, for all the difference in their social positions, were neighbouring landowners; for Dindy's patrimony—pasture, arable and forest in one acre—thrust itself in a little impertinent wedge into Squire Sleighby's park and marred one side of it provokingly. Everybody knew that this dovetailing of the two estates bred frequent friction between the owners over hedge or ditch or overhanging tree or other debatable matter, and that at last much dissension had culminated in the prosecution of Dindy for allowing his pony to stray in Sleighby Park despite previous remonstrance and caution. So when, on the afternoon of the day which saw the case tried at a neighbouring town, it was reported that Dindy was "coming down the street swearing," everybody knew that law and fortune had gone against him.

Five minutes earlier the long village

street had drowsed deserted. But as the old man, seated squarely in the middle of his cart, proceeded slowly along urging Kindy and discussing his grievance by turns, heads and bodies appeared at every doorway, while a round dozen of village school-boys, on whom no effect of picturesque language was lost, followed admiringly. Dindy and Kindy, by mutual consent, stopped in front of the Six Bells. There also, on the opposite side of the road, halted the brigade of youngsters, with a frank air of awaiting entertainment. Thither also grown-ups casually took their way.

Dindy keeping his seat called, in a voice once likened to a fog-horn with a cold, for a mug of ale. The landlord handed it and the audience gathered closer.

"'E's a scamp!" Dindy gulped and breathed hard. As he looked at the landlord one yellow fang showed under his lifted lip. "A scamp! A scamp! A scamp!" He ground his gums in vicious mastication of the word.

"Who's a scamp, Dindy?" asked the landlord innocently.

"That Sleighby! That rascal of a Sleighby!"

"Gently, Dindy. *Squire Sleighby.*"

"*Squire?* Villain! Thief! Cut-throat!" Dindy confirmed his statements with his stick on the bottom of the cart. "Black-flag pirate!"

"Ah, I see you've lost, Dindy. But I'm sure Mr. Sleighby—"

"'E's bought 'em over!" raved Dindy. "'E's bribed 'em an' soaped 'em an' gulled 'em! There ain't law

nor justice nor right in England! Them in 'igh places are all thieves an' rogues an' vagabonds! . . . Pay? I'll pay 'im! Gordon Sleighby, Es-quire!" Dindy spat.

"How much was it, Dindy?"

"Never mind, I paid it, I paid it. Never you mind." Dindy's tone was sharp. "It ain't the fust as Kindy's cost me" He gave Kindy a dig on the haunch and Kindy turned his head toward the inn door enquiringly. "Fetch 'im a pint," ordered Dindy. "In a basin." A little bird told the landlord that the Squire was abroad and might be passing presently. He took his time.

"'E's a black-'earted un," resumed Dindy when Kindy had drunk the beer and order was restored. "Ain't 'e Kindy!" Kindy endorsed the remark with a whisk of his tail and a rolling of his near eye toward the empty vessel in the landlord's hand. "A black-'earted un! An' a white-livered un! An' a green-blooded un! 'E ain't fit to skeer crows!" Dindy's chin sank to his chest amid cries of "Go it, Dindy!"

"Gordon Sleighby, Esquire," he said slowly, spending his very soul in ironic bitterness. "D.C.L.!" he went on. "D.V.L., I say; 'ow do you spell it—D-i-v . . .?"

"D-e-v-i-l," piped one of the boys, divining. Amid a ripple of laughter Dindy turned to the young preceptor admiringly.

"Eddication—" he began and paused, shaking his head wisely. "Eddication's a great blessin'," he observed impressively. There was more laughter and Dindy struck his stick on the side of the cart.

"Silence!" he roared. He leaned over toward the children, his stick raised for attention. "Now you little dears, don't you forget to write this in your copy-books: 'Gordon Sleighby, Esquire, D-e-v-i-l; Devil!'" The ex-

tended stick made short, emphatic strokes in the air at the deliberate dropping of each of the five letters and performed a tremendous flourish over the completed word.

"Devil!" roared Dindy again, settling himself upright on the seat and striking his stick on the front of the cart with all his strength. "Fetch me another," he gasped.

"Ses," he explained to the landlord after refreshment and pointing to the pony, "ses—leastways that agent of 'is ses—'ow 'e's 'ad to turn Kindy out of 'is park a dozen times. A liar!"

"Expect the grass is sweeter there, Dindy; and of course your pony . . ."

"Where'll you find better keep 'n there is on that bit o' mine, if it ain't much bigger 'n your 'at, accordin'?" broke in Dindy indignantly. "Don't Kindy look well on it? I puts 'im there an' I leaves 'im safe an' sober at dark. No; they 'ticed 'im over to make a bother afterwards; 'e'd never go wrong of 'isself."

"He'd never take anything out of his reach," said the landlord confidently. "But I thought he always slept with you?"

"Rats! . . . Ah! if I 'ad that rascal of a Sleighby face to face, man to man, I'd pull 'is neck for 'im till it was as long as an ole sheep's after shearin' time!"

A buzz of interest conquered the merriment caused by Dindy's threat, simile and attitude. The audience looked away down the street. Dindy turned hastily and stared. Squire Sleighby was in sight, riding. Dindy pulled vigorously at his off rein to make Kindy face him. The Squire came cantering up, a spare, well-groomed aristocrat, graceful in the saddle for all his sixty-odd years. Most of the adults had retired but the youngsters remained in a body.

Dindy planted his stick upon his thigh, as the Squire carried his hunting-crop, but more upright, and addressed him. "Muster Sleignby!"

"Well, Bates?"

"You got the best o' me to-day."

"So I hear, Bates. I hope it will be a lesson to you." He spoke and passed on.

"No, no, Squire; I was goin' to tell you summat."

"Well?" Mr. Sleignby checked his horse and turned his head.

"You'll never git that field."

"I don't want it Bates, if that's all you had to say."

"You ole utterer! You've bin tryin' to git it this ten year!"

The Squire swung half round hotly. Reflection and the swift consciousness of delighted faces restrained him. But the angry colour stayed in his face as he said contemptuously, "Drunk again, Bates!"

"That's another! 'E's offered me money for the field time an' agin!" shouted Dindy for all the parish to hear. "'E's tried all manner o' ways an' I never would sell; an I wunt; 'e never shall touch a square inch of it unless it's to bury 'im in as I 'ope wunt be long! Call 'im a gentleman? Ooo"—he breathed hard as he spoke—"e's a bad man!"

The Squire, further off by now, stopped again and shook his hunting-crop. "You insulting scoundrel, I've a great mind to thrash you!" he exclaimed.

"Scoundrel? Scoundrel!" echoed the excited Dindy. "Thresh me! You touch me, you venomed varmint, you crow at me! Lemme git at yer; I'll larn yer!"

Dindy threw his stick to the ground and clutched the cart side to help his descent. "Whoa Kindy!" Kindy, inclined for home, yawed diagonally across the street. "Whoa, then!" Dindy attained the step.

"Lemme see yer; I'll 'andle yer, I'll limb yer!"

Mr. Sleignby was cantering off when Dindy reached earth. Dindy flung his hat that way and limped after, a squat, bent figure, his grey, tousled hair fallen to his eyes. He stopped in the exact middle of the street, he struck three attitudes at the receding Squire, and he was great in each. First he bobbed a couple of bows—expansive bobs of invitation, with his hands wide apart and open palms, and his head, arms and body moving as one from the hip. Next he put up his clenched fists and squared himself, slightly swaying his head from side to side as a boxer does. Finally he posed with averted face and extended hand going up and down in little waves of dismissal towards the distant enemy. This last attitude he struck twice, facing each side of the street in turn for a few seconds. As he returned to the cart the boys clapped their hands.

"Next time I meet 'im I'll pull 'im off 'is 'oss an' put 'im under the seat," he assured his hearers. "I'll go for 'im an' un'oss 'im," he announced, settling himself squarely. "I'll engage 'im, I'll storm 'im, I'll capture 'im; I'll bind 'im to my charrut wheels!" The cart moved; Kindy had decided for home. "Ter my charrut wheels!" declared Dindy, brandishing his stick high above his head.

When the Squire was at home he and Dindy met nearly every day. On the following afternoon Kindy went his own pace down a lonely by-lane a mile from the village. In the cart Dindy was brooding after the stress of yesterday when the thud of hoofs at his tail-board made him look up. His face became sullen;

the horseman overtaking him was Squire Sleignby.

"Well, Bates." Mr. Sleignby reined in purposefully.

Dindy's jaw set harder. "Agin," he ground out. "Then I've 'appened on yer agin."

"I hope you are sober to-day, Bates."

"What's that to you?"

"Because I have something I wish to tell you."

"Git on, Kindy; git on!" Dindy looked straight before him.

"Listen to me. If ever you forget yourself again, drunk or sober, so far as to insult me as you did yesterday, either in the public street or anywhere else, I shall certainly prosecute you at once."

Dindy laughed a harsh, grating laugh. "Kindy," he grunted chuckling as one calling attention to a jest afoot. The Squire's colour rose. "You understand me, Bates. I shall go to the extreme of the law in the matter and I shall use every advantage my position gives me. I shall spare no expense and no effort."

"Kindy! Kindy!" The old man banged his stick on the side of the cart and Mr. Sleignby restrained his young horse with difficulty.

"It will mean ruin or imprisonment to you, for I shall show no mercy. So let this suffice and remember. Never let it occur again. I warn you!" His voice rose. "You understand?"

"Whoa!" Kindy stopped instantly. "Which way be you a-goin Muster Sleignby?"

"I am going straight on," answered the Squire, less to Dindy's question than his manner.

"Then I'm goin' back. An' never you speak to me or 'dress me agin. I never want to 'ear your voice agin. I never want to see your face agin. I never want to breathe your name

agin. When I'm obliged to go past you or your park or your carriage I shall turn my 'ead t'other way an' shut my eyes. I never want to be'old you nor your 'ouse nor your men nor your maids nor nothin' as belongs to yer. As fur as I'm concerned you're dead an' buried an' forgot. An' if ever I mount to another world all I ask is that *you* wunt be *there*!" Kindy was reversed by this time and Dindy had to look back for the last word. "Now *you* understand *me*, Gordon Sleignby."

Mr. Sleignby cantered off, outwardly amused. The old fellow would not offend again. And that awkward plot of his must fall into the market a few years hence at most; Bates was past seventy. Then when it became part of Sleignby Park that foul bank should be levelled, the brook widened, the park fence and the belt of trees should join, and—and—and—. The Squire rode on, absorbed.

As Dindy rounded the corner into the high road a sudden impulse made him look back down the lane. Dark and sharply cut against the west Mr. Sleignby's figure rose and fell rhythmically to the free action of his horse. Something about the distant silhouette made Dindy reflect that his enemy grew older; the head seemed lower than of yore, the elbows wider, the whole seat less graceful, less masterful. Dindy looked long. Then suddenly he saw the Squire's horse shy right across the lane, almost clearing the space from hedge to hedge in one mighty jump like the vault of a huge greyhound. For one supreme instant Dindy's vision was filled by the rider's bunched body in the air above the horse's head, then as he stood up with his legs trembling there came to his ears a dull thud that made him catch his breath. Far off over the field flew the pheasant

that had got up and caused the mischief. In fancy Dindy heard the whirring of its wings. The riderless steed tore madly down the lane, its head out like a racehorse.

Dindy roused himself. He pulled Kindy round and back into the lane and drove like one possessed. He thrashed, he banged, he shouted until the angry pony made the old cart rock and bump and rattle over the rutty road. But Dindy never drew rein until he reached the spot where Mr. Sleignby had been thrown.

The Squire lay face downward and motionless on the grass-grown roadway. One extended hand grasped his hunting crop, the other arm was doubled underneath him. The wind had dropped; in the hush of late afternoon Dindy felt awe upon him like a burden. He found his voice at last: "Squire." It was but a tense whisper. Then, less afraid he said again, and louder, "Squire, *Squire!*"

Still there was no answer.

Dindy descended slowly. He took off his hat. Hesitatingly, tenderly he turned the prostrate man face upwards. He was senseless, ashen; blood and foam oozed from his mouth. But he was not dead; a crushing weight rose off Dindy. Not dead, no! Dindy's blood ran in something like triumph. His enemy lay to his hand, helpless yet alive. And he must not, would not, should not die!

Gradually a great resolve seized Dindy, swayed him, conquered him. He looked up the lane, down the lane, over the fields. Not a soul was in sight. He stooped and raised the Squire by the shoulders tentatively. No, he could never lift him into the cart unaided. Dindy knitted his brows and muttered. He walked a few yards away and returned carrying a field-gate which he had lifted off its hooks. The gate was heavy but

Dindy strung his muscles and bore it strongly. Kindy was summarily brought up from grazing and the cart backed into position within some few yards from where the Squire lay. Next the wheels were blocked, the tail-board was taken out and the field-gate laid in sloping fashion with one end of it on the pommels of the cart and the other end resting on the ground. Then Dindy wiped his face, for the sinking sun shone past the trees.

The old man took off his smock and spread it out upon the gate. "Now Squire, your 'ead an' shoulders fust, askin' your pardon for 'andlin' yer; but my ole shay if it ain't much to look at 'ull be better'n the rough sod. There's no bones broke so fur, I think, an' I'll 'itch you up a little at a time an' gentler'n if you was my own kin. There—you're straight on the gate anyway. One time I could 'a' lifted 'im in clean," said Dindy apologetically as he stopped for breath. He grunted and gasped as his task increased.

"On to the upright—so—that's 'arf-way. Now for the wust job. Git yer middle past the pommel we're safe. I wunt mark yer . . . you sha'n't 'ave another scratch for you've bin . . . 'ard played with . . . this day. Thank God it . . . don't lay . . . ter me!"

Dindy panted hard, his toothless mouth gaping, his rheumy eyes starting, his old sinews cracking. At length he got the shoulders in the cart and he sank upon the gate himself, holding his breast with both hands, catching fearfully for his breath. He had been a fool; sudden exertion killed people at his age! But by-and-by his laboured breath came with less of the sharp stabbing, and the ache of his loins abated so that he could straighten himself.

He would never give in now! He strained anew and at last the inanimate Squire rested wholly upon the straw in the cart with his head pillowed on an old rug against the front and his feet out upon the lowered tail-board, and with Dindy's smock across him as coverlet. Then Dindy, limp, colourless, shrunk of cheek, triumphed in a broken wheeze to Kindy. "We've got 'im there, Kindy; 'e's our'n. Steady, boy, steady; you've got Sleignby 'Ouse an' Sleignby Park be'ind yer so go careful. Keep the wheels out o' the ruts; we wunt 'urt 'im for all the gold 'e's wuth. After to-day we'll be 'is enemy agin maybe, after to-day. Now we've got the very 'airs of 'is 'ead all numbered."

And so that evening Dindy and Kindy journeyed slowly down the sunset-flooded village street with the feet of a man visible among the straw at the tail of the cart. At every few yards Dindy proclaimed in a strange, cracked treble: "We're a bringin' on 'im. Gently Kindy!"

Dindy sat on the front of the cart in his shirt-sleeves with his feet upon the shaft. "A bringin' on 'im! A bringin' on 'im!"

Soon a crowd collected. In the greater width at the street's end the villagers checked Dindy's progress.

"Stan' out o' the road! We're a takin' on 'im!" The voice might have been that of a child, but quavering, and less round. "A takin' on 'im I tell yer! Gent-ly!"

Dindy looked round at the encircling neighbours. They saw that his face had become thinner and white, as if he had been ill. The knowledge of his burden ran and one held the pony's bridle. But they lifted Dindy down first. He still babbled, his face working. "Gently wi' the Squire; gently with 'im. We ain't let a 'air of 'is 'ead fall—me an' Kindy."

They half carried him away. Like to one dreaming his speech was. "Not a 'air of 'is 'ead. Me and Kindy. Kin-dy!"

Weeks elapsed before Mr. Sleignby got out again. And almost the first time he drove through the village in an open carriage Kindy and his master met him near the Six Bells. The Squire hailed Dindy: "Ha, ha! Bates! How-de-do? How-de-do?"

Landau and pony-cart foregathered in view of all the street and Dindy was great. As he spoke he took off his hat. "Muster Sleignby, I salutes yer."

ALDWYCH IN LONDON.

THE new street, Holborn to the Strand, will go through one of the most interesting districts of London. The earliest history of this district leads to the elucidation of an important phase in the history of London itself and one which has not been investigated by any London historian. The key-note is contained in the significant name of the church and parish of St. Clement Danes, which has kept alive the tradition that this district was in some way or another connected with the Danish conquerors of our island in the tenth and eleventh centuries. The tradition is perfectly accurate, but, like most traditions which are allowed to live on unchecked by the records of history, it has become vague and wild. The unravelling of the story can only be done by piecing together scraps gathered from many sources, but the results thus obtained, even if of the character of a mosaic, cannot fail to be considered as a bit of rescued history of great importance to London. It is no less than the relationship of the Danes to the great city, typical to some extent of the effect of the Danish conquest upon England, and, if I mistake not, it connects the great name of King Alfred in a special manner with this particular spot in London, a connection upon which all Londoners, all Englishmen, may well be glad to dwell. When the Danes overran this country they formed settlements in many districts, and that one of these settlements should have been just outside the walls of London is not only of great significance by

itself, but it has, I think, the added significance of being a settlement accorded by the peace which King Alfred secured for his people.

The first important facts which bear upon the subject are the entries in three of the chronicles of the burial of the Danish King, Harold Harefoot, in the year 1040. The entry in the chronicle of William of Malmesbury is as follows, after describing the disinterring of the body by Hardicanute: *id a quodam piscatore exceptum sagena, in cimiterio Danorum Londoniæ tumulatur*. Florence of Worcester says: *et ad Danos allatum sub festinatione, in cœmeterio quod habuerunt Londoniæ sepultum est ab ipsis cum honore*, while Ralph de Diceto says more specifically: *brevi autem post a quodam piscatore ad Danos allatum est, et in cimiterio quod habuerunt Lundoniæ sepultum est apud Sanctum Clementem*.

The question is—what do these entries exactly mean? Have they any significance beyond the fact which they record? We must go a little further into the history of the Danish conquest for our answer, and the first point to note is that the object of the Danes was to settle after conquest. It was not mere piracy and plunder. This is clearly shown by a passage in Roger of Wendover, *sub anno* 896, as follows:

Landing at the mouth of the river (Luie) not far from the city of London they drew their ships on shore and took to plunder and rapine, on hearing of which the citizens of London taking to their aid the people of the neighbouring parts (*comprovincialibus populis*) came

to the aforesaid place where they found that the enemy had now formed a settlement.

The text of the Rolls edition calls this river Luie, a reading not always given, but one which undoubtedly suggests the modern Lea, while the whole passage indicates clearly enough the object of the assault upon London. A boat of this period and of the type known to have belonged to the Danes was recently discovered by the East London Water Company in their works on the Lea and thus represents the last relic perhaps of the struggle of London against the Danish conqueror.

But apart from these points it may perhaps be conceded, at all events for the moment, that there is enough chronicle evidence to accept St. Clement Danes as the well-known burial place of the Danish King, and the next point is to enquire whether anything more than a cemetery was situated there. The entries in their very baldness help us materially, for they allude to the burial place as belonging to the countrymen of the King, a fit and proper place for his interment and one which his countrymen desired as a right rather than one which Londoners had determined upon in order to get rid of the dead King's body. This would mean that the Danes were sufficiently distinct from Londoners not only to have views of their own but to give expression to them, and that therefore they were living in this district beyond the walls of London in such political form as to give a corporate character to their life. If this view is confirmed by other facts any difficulty at this initial stage is swept away, and it therefore becomes necessary to examine into Danish settlements to see whether there is such confirmation. Dr. Worsaae, the distinguished

Danish antiquary, held this view as the following quotation from his work on *THE DANES AND NORWEGIANS IN ENGLAND* will prove :

It has been supposed that this church was called after the Danes because so many Danes have been buried in it; but as it is situated close by the Thames, and must originally have lain outside the city walls, in the western suburbs, it is certainly put beyond all doubt that the Danish merchants and mariners who were established in or near London had here a place of their own in which they dwelt together as fellow countrymen. Here it should also be remarked that this church like others in commercial towns, as for instance at Aarhus in Jutland, at Trondhjem in Norway, was consecrated to St. Clement, who was especially the seaman's patron saint.

Now the Danes living outside the walls of London, in a district specially theirs, would live in Danish fashion, would follow Danish customs, would conform to Danish laws and institutions. Can we then ascertain what these might be? Fortunately to answer this question we can turn to two distinct parallels, two actually historical settlements of the Danes in or near large walled towns in Saxon times. One of these cases is Rochester in Kent, the other is Dublin, and I will refer to the essential features of these two cases to see if they are repeated in the London settlement at St. Clement Danes.

I have discussed the Rochester case at some length in my little study of *THE VILLAGE COMMUNITY* (pp. 247-252). Outside the defences of the castle but upon the great mound, on the northern part of which the castle is built, is a district called the Boley Hill. This district is not only topographically distinct from the castle and town of Rochester but it was also constitutionally distinct. It had a separate jurisdiction of its own absolutely independent of the mayor and corporation. The first historical

notice of it is contained in a charter of Henry the Sixth, and Edward the Fourth also granted a charter for the holding there of a court leet. But these charters only give legal sanction to much more ancient custom. The inhabitants of the district met in legal assembly under a tree in the centre of their district, and this assembly determined all the rights and privileges of the inhabitants in a manner so exclusive of the jurisdiction of the mayor and corporation of the town that royal proclamations and other announcements of the kind were always separately read at the assembly tree after they had been promulgated at the Guildhall. The whole history of this little community as I have traced it out is highly interesting and curious, and there can be no doubt that it represents a settlement by the Danes following one of their successful attacks upon Rochester.

But it may be argued that I have had to piece together the history of the Boley Hill community at Rochester just as I am endeavouring to piece together the history of the St. Clement's community at London, and that therefore the parallel between the two cases is not a parallel of actual recorded fact on the one side and a suggested restoration of lost facts on the other side, but only a parallel between two separate sets of suggested restoration. This argument would have some force, but even so I think the fact that there exists, as I shall presently prove, a close parallel in two perfectly distinct cities is important enough for either case to act as a support to the other. But I can go a step further than this, for in the Dublin case there is far better record evidence of the method which the Danes adopted when they successfully made good their demands for a settlement in or near a great town or city.

The Scandinavian antiquities of Dublin have fortunately had a special historian, Mr. Charles Haliday, and from his extensive and minute researches¹ based on documentary evidence of unquestionable authority, I summarise the principal facts for my present purpose. The oldest Norman records frequently refer to an extra-mural district east of Dublin denominated the *Stein* or *Staine*, a flat piece of ground extending southwards from the strand of the Liffey to the lands of the Rath and eastward from near the city walls to the river Dodder. The point of land here referred to may be described as an elevated ridge near the confluence of the Liffey and the Dodder, forming what the Scandinavians termed a *Næs* or neck of land between two streams, and was the place where the Dublin northmen usually landed. I am not disposed to lay over much stress upon parallel topographical details, but it is certainly of remarkable significance that this extra-mural territory of Dublin should be so closely in keeping with the extra-mural territory of London associated with the Danes. As in Dublin so in London, the territory proceeded from the strand of the great river to near the city walls by the banks of the lesser river, thus forming a neck of land between two streams. In London these rivers were the Thames and the Fleet respectively. The extent of the territory in London I shall discuss more fully presently, but its general position is indicated from its Dublin parallel in a remarkably accurate manner.

The place known as the Stein in Dublin was called after a great monolith which formerly stood not far from the landing-place. It does not

¹ C. Haliday's SCANDINAVIAN KINGDOM OF DUBLIN (1882).

appear that the stone was inscribed but it stood about twelve or fourteen feet above ground and it so remained until the surrounding lands were laid out in streets and houses. Down to the seventeenth century it was a well known landmark, and leases of the lands near seem to locate the property dealt with by reference to "the Long stone of the Stein."¹ This spot was called by the native Irish "the Green of Ath Cliath," and the successful Irish chieftain, Brian, after he had driven the Danes from Dublin, held a great council there.² Further than this, on a part of the territory of the Stein there existed until the year 1685 a great mound known as the *Thing motha*, that is the council hill for the administration of the affairs of the Danish tribesmen, and not far off the *Hangr Hoeg* or gallows hill for the execution of criminals. All that has been collected about this site goes to show that it was the great assembly place of the Dublin Danes, and that many of the primitive Danish customs practised at such places were continued long after the Danish rule had ceased, for we find that the Bowling Green, the archery butts, the place for games, miracle plays and pageants, were at this mound, and that upon it in after years the Mayor of Dublin sat with his jurors under a tent presiding over the armed muster of the citizens.³

Let me here summarise the results we have obtained from these examples. First we have it that the territory marked off for the occupation of the Danish community was kept distinct and independent of the surrounding territory; secondly that this territory was not merely occupied by a group of individuals but was held by a social

unit possessed of the power of self government; thirdly that the system of government was upon the ancient Danish lines having for its chief symbol the stone or mound or tree sacred as the place of assembly; and lastly that this open air place of assembly was also the place of festivals and ceremonies of a sacred or tribal character just as we know it to have been in the earliest days of Danish history. These four results are of great significance. They are associated items of the well ascertained social system of the early Danish tribesmen. They appear in France, in Scotland, everywhere where the Danish people extended their conquest in the ninth and tenth centuries, when they were at the zenith of their power as a conquering and settling race. They are indicative, in a way which perhaps no other evidence could be, of the presence of Danish settlers, and coming as they do from settlements in our own country they may clearly be used for the purpose of ascertaining whether any similar evidence is forthcoming from a district such as St. Clement Danes, London, which has not kept its historical records complete enough to be able to do without the assistance afforded by parallel events elsewhere.

With this evidence before us we may turn to the facts which are recorded of the doings of the Danes at London, for these will satisfy the initial difficulty by showing that the Danes at London remained outside the walls because as conquerors they did not obtain rights inside. After the peace of Wedmore which gave Essex to the Danes, the fleet of the Danes in 885 steered up the Thames and beset Rochester, which held out until it was relieved by Alfred, and at the close of this part of the great struggle London is definitely stated to have been in Alfred's hands. This is

¹ *Op. cit.*, 152, where examples are quoted.

² WARS OF THE GAEDHIL WITH THE GAEL, pp. clxxii. 155. This work describes the holding of Dublin by the Danes.

³ Haliday, *op. cit.*, 169.

the main point to start with, for all before that is uncertain. It had been plundered in 851 and in 880 the Danes were as near as Fulham, where they wintered, but these facts do not, as it appears to me, warrant Mr. Green's assumption that London was all this time, under the terms of the peace of Wedmore, in the hands of the Danes. I think on the contrary that the fact that the year 886 sees London in Alfred's hands, without mention of his having won it back from the Danish chief, argues that it had never been actually taken by the Danes. There is much argument for this position which cannot be stated here, but it rests upon a set of facts regarding the constitutional history of London which has never been taken into account by historians, particularly by those of the school of Freeman and Stubbs. If, however, London was not actually in possession it was often attacked, generally surrounded and virtually hemmed in by the Danes. This would be sufficient to account for the grant of a place of settlement outside its walls, and I think the peace of Alfred and Guthrum in 878 allowed this concession to the isolated Danish settlers although it shifted back the formal boundary of the Danish country to the river Lea, far east of London.

If the general history of the events recorded of these times points to the fact of a settlement just outside London it would be confirmed if local history gave us any of the internal details of such a settlement. It was a tribal community which settled, not a mere herd of people brought together by the tide of conquest. The territory which was allotted to this community was singularly fitted to Danish requirements, as we have already seen by its remarkable parallel to the Danish territory in Dublin, and it has left its landmarks on

the map of London for many centuries.

We may turn for information first to the boundaries of Westminster, for if these boundaries did not reach to the City, the intervening territory will form a valuable part of the present enquiry. The first description of these boundaries is in a charter of King Edgar dated 951, and is thus described (translated from the Anglo Saxon by Mr. G. Saunders in *ARCHÆOLOGIA*, vol. xxvi.):

First up from Thames along Merfleet to Pollen-Stock, so to Bulinga Fen, afterwards from the Fen along the old ditch, to Cowford. From Cowford up, along Tyburne to the broad military road: following the military road to the old stock of St. Andrews Church: then within London Fen, proceeding south on Thames to mid-stream, and along stream, by land and strand, to Merfleet.

There is not much to distinguish the eastern boundary in this description, but "within London Fen" means within on the Westminster side. This is confirmed by a subsequent description of the boundary of Westminster which appears in a decree of 1222 for terminating a dispute between the Abbey and the See of London respecting the ecclesiastical franchise of the conventual church of St. Peter.

This decree entirely excludes from the Westminster franchise towards the east all the precinct of the Savoy, and the entire parishes of St. Mary-le-Strand and St. Clement Danes, with portions of the parishes of St. Andrew and St. Giles. We thus have a piece of ground, which was uncovered in Aggas's plan of London in Elizabeth's reign, and which at a later period included Drury Lane, at the end of White Hart Yard, and extended to Somerset House and the river front. The growth of buildings here during the Stuart and early Georgian periods

has obscured its early history, but the old boundaries of Westminster and of the city tell their story well and enable us to look upon this territory as belonging to a special period and a special series of events. This territory, through which the new street runs directly, did not belong either to Westminster or to the City. We must go further back for its origin than to parishes and precincts, and then we come upon a place named Aldwych. Colonel Prideaux, a well known London antiquary, thus describes it :

South of Great Queen Street is a district which was co-extensive with the area of what was perhaps the oldest suburb of London, the village of Ealdwic or Aldwic, known later as Aldewych and of which so late as the days of the Stuarts some vestiges remained in Old-wich Close, an open space which lay to the south of Lincoln's Inn Fields. This village in the tenth century was largely colonised by the Danes after whom the neighbouring church of St. Clement was named. The high road of the village which connected it with the hospital of St. Giles, was known as the *via de Aldewych* and is represented by the modern Drury Lane with the exception of the south eastern extremity which led to the holy well of St. Clement and the name of which still survives in Wych Street. (NOTES AND QUERIES, 9th ser., ii. 81).

This is the territory which I think was Danish territory in the tenth century and which was sufficiently separate from the City and from Westminster to have been included in neither of these places up to the time of the reign of Edward the First.

So much for the territorial portion of the history; we can now turn to the constitutional history, for in this, I think, we have many important clues not hitherto properly brought into the history of London. If in connection with a territory which kept its distinctiveness down to his-

torical times we can discover customs which can only be explained by reference to Danish customs in other places, as for instance Dublin and Rochester already referred to, the argument becomes all the stronger that this must have been the place of settlement of the Danish conquerors of the country round London.

Perhaps the most significant relic of a Danish settlement is the stone monolith at which the chief of the tribe was installed and the assembly of the tribe met to discuss and settle the affairs of the community. This is to be identified with a stone cross, as it was called in later days, which stood opposite the Bishop of Worcester's house, now Somerset House, in the Strand, and the means of identification are most interesting. In the first place it was the spot where the dues were paid. This appears from a manorial custom first recorded, according to Hazlitt's *TENURES OF LAND*, in the reign of Edward the First, when it appears that the dues for a piece of land in the parish of St. Clement Danes were six horse-shoes paid annually "at the Stone Cross" (*ad crucem lapideam*). This land passed into the possession of the Corporation of London who annually now render six horse-shoes for it at the Court of Exchequer.¹ The important point here is that the manor dues were rendered at the stone cross—the dues of the community, that is, rendered at the place of assembly of the community. That this is a correct interpretation of the manor custom is to be gathered from further customs connected with this stone cross so called. Thus in the reign of Edward the First "the justices itinerant set at the stone cross" in the open air.² The custom is alluded to by several authorities

¹ Hazlitt's *TENURES*, p. 203.

² Ritson's *COURT LEETS*, p. ix.

and there can be no doubt that it occurred.¹ An open air court of this kind is obviously of archaic significance. The justices came to it as to a place independent of the City or of Middlesex and they came in conformity no doubt to ancient custom, not to thirteenth century requirements. That custom takes us back to the Danish settlement where the heads of the tribe met, in London as they did at Dublin and at Rochester, at a monolith or other significant landmark and as, according to all ancient authorities, was the practice in Danesland and throughout Scandinavia. It was the meeting-place of the assembly of the Danish community, the place where they administered their affairs and their laws. And in later days, before the district had lost its ancient idiosyncrasy of independence of both London and of Westminster, it was administered by the King's justices, but in the archaic Danish fashion and on the ancient Danish spot.

There is the additional significance of the Maypole of the Strand so well known as connected with this spot. The Maypole with its accompanying ceremonial is a very ancient relic of

the past and it is essentially connected with a settled community. Nowhere in England was it otherwise than a public institution, a part of the corporate life of the people. On the continent of Europe it is something more than this—it is connected with the special feature of early life, namely the tribal community and above all the tribal community of the northmen. That it should have survived so strongly in this particular spot in London justifies the assumption that it comes down from the same tribal community of the Danes who settled outside London walls and gave the name of Aldwych to this district.

All these facts when placed together and treated as a whole, when considered as the parallel facts of London and Rochester and London and Dublin, tell a connected story. When treated separately they do not tell much story at all and leave unaccounted for this remarkable piece of territory between London and Westminster, the archaic and significant customs obtaining there, and all the history which must have flowed from the undoubted Danish occupation of the district. It is therefore justifiable to rely upon the connecting links as necessary parts of the story, and to read that story as one of the early chapters of the history of extra-mural London—that remarkable history which is not yet finished.

LAURENCE GOMME.

¹ CHRONICLES OF THE MAYORS AND SHERIFFS OF LONDON, 237, 243; Penant's LONDON, 159; Stow's LONDON (edit. Thoms), 165.

MR. GEORGE MOORE AND IRELAND'S VOCATION.¹

"THE Irish would have been free long ago only for their damned souls." So said John Mitchell many years ago, and this is really the keynote of Mr. George Moore's *UNTILLED FIELD*. If for "free" we read "fit to take their place as constituents of the British Empire," and if, to placate the Non-conformist conscience, we leave out the epithet attached to souls, no better phrase could be devised to describe the real Irish difficulty of the present age and Mr. Moore's attitude with respect to it. Is Ireland destined to lie for ever paralysed under the hypnotism of the Roman Catholic Church? Mr. Moore says, no. He predicts that in twenty-five years Ireland will be a Protestant country. The Catholics are emigrating at the rate of fifty thousand a year, and, according to his reading of the problem, they are emigrating because the priest not only takes vast toll of their too scanty earnings, but because he has crushed all the joy out of their existence. The instinct of the Gael is now to disappear, and America is his chosen refuge from priestly tyranny. In the fifth and sixth centuries all the intelligence of Ireland had gone into religion. Since Cormac's chapel she has built nothing but mud cabins. Since the Cross of Cong she has imported Virgins from Germany. Ireland is immersed in the religious vocation, and there can be no renaissance without a religious revolt. To the priest everything is impure. Young men and young women must not meet lest fleshly desires should be

engendered. Marriage arranged by the parents and sanctified by the consent of the priest may be encouraged, but it must be divorced from sentiment, which is carnal. In *HOME SICKNESS* Mr. Moore gives some scenes which are very illustrative of peasant life in the Ireland of to-day. Bryden, an emigrant from Ireland, had been thirteen years in America. He had been doing well as a bar-keeper in the Bowery of New York. But he fell into poor health, and having plenty of money he determined to see how the people at home were getting on. At first he was soothed by the stillness and quietude of rural Ireland, but after a while its emptiness became almost intolerable:—

It was comfortable to sit by the mild peat fire watching the smoke of the pipes drifting up the chimney, and all Bryden wanted was to be let alone; he did not want to hear of anyone's misfortunes. But about nine o'clock a number of villagers came in, and their appearance was depressing. Bryden remembered one or two of them—he used to know them very well when he was a boy. Their talk was as depressing as their appearance, and he could feel no interest in them. He was not moved when he heard that Higgins the stonemason was dead; he was not affected when he learned that Mary Kelly, who used to do the laundry at the Big House, had married; he was only interested when he heard she had gone to America. No, he had not met them, America is a big place. Then one of the peasants asked him if he remembered Patsy Carabine, that used to do the gardening at the Big House. Yes, he remembered Patsy well. Patsy was in the poor-house. All this was very sad, and to avoid hearing any further unpleasantness, Bryden began to tell them about America. And

¹ *THE UNTILLED FIELD*, by George Moore. Lippincott.

they sat round listening to him, but all the talking was on his side, and he wearied of it. The peasants were all agreed that they would make nothing out of their farms. Their regret was that they had not gone to America when they were young.

The depression of the Sleepy Hollow in which he finds himself would have soon driven Bryden back to America; but he falls in love with Margaret Dirken:—

They had not met very often when she said, "James, you had not better come here so often calling to me."

"Don't you wish me to come?"

"Yes, I wish you to come well enough; but keeping company is not the custom of the country, and I don't want to be talked about."

"Are you afraid the priest would speak against us from the altar?"

"He has spoken against keeping company."

"But if we are going to be married there is no harm in walking out together."

"Well, not so much, but marriages are made different in these parts: there is not much courting here."

Bryden chafes at the tyranny of the priest, who will not allow dancing, and will not have boys and girls loitering about and talking of love. Love is hateful; marriage is a necessity; but there must be no love-making. Bryden leaves Margaret Dirken and goes back to the Bowery bar-room.

JULIA CAHILL'S CURSE is a powerful story on the same theme: the priest is sending away Life, the emigrants are following Life, it is Life they are seeking. Even the well-to-do want to go away. The people are weary of the country. They want to lose themselves. It is a sort of national euthanasia—a wish to forget themselves.

The teaching of the whole book is that the Catholics are leaving Ireland at the rate of fifty thousand a year,

because there is no joy in Ireland. But many battles have to be fought before the decisive struggle for free-will begins. Mr. Moore declares that in twenty-five years Ireland will be a Protestant country, but he seems to forget that, if the priests are banishing the proletariat, legislation is driving moneyed and educated classes (which are mainly Protestant) into exile.

The most definite and practical suggestion of the book is that the decree imposing celibacy on the priesthood should be revoked. Celibacy was made obligatory, he urges, on the priesthood only in the twelfth century, and why should not the obligation now be removed? The Greek priests are allowed to marry. The priest is often the only man in an Irish parish who could afford to bring up a family in some comfort and to educate them. If each priest were to take a wife, about ten thousand children would be born within the year; forty thousand children would be added to the Catholic population in ten years; and thus Ireland would be saved from becoming a Protestant country. This is the theme of *A LETTER TO ROME*. The teaching of *THE WILD GOOSE*, the most charming of the thirteen sketches of which the volume consists, may be summed up in a few striking sentences: Every race has its own special genius. The Germans have, or have had, music. The French and Italians have, or have had, painting and sculpture. The English have, or have had, poetry. The Irish had, and alas! they still have, for their special genius the religious vocation. This is his ultimatum:

"You won't believe," said Harding, "in the possibility of a Celtic renaissance with the revival of the language?"

"I do not believe in Catholics. The Catholic kneels like the camel, that burdens may be laid upon him. You know

as well as I do, Harding, that the art and literature of the 15th and 16th centuries were due to a sudden dispersal, a sudden shedding, of the prejudices and conventions of the middle ages. The renaissance was a joyous returning to Hellenism, the source of all beauty. There is as little free love in Ireland as there is free thought; men have ceased to care for women, and women to care for men. Nothing thrives in Ireland but the celibate, the priest, the nun and the ox. There is no unfaith and the violence of the priest is against any sensual transgression. A girl marries at once or becomes a nun—a free girl is in danger. There is no courtship, there is no walking out, and the passion which is the direct inspiration of all the world's music and art is reduced to the mere act of begetting children."

"Love books his passage in the emigrant's ship," said Rodney. "You speak truly. There are no bastards in Ireland, and the bastard is the outward sign of inward grace."

"That which tends to weaken life is the only evil, that which strengthens life the only good, and the result of this Puritanical Catholicism will be an empty Ireland."

"Ireland has always struck me," said Rodney, "as a place that God had intended to do something with; but He changed His mind, and that change of mind happened about a thousand years ago. Since then the Gael has been wasting."

Much of all this has been said before, and a good deal of it quite recently; but information, valuable in itself, has been conveyed in a style so vulgar and illiterate that it has been difficult to consider it with patience; and there has been so much exaggeration that true statements have lost much of their power to convince. It is quite true that the Irish peasant's lot is rendered joyless through a morbid dread of licentiousness. The Catholic Bishops have protested against THE GOLDEN TREASURY as a subject for examination, and the Commissioners of Intermediate Education have felt bound to appoint an alternative course for Roman Catholic

candidates. It is said that one of the condemned passages was that which was glorified by Ruskin as a supremely chaste homage to budding womanhood :

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell.

Virgin bosom ! How shocking ! How repulsive to the modesty of the Catholic youth ! The motto of the Bishops would appear to be *Pueris omnia impura*. There must be no dalliance, no *oaristys* ; if Amaryllis is found sporting in the shade, she must be driven home to her squalid cabin ; and Neaera had better not let the tangles of her hair be too much in evidence at Mass on Sunday.

It is true also that the scanty earnings of the peasants are wrung from them by the priest, so that they may erect vast cathedrals which never contain more than a handful of worshippers, but which in their ugly hugeness and tawdry ornaments mock the meanness and squalor of the hovels which are the only other buildings for miles and miles around on every side. Mr. Moore's sketches are put forward only as works of imagination, but they depict nevertheless a state of things really existent ; and they have an added interest as being the work of a Catholic.

A gillie not long ago told an agent, a friend of the present writer, that he had to pay the Church £2 10s. every year. Being asked what were his wages, he replied, "£5 besides what I make by odd jobs." "Do you know," said the agent, "that a Protestant with such wages would not give the Church half a crown a year ? Why don't you refuse to pay ?"

"Sure, sir, the priest would not let

me near him if I didn't pay, and what would I do without confession and absolution?"

Nor are the ignorance and superstition of the peasantry exaggerated. It would not be easy to exaggerate them. The writer has this tale from a quite trustworthy source. A peasant having plucked up courage to refuse an exaction, in leaving said, "Sure, yer Rav'rence won't do anything on me for refusin'?"

"No, my man, I'll just leave you *in statu quo*," replied the priest, feeling sure that he would think better of his refusal. In less than a month the poor fellow came back with the sum demanded and begged the priest to take him out of "stathaco" for he had "done ne'er a ha'porth of good since his Rav'rence put him in it."

THE UNTILLED FIELD is admirably written; the writer has a rare power of generating a kind of set-grey atmosphere in his pictures of rural life. A Dublin Catholic journal gives the name "Sourface" to the Protestant, why we cannot guess. In our experience it is the poor Catholic who looks sour, or rather sad. Melancholy has "marked him for her own"; his tone of voice is as sad as the wind that sweeps over the dreary bogs, as the mournful Celtic melodies—"the cry of one driven out into the night—into a night of wind and rain." The very name Killarney is, in the mouth of a Kerryman, a wail. The book is full of picturesque description, and happy imagery; and it is quite free from exaggeration and from any attempt to suppress adverse evidence. In fact, like the good Bishop Butler, he sometimes puts the case against himself better than his opponents could have put it. At least, few Irish priests could turn the tables on the adversary so cleverly as Father Murphy does on Mr. Carmady in the WILD GOOSE:—

Father Murphy began by deploring the evils of emigration, and said Mr. Carmady deserved their thanks for directing popular attention to this evil. He complimented Mr. Carmady on the picturesque manner in which he had described the emptying of the country, but he could not agree with him regarding the causes which had brought about this lamentable desire to leave the fatherland. Mr. Carmady's theory was that the emptying of Ireland was due to the fact that the Irish priests had succeeded in inducing men to refrain from the commission of sin, Mr. Carmady did not reproach the priest with having failed, but with having succeeded—a strange complaint. The cause of the emigration, according to Mr. Carmady, was the desire of a sinless people for sin—a strange accusation. The people were leaving Ireland because they desired to indulge in indecent living. The words Mr. Carmady used were "the joy of life," but the meaning of these words was well known. No race had ever been libelled as the Irish race had been; but no libel had ever equalled the libel which he had heard to-day, that the Irish race were leaving Ireland in search of sin. They had heard a great deal about the dancing girl, and according to Mr. Carmady it would seem that a nation could save itself by jiggling.

As a work of art there is one small point in which THE UNTILLED FIELD falls short. Mr. Moore has lived so long out of Ireland that he quite forgets how the peasants talk. No day labourer could possibly say, "I shall be reaping to-morrow." No colleen could say, "are they not beautiful?" No beggar man could say "one never knows till one tries." All these are English modes of speech and do not exist in the peasant vocabulary. *I'll*, *ain't*, and *ye never know* would be the Irish equivalents. However, Mr. Moore has only given us English for Irish dialect. He has spared us false-Irish, such as abounds in the books of English writers on Ireland. We meet no monstrous forms like *praste*, *quane*, *belave* or (worse of all) *yiz* as a singular. *Yiz* is always plural, and is a very useful

form. Everyone must have felt how inconvenient is the ambiguity of *you* in orthodox speech. Another desiderate particle is *sure*, which English writers hardly ever use rightly; Thackeray, however, understood its use. When Miss Fotheringay said "Sure I made a beefsteak pie," she used rightly a particle which conveys some such meaning as "*you will be glad (or surprised)* to hear that I have made a beefsteak pie." The Irish ethical dative, *on me*, is also a form much needed in English speech. "Sure he's afther lamin' me harse on me" is Irish for "I have to inform you that I have just suffered an injury at his hands in the laming of my horse." The *divil* figures largely in Irish dialect. Such is the whirligig of things that it is sometimes an epithet of commendation. A Dublin barrister who had just failed in a prosecution was recently greeted on coming out of court by the young daughter of the defendant with the words "Ye thought ye were the divil but yer noss (not)." Education would have made her say, "you thought there was no limit to the success of your baneful powers." But how much better was the little girl's style!

Mr. Moore does not attempt dialect, and this is the proper course for a writer, unless he thoroughly understands it, as very few do. The authors of *EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH R.M.* are infallible as to dialect and diction, but they stand alone. Few are enduring. The present writer has heard players on the English stage say "Och begorra I cawnt," and has seen an Irish colleen in a London theatre lift her hands to the gods and declare "I shall nevah be false to the 'ouse of Kavanagh," with the accent on the penult of Kavanagh which is a dactyl. Then, why are English writers careful to write *shure* in the Irish mouth? Did any one ever pro-

nounce the word otherwise? Again, Paddy of course says *munny, nayber, onner*; but so does the Prince of Wales. Why, then, call attention to a perfectly normal pronunciation? But, indeed, in dialect and diction few novelists are free from strange inconsistencies. The heroic characters hardly ever have any peculiarities of dialect or diction, and even the funny man forgets his brogue and talks like a book if the story by any chance carries him into a heroic or "strong" situation. We are grateful to Mr. Moore for not attempting the Irish dialect, and we wish English novelists and playwrights would follow his example.

The note of depression, even of despair, which runs through the whole book is nowhere so emphasised as in *A PLAYHOUSE IN THE WASTE*. Father James was the priest of the poorest parish in Ireland, and was constantly engaged in a desperate struggle to keep his miserable flock alive, and at home. Weaving and lace-making had been tried in vain; they only helped emigration; there was a famine every three or four years; and the relief works were the only hope. The relief works helped to aggravate the general depression; the roads, which were made only to supply work for the starving peasantry, led nowhere, and stopped in the middle of a bog when the relief money was exhausted. Father James had been reading about the Oberammergau performances and it occurred to him that if visitors came from every part of Europe to see a few peasants acting a miracle play in the Tyrol, people might at least come from Dublin to see an "Oberammergau in the West." The priest is knitting stockings. He used to read, but it was a trial to put down an absorbing book to attend a sick call; and knitting had such a tendency to make him think:—

"Do you know," said I, "your play-house touches me to the heart. Once pleasure hovered over your parish, but the bird did not alight. Let me start a subscription for you in Dublin."

"I don't think," said the priest, "that would be possible."

"Not for me to get fifty pounds?"

"Yes, you might get the money, but I don't think we could ever get up a performance of the play."

"And why not?"

"You see the wind came and blew down the wall, and I think they look upon that wind as a manifestation of God's disapproval. The idea of amusement shocks them."

Besides, the widow Sheridan's pretty daughter who was to play Good Deeds in the miracle play had been led astray one evening returning from rehearsal, had been *wake* in the language of the people, and had been sent to America. As for the result of her *wakeness* :

Mrs. Sheridan put a bit of string round its throat and buried it one night near the playhouse. And it was three nights after that the storm rose, and the child was seen pulling the thatch out of the roof.

Father James sums up the matter in the touching words : "The Celt is melting like snow : he lingers in little patches in the corner of the field, and hands are stretched from every side. For it is human to stretch hands to fleeting things, but as well might we try to retain the snow."

Mr. Moore can write very prettily, as when he tells us how the emigrant "remembered a green undulating country, out of which the trees seemed to emerge like vapours, and a line of pearl-coloured mountains showing above the horizon on fine days." What makes his literary skill the more effective is the feeling that he sets no store by it himself. He is too much in earnest to pose, as he tells of Ireland's fidelity to her religion to

Rome, to everything except herself, her determination to do everything but try to make life worth living. The Irish are too poor to pay for pleasure, but they are not too poor to spend fifteen millions a year on religion. There are now twelve hundred convents in Ireland and twenty thousand nuns. Mr. Moore's book is a plea for the "harmless necessary" laity.

"Father O'Flynn" is of a type that never existed except in pseudo-Irish melodramas written by Englishmen. He no more resembles the Irish priest of to-day than he resembles a Hindu Fakir or an ancient Roman Pontifex Maximus. Mr. Moore's priests are true types, but idealised, like those of Father Sheehan. We doubt if there is now in Ireland a priest who has ever read a line of Quintilian (whom by the way Mr. Moore calls more than once Quintillian). But Mr. Moore is true to nature when he describes the priest on his practical side, his lifelong struggle with miserable poverty and the menacing allurements of emigration. We think that nowhere else, not even in ESTHER WATERS, has he so well and aptly employed his large powers of realistic presentment of a somewhat complicated condition of social life and thought. His gift of intuitive perception invests with interest sketches however thin.

THE UNTILLED FIELD will not be well received in England, because it deals with Ireland as it is, not with Ireland as the Englishman desires it to be, and as he persists in believing it to be. It is not a country with Father O'Flynn's for priests (or prastes, as he will have them say) and Mickey Frees for peasants, who are delighted to earn a shilling for gaffing the fish that the English tourist has caught, or carrying the bag which he has made, regaling him all the time with quaint stories illustrating ingenuously the

God-appointed superiority of the Englishman. Books of this kind are made in London and command a ready sale. Mr. Moore's book will supply materials for the historian or statesman (if that class is not extinct) who desires to understand the real Ireland of the present day.

It has often been asked of late, where is the Irish Sir Walter Scott? We feel sure that he who aspires, however humbly, to that rôle must work on Mr. Moore's lines; but he has no chance of even approaching the achievements of his model. Sir Walter had to deal with a struggle between dynasties—a subject which will always be romantic, even though neither dynasty be at all heroic. But the history of Ireland presents to the novelist no such noble materials and never did. It presents only an ignoble struggle between forms of faith, so crudely realised on both sides that it is quite impossible to clothe either in the hues of romance. It is true that there were Presbyterian Jacobites in 1745, and that Presbyterians were at the front in 1798; but it was not long before the cleavage became one between Jacobites and Hanoverians at the former crisis, while the struggle of 1798 almost at once resolved itself into a conflict between Protestants and Catholics. Sir Walter *redivivus* could

not infuse any heroic elements into weak and aimless bickering. The novelist who aspires to handle with any success the Ireland of to-day, must part company with faithful portraiture largely, like Father Sheehan, or altogether, like Mr. O'Brien, or he must paint the Ireland conceived by the British tourist, like Mrs. Somerville and Miss Martin Ross. If he wishes to be faithful to truth and realism, he must use the drab and sombre colours of George Moore. The first and the second methods will earn the plaudits of Catholic Ireland and of the English press. The third will be unnoticed or condemned. Not one of them will have the slightest chance of awakening the interest and enthusiasm which followed the work of Sir Walter even into its decrepitude, because not one of them has anything more noble to deal with than a peasantry dull and patient as a rule, but roused now and then into hysterics by self-interested sedition-mongers; or else a quite imaginary rural folk happy in squalor and a little sport, in which they play the servant to the master or the child to the man. When the Irish novel introduces a character above the peasant class, he is invariably English or Anglicised or contemptible.

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL.

THE COLONIES AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

LET us by all means have all the arguments, from both sides of the question, so far as regards the best means of arriving at an efficient system of imperial defence, but let there be no hectoring and no impugning of the motives or intelligence of those who, for reasons which they themselves believe to be good and sufficient, support views in opposition to our own.¹

With Colonel Pollock's regret that a spirit of "dangerous acerbity" should be abroad upon any subject whatever no one will be likely to quarrel. But from his suggestion that this spirit is to be found in a special degree in the discussion of Imperial Defence, I entirely dissent. Not for the past few months only, but for the past nineteen years, I have closely followed the question of Imperial Defence as intimately connected with that of Imperial Federation, and I have no hesitation in saying that, with due allowance for the very modest knowledge of the facts which unfortunately prevails, and for the great distances which exist between many of the parties to the controversy, the discussion has been carried on with a degree of moderation and sympathy which does credit to both colonials and Englishmen, and which enables us to compare it favourably with the controversies upon education and trade which are now raging in our midst.

The change which Colonel Pollock has noticed during the last few months is probably due to the fact

that we are getting much nearer to the point. The discussion has almost ceased to be academic and is assuming reality. This is naturally disturbing to the minds of those who have not kept pace with the movement, and when it is realised that people are talking about things as if they meant them, and as if they thought that something was coming of their talk, their energy may be mistaken for "dangerous acerbity." Misunderstanding, however, does not follow from plain speaking, but rather from the failure to speak plainly. Nowhere is this so well understood as in the colonies, whose statesmen and whose press have always set us an excellent example in this respect. The more plainly we open our minds to our fellow subjects in the colonies, the more clearly we set before them all the considerations and the necessities involved in the administration of this great Empire, the better will be the prospect of our future relations with them, whether those relations take the intimate form of federation or the more distant one of alliance under one sovereign.

As one of those who in the Colonel's words "honestly study the welfare of the Empire," and on behalf of many others in this country who do likewise, I emphatically deny that we "rail at the colonies" because they do not fall in with our view, or that we endeavour to "force particular views of practical imperialism down unwilling throats." The first would be useless, the second obviously impossible. Every one who has made an elemen-

¹ From THE COLONIES AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE: by the Editor of THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE in MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE for June.

tary study of the Empire must know that the self-governing colonies are absolutely free agents so far as we are concerned. We certainly strive our utmost, by argument and appeals to reason, to convince those with whom we have to co-operate that our ideal is the right one. If they have another ideal, it is for them to resort to the same weapons and to use them to the best of their ability. The result will most probably be a compromise, in which case both sides will have had the satisfaction of contributing to a good understanding, which is the first thing to be aimed at.

But the discussion which has taken place seems to have filled Colonel Pollock with genuine alarm for the existence of the Empire, and it is probably this alarm which accounts for a lapse from his usual urbanity, in respect of my letter to the *TIMES*. The spirit of the exhortation quoted from Colonel Pollock at the head of this article is admirable indeed, and should have restrained him from unprovoked discourtesy. He has a perfect right to his opinion that my letter should have found its way into the waste-paper basket, rather than into the columns of the *TIMES*,—though to express that opinion in public was the reverse of courtesy; but the distinguished Editor of that journal thought otherwise, and possibly the public may hold that he, rather than Colonel Pollock, is the better judge as to what is fitting to appear in the leading journal of the Empire. Convenient as it might be, in public controversy, to be able to move that your opponents be not heard, such procedure would hardly be in keeping with the excellent sentiment which I have quoted from Colonel Pollock's article.

The letters to which Colonel Pollock refers dealt, not with the minor questions of imperial defence, such as whether there shall be a squadron

here or a coaling station there; whether Australia shall contribute to a common navy or set up one of her own; but with the broad question of where the responsibility for the safety of the Empire shall lie; whether it shall be borne by the Empire as a whole, whether it shall be borne individually, each community being responsible for its own safety, or whether it shall remain, as at present, concentrated upon the shoulders of the British taxpayer. This is the question which has to be determined before any satisfactory conclusion can be arrived at as to the methods of imperial defence, and until a decision has been reached upon that point, the whole policy of defence must remain in a state of flux.

Colonel Pollock's article is an argument for doing nothing to arrive at a settlement of this momentous question—a plea for letting matters drift. It is a big question, it is a difficult question, it is a very complicated question; therefore let us leave it alone, pretend it is not there, and all will come right. The Committee on the other hand, because it is a big question, because it is a difficult question, because it is *the* question, desires to see it taken in hand and dealt with by the best statesmanship the Empire can produce, and not left to settle itself, until we drift into such a position with the colonies and the rest of the world, that it can only be dealt with in the way which Colonel Pollock and the Committee least desire.

It is certain that the policy of drift is not that of Mr. Chamberlain. There is no shirking the point in his statement to the colonial Premiers last year. "The privileges which we enjoy involve corresponding obligations. The responsibilities must be reciprocal and must be shared in common." And again, when in South

Africa this year, he declared "The Colonies must either abandon their ideas of Empire, or they must take their full share of its responsibilities."

It is because the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee recognises that the sharing of the responsibilities of the Empire is the essential question for its people at this moment that the letter was written to the *Times* from which Colonel Pollock quotes as follows:

So long as the United Kingdom allows her exclusive responsibility for these colonies to remain, so long will there be no serious consideration by them of the requirements of Imperial Defence. Put a term to those responsibilities and the question at once becomes a real one with infinite possibilities for the future of the Empire.

As Colonel Pollock thinks well to state that "Mr. Loring endeavoured to correct the impression conveyed by his first letter in a second," I desire to say that I adhere absolutely to the words quoted above, and that in my second letter,—which was in reply to a request for information as to the effect of the action advocated in the first—I requested them, and have never in any way modified them. It is true, however, that I have more than once had occasion to correct the impression produced by an inaccurate paraphrase of this sentence, such as that with which Colonel Pollock immediately follows the quotation from my letter. "If," he says, "we, indeed, were to inform the colonies that we should decline undertaking their defence after the expiration of, let us say, five years, unless they had meanwhile assumed their proper share of the imperial burden, the possibilities for the future of the Empire would at once become not 'infinite' but *finite*—for there would soon cease to be an empire." This proposition may or

may not be true; but there is no present occasion to discuss what would happen under the circumstances which Colonel Pollock supposes. I have not suggested that the colonies should be told that we would not defend them; neither the declaration nor the alternative which he indicates are to be found in the proposition quoted as mine. Though I am persuaded that Colonel Pollock would not be intentionally unfair, I feel that I have ground for the remark that such misrepresentation is not calculated to promote that good understanding between writers in this country and in the colonies for which his article pleads.

In order to entirely remove the impression which Colonel Pollock's faulty paraphrase may have created, it becomes necessary to point out that the placing of a term to the exclusive responsibility of the United Kingdom for the safety of these colonies is not synonymous with a declaration that the United Kingdom will not undertake to defend the colonies. It is one thing to be ready, in a fitting case, to defend them to the best of our ability and opportunity, and quite another to be solely responsible for their safety. So long as a number of communities owe allegiance to the same sovereign, it will be the duty of each community to do its best for the protection of that sovereign's dominions when in danger, wherever they may be, and there is no reason, judging from the past, to suppose that the United Kingdom would be backward in this duty. But that is a very different thing from leaving one community "responsible" for the safety of all the others, regardless of what they may do or may leave undone for their own safety. The one is a natural and a national duty which all loyal men must

accept, and it applies equally to colonists and to Britons. The other is an unnatural and intolerable burden upon one section only of the King's subjects, which cannot be justified by any consideration, either moral or material—either of loyalty or of self-interest; while it acts as a powerful deterrent, preventing the other sections from fulfilling the national duty of protecting the territories of their King.

Again, according to the proposition, the exclusive responsibility of the United Kingdom is to be determined absolutely; not as Colonel Pollock suggests, contingently upon the colonies doing this or that. It is to be determined because it is an obsolete survival from a condition of things to which it is no longer applicable, and because it now inflicts a gross injustice upon the people of the United Kingdom and constitutes a grave danger to the Empire as a whole. Under no circumstances would such responsibility be revived, whether the colonies "assume their proper share" or not. Indeed, it is obvious that if the colonies assume their share, the responsibility of the United Kingdom can no longer be *exclusive*, it has become *joint*. The United Kingdom would be prepared to take its full share,—whatever might be agreed upon in consultation with the other self-governing countries of the Empire—but on no consideration would it resume the *exclusive* responsibility for the safety of the self-governing colonies which rests upon it at present. That would be ended for ever. Having thus, as I trust, cleared the ground of the misconceptions introduced by Colonel Pollock's very free translation of the words of my letter, and having restored the proposition to its original form, we may proceed to

the consideration of the consequences which would follow upon carrying it into effect.

In order to appreciate these, it is first necessary to realise what is the nature of the responsibility for the safety of these colonies which at present rests upon the United Kingdom. First, the responsibility is an exclusive one; it applies to no other community within the Empire; it is shared with no other community. Secondly, it is unlimited. The United Kingdom is to-day responsible for the safety of the lives, the interests, the territories and the trade of the twelve million people of the self-governing colonies against the action of any other power. The responsibility remains to us from the infant days of those now great and prosperous communities, the days when they were helpless and when everything had to be done for them. Thirdly, it exists because it has never been put an end to. Such responsibility was then obviously sole, exclusive and complete, as our possession of those territories was then sole, exclusive and complete. It has not been modified from that day to this, and therefore it remains with the people of the United Kingdom, although our possession of these countries, the very origin of our responsibility, has ceased to exist.

Probably no more effective way of exhibiting the extraordinary situation which has thus arisen could be found than that which was afforded by two speeches made in Canada last year within a few weeks of one another. The Governor General of Canada, the representative of the Sovereign and of this country in the Dominion, declared to Canadians that "The Mother Country was pledged to support her young dependencies to her last man, should they fall into difficulties." Sir Frederick Borden, the Minister of Defence for Canada,

giving an account of his stewardship at the Colonial Conference, said "Canada's representatives took the ground that they could not enter into any bond to contribute for Imperial Defence purposes. Our proposal was that we should . . . perfect, as far as our means will allow and as quickly as we can, our own defences. Then, if any emergency arose which required our help, we should be in a position to help, if we choose." Thus the mother country is pledged to defend the colonies to her last man. Canada is absolutely free to do as she chooses.

But the responsibility of the United Kingdom does not end with the last fighting man. The Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee, when addressing Her Majesty's Ministers in 1895, pointed out that "in continuing to be solely responsible for Imperial Defence, the people of the United Kingdom have come to be regarded as incurring also an ulterior responsibility for the lives, the interests, and the property of the 11,000,000 Colonists, a responsibility which, it has been made plain by circumstances that have already arisen will, in the event of war, be translated into liability for large sums of money representing losses incurred by their fellow-subjects through hostile operations." It is scarcely necessary to point out how accurate this forecast has proved to be, in view of the many millions which have been paid by the people of the United Kingdom,—as well as of the £2,000,000 claimed, but generously waived by Natal,—as compensation for the damage inflicted by the enemy which invaded the territories of the South African colonies. This is by no means the only case in which such compensation has been claimed and paid. There is much reason to believe that the general public in this country do

not appreciate to what extent their pecuniary responsibility for damage suffered by a colony at the hands of a foreign power exists, has been admitted and, still more important, is relied upon by the colonies.

It may be argued that there is no means of enforcing this liability against us, and that consequently what we pay we pay of our own free will. It is of course true that Cape Colony could not compel us to pay if we declined to do so. But when the situation is examined, it will be seen that, morally, we have no escape. Gross as is the injustice to ourselves, we could only avoid payment by doing a grave injustice to the colonists. We have allowed these communities to grow up in the belief that we were responsible for their safety; we can point to no limitation or termination of that responsibility; they can plead that they have in consequence of that responsibility made no adequate preparation for securing that safety. What stronger moral claim for compensation could exist? We could not, and we do not, deny our responsibility. But is it therefore necessary that we should continue it? Surely every dictate of prudence points to its termination at the earliest moment consistent with justice to our fellow-subjects in the colonies and their reasonable convenience. This is the step advocated by the Committee, both in the interests of the United Kingdom and in those of the Empire at large.

In my second letter to the *Times* to which Colonel Pollock refers, but from which he does not quote, the proposal was set out in detail, and an attempt made to show what might be the effect upon the organisation of the Empire. The following extracts are given with the desire to adhere as closely as possible to the original

proposition. It was proposed that an intimation should be given to the colonies that, after a convenient number of years.

the responsibility of the United Kingdom for the safety of the persons, the territories and the interests of the 11,000,000 people of those Colonies will come to an end, and that during those years the United Kingdom is ready to enter upon the consideration of proposals for the joint undertaking of those responsibilities in the future with any of the self-governing Colonies which may desire to take that course.

As a consequence, one of two things must happen in the case of each Colony. Either the Colony enters into an arrangement with the United Kingdom, such as has been suggested by Mr. Chamberlain, combining the sharing of Imperial burdens with joint representation, in which case there would be common responsibility for the safety of either party; or, the Colony assumes responsibility for its own safety, but would remain without any obligation for the safety of other communities.

In order to exhaust the possibilities, let us suppose the extreme case on either side,—namely—(1) That in which all the Colonies entered into an arrangement with the United Kingdom for the sharing of Imperial responsibilities. In such case the essentials of Federation of the Empire will have been attained upon a basis of mutual voluntary agreement, arrived at after mature consideration. (2) That in which none of the Colonies agree to such an arrangement. In that case it will be clear that a Federation of the Empire is not possible, owing to the wish of the Colonies to make their own independent arrangements for their safety. The United Kingdom would be relieved of an immense weight of responsibility, which would be limited in future to the care of her actual Empire. The United Kingdom or any other country of the Empire would then be in a position to carry out the policy which we are told has been laid down for Canada by the Dominion Government—namely, “to perfect, as far as our means will allow, our own defence. Then, when any emergency arose, we would be in a position to help if we choose.”

Generally, and in any case, the United Kingdom would be relieved of a burden of responsibility which we know on the highest authority is becoming intolerable, while the power of the Empire would be strengthened (a) by the combination of the resources of certain of its members with those of the United Kingdom for purposes of defence, (b) by the additional means of defence set up by those communities, if any, which elected to be responsible for their own safety, (c) or by one or other of these causes.

It only remains to be pointed out that, while it removes the main obstacle to the federation of the Empire, this procedure provides the fullest freedom of action for all concerned, coupled with ample time for consideration. No community would be under compulsion to pay anything to anybody unless it chose; no community would be compelled to share any responsibility with other communities unless it thought it to its interest to do so. It would even afford an opportunity for a colony to try the experiment of bearing its own responsibilities with a minimum of risk to itself or of danger to the unity of the Empire; while, if the experiment were not found to be encouraging, the door would no doubt be found open for subsequent entry into the combination. Finally, in view of Mr. Chamberlain's pregnant declaration that “the present state of things cannot be permanent,” is it not the businesslike thing to do? No one but the United Kingdom can put an end to the present state of affairs. The responsibility lies with her, and the blame will lie with her and with her alone if the end to this “state of things” comes without due notice and with consequent disaster.

ARTHUR H. LORING,

*Hon. Secretary,
Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee.*

ARCADY.

WE have been told over and over again that a millionaire is not always a happy man, but we find it difficult to believe this. We cannot help remembering having heard that an ounce of personal experience is worth a ton of theory, and this is just the kind of theory we would gladly try in practice for ourselves, just to make sure. So unnatural does the statement seem to us that we are not even prepared to take the millionaire's own word for it that his wealth brings him no happiness and only gives him board and lodging like any other man. We are inclined to think that it must be the man's own fault, for a dissatisfied and grumbling disposition would make a man quarrel with his fate even if he were a beggar.

And yet, if happiness, as some philosophers say, is only to be realised under conditions of the utmost simplicity, it follows that the possession of millions, with all the vexations they entail, is not so much to be envied. This is perhaps the reason why so many of us, when the hopeless pursuit of phantom wealth begins to pall, sigh for a simple Arcadian existence, where millions cease from troubling and the wealthy can be at rest. In Arcady a million more or less would not add to or detract from a man's enjoyment of life; we are all alike there. The blue sky, a couch of dry aromatic leaves (leaves are always aromatic in Arcady) under a spreading oak, a few bare necessities of life such as :

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and
Thou

Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow !

Quite so ; no reasonable man wants more. "The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires," further remarks Omar the Tentmaker ; but before we follow his advice and make up our minds to go, let us first make quite sure that we know where Arcady is, and that it is really such a pleasant place as poets try to paint it. Surely it is not out of place to give a word of warning here ;—put not your trust in poets ; more misleading guides you could not well find. They love the beautiful ; they see it where less gifted mortals would not dream of looking for it ; in search of material they are tempted to idealise the commonplace ; they labour under the disadvantage of having to suppress the truth if they cannot make it rhyme. An examination of the works of ancient and modern singers shows us that in consequence of the scarcity of pleasant subjects they have been obliged to misrepresent less pleasant matters to an alarming extent. We know Pan was worshipped in Arcady, and nothing could be more charming than a god peacefully piping while his worshippers paid the piper, in other words neglected their business for the sake of singing and dancing to his tune. But on the other side of the medal we find it inscribed that they offered human sacrifices in Arcady, a less charming fact of the highest importance to intending Arcadians, which however no poet ever thinks of mentioning ! The happy Arcadians were also rather stupid, their name

being in ancient times the equivalent of our modern Hodge; and prosaic history, unfeeling as a census return, unmindful of poetic requirements, plainly tells us that the simple life of the Happy Valley so palled on some of the inhabitants that they engaged themselves as mercenary soldiers to serve in foreign parts. "Anything for a change," said the Arcadian, but the poets are silent on these very suggestive facts. In short, there is a greater analogy between poetry and the prospectus of a Limited Liability Company than appears on the surface, and if we wish to invest in Arcadian property we must do so with our eyes open.

There is something exquisitely humorous, a mingling of laughter and tears, in the Neo-Paganism of the day, in the longing expressed by many otherwise sensible people for a return to Nature, to a state of things which more or less prevailed when wild in wood the noble savage ran. Of necessity the longing is of a vague and undetermined nature, for it is exceedingly difficult, almost impossible in fact, to choose one's period or epoch. A very primitive existence was not altogether enviable; the original wild nobleman was not happy, far from it; no one who has seen it will ever forget the picture once exhibited in one of the London galleries, showing a startled savage of the period turning the corner leading to his secluded cave and coming unexpectedly on a lion eating his wife! Such things did happen in Arcady, and were drawbacks not mentioned in the prospectus.

This constituted a fatal disadvantage, for we cannot live alone in Arcady. Although Robinson Crusoe had his island to himself and was not troubled by modern civilisation beyond the limited assistance he could derive from the wreck, no one, we

imagine, ever considered his life as one of primitive or idyllic happiness. He put up with it because he could not help himself, and bore it with a resignation in which there was nothing Arcadian. It would have been insufferable without the charm and the glamour of the tropics. Singularly enough, such climatic conditions, tacitly implied by the disbelievers in civilisation who aspire to a more natural life, actually prevailed in Great Britain when the noble savage and the hairy elephant ran concurrently, or after one another; it is so long ago that their relative positions cannot be ascertained, but we may probably take it for granted that the noble savage ran first, in that happy country of the poet's dream.

Our climate is now unsuitable for pastoral simplicity; it is as well to remember that, though we need no more fear the elephant, his place is quite adequately filled (with but the change of a letter or two) by the elements. Our tramps, wise in their generation, lead an ideal and primitive life just so long as the weather is fine; in winter they take to the highly civilised and more complicated workhouse, and we cannot blame them, for is not this sort of dual life, changing our period as may be required, just the existence we long for, of course without the undesirable extremes? As a general rule, the Neo-Pagan's faith is a fine weather one. In his quality of would-be heathen he may be depended upon for being as dormant as a dormouse so long as the winter lasts. But when the sweet summer comes, when "Each Morn a thousand Roses brings," when the gladness of renewed Nature contrasts too painfully with the sad gloom of the City and the street, the long forgotten faith resumes its sway.

From time to time we meet in the

newspaper the ingenious advertisement of people offering to exchange houses for the season, acting on the supposition that country people are just as anxious to come to town as we are to leave it. In this they are justified by the Arcadians who in their time already wanted a change. Pan himself has come to town ;—so say they who believe that his hoofs and horns have identified him with the Devil from the earliest ages of Christianity, and that in this new incarnation he is not by any means so pastoral as he was before. But some of us know better. When we have exchanged houses with a comfortable farmer anxious to see town life, we soon find that Great Pan is not dead ! He still haunts the glades of the forest, waiting for us ; and we shall hear him, playing on his strangely moving, soul-stirring reeds, when we sit beside the stream, listening to the rustle of the sedges. We shall not see him ; the Spirits of Nature were never visible ; but when in after years we are sometimes haunted by the recollection of a certain hour in a silent, breathless summer's night when glow-worms faintly shone in the grass after the heat of the day, and the trees, dark and motionless, stood outlined against the last red afterglow of the sunset ; or when we remember some early morning hour, bright and dewy, when the level sun-rays turned the water of the weir into a sheet of silver and the swallows skimmed the surface with a cry like the whistling of a bullet, the only sound in the wonderful stillness of the newborn day,—then we may know that those were the hours when all unperceived the god was very near to us. Nature worship was once the religion of mankind, and it was the finest and most deeply felt creed of ancient days. After thousands of years it has not been eradicated from

our breasts, and many of us are still pagans at heart.

Permanent dwellers in Arcady receive no such impressions. Familiarity has blunted their perceptions, and it is therefore well that year after year we must reluctantly return to the busy haunts of our daily life and toil. But how reluctantly, who can tell ? In melancholy mood we revisit for the last time all our favourite spots ; late at night, before beginning the hateful packing, we take a last turn through the silent lanes and leaning on a stile we wait for the moon to peep over the distant hills.

Yon rising moon that looks for us
again—

How oft hereafter will she wax and
wane,

How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same garden—and for *one*
in vain !

It does not seem possible to us that our farmer, in his moments of disgust with his life, ever had the slightest wish to meet Pan in the sylvan glades which he, the farmer, knows so well and in which he takes so little interest beyond calculating the material advantage they offer in the shape of firewood for the winter. In the way of a thorough change, he prefers to meet King Edward and his Court in the Mall, to see from afar the millionaire scattering his millions as the farmer sows his grain ; to worship Plutus, with mouth wide open, in Park Lane and in Piccadilly. Then he too receives impressions, and the human stream of the mighty Metropolis is a revelation to him. Blankly he gazes after youth and beauty dashing past in light victorias, wonders at top-heavy omnibuses swaying dangerously, loaded like his own hay-wains, at broughams with old dowagers and old beaux ; admires the swells from the clubs, notices the hawkers and policemen—a thick throng of humanity

living its life under high pressure. The very cripples move faster than in the country; no one, not even they, can rest for a moment here. Like a swarm of midges in the sunshine, the movement is incessant; stayed only by falling night, it is renewed again the next morning; and also like the midges, not all are the same that danced yesterday—in a few years none the same, quite a new swarm in fact. How many brilliant swarms have there been since George the Third was king? Judging from his preconceived ideas, all this effervescence means pleasure and happiness. Back in the country, his daughters cannot think of the scene without a melting of the heart and a longing. Very singular all this, for if you stand aside and examine the faces of the crowd, this happiness is by no means manifest, except perhaps in the case of youth, which is happy everywhere. The sensation of being one of a crowd, of sharing the amusement of a crowd, is satisfying to some and counts for superficial happiness. Midges dance in crowds, as the farmer well knows.

The distinction between town and country, between natural and artificial life is of course, as we all know, a very arbitrary one. The highly complicated and seemingly artificial life which we now lead is an absolutely natural condition of existence, as natural as the life of a colony of beavers in one of their dams on a Canadian river, or of a nation of ants at work in the garden. Evolution directs the forces of nature in the building of the beavers' houses, in the construction of birds' nests and in the building of the king's palaces. There is no natural difference between a leaf carried by a murmuring stream over transparent depths full of sunshine, under dark tunnels of overhanging foliage, and a human waif whirling in a human stream over muddy pavements. As the great

ocean itself is but a single drop in the immensity of creation, so London, overgrown as it is, is but as an ants' nest in the surrounding country.

But all conditions of cosmic life in progress of evolution are not equally pleasant or desirable, as we can see by considering the subject for a moment in an aspect which would have commended itself to the Tent-maker aforesaid and quoted, by following for the purposes of our argument a bunch of grapes in its predestined progress, from the time when it hangs basking in the Provençal sun, fanned by the breeze on the pleasant hillside, until it sparkles as a delicate wine in a dainty tapering Venetian goblet. Both the beginning and the end of its career are, in their way, delightful,—but the intermediate processes are by no means so pleasant. If matter as such could be endowed with consciousness, the juice of the grape would object to its existence during the process of fermentation. But dark, noisome and objectionable as it is, what is it but matter in a state of transformation, and what else is man at any time? Our noisy, bustling city life may be no more than a necessary transition state between Arcady and the Millennium. If we compare the hurrying, breathless turmoil of life at high pressure in a great city to the fermentation of the wine, we may understand the desire to enjoy once more the delightful rest of the grape on the fragrant southern hill, but is it not better to look forward to a better time coming, since return is impossible; to wait patiently,—not for the Millennium, that is too much to ask—but to a time perhaps a little nearer, when mortal existence may be a little more like sparkling wine in a dainty goblet than it is at present?

How impossible it is to retrace our steps and to enjoy once more the simple delights of a primitive and

innocent existence is clearly indicated in the well-known lines which every would-be Arcadian or Neo-Pagan should learn by heart :

It is a good and soothfast saw
Half-roasted never will be raw.

And having tasted stolen honey
You can't buy innocence for money.

Although everything having the appearance of poetry, anything in fact that rhymes, must for the reason already stated be received with a certain mental reservation, it is difficult to dispute the value of lines which state an unpleasant truth with such refreshing candour and directness, not at all usual in metrical effusions. We may object to the term "half-roasted" as dimly offensive when applied to us mortals, but we readily grant the loss of innocence, an inconvenient quality in the twentieth century, which we are not anxious to buy in such large quantities as the poet seems to think. In these times of financial, mental and moral thimble-rigging we must not be too innocent. Even the first and only original Arcadians, Adam and Eve to wit, would not have lost an earthly paradise for good and all if they had been just a little less innocent and a trifle more suspicious.

It is not our purpose to discuss the moral and ethical conditions belonging to an original or a partly reconstructed Arcady ; life would not be long enough if we wanted to obtain a clear and comprehensive view of all our hopes and longings reduced to a picture as clear in every detail as a camera obscura image. Distance lends enchantment to our views of Arcady, as we have seen ; without some mental confusion and a convenient blurring of the distant horizon we could not bear existence at all,

for as a useful paradox we may say that the more we understand a thing the less we want it. The straightforward sentiment of the soothfast saw we have just quoted brings out the difficulty of this part of the subject clearly enough, for it is, as has been said of the French novel, true enough, but *inconvenient*. Innocence is a useful word to juggle with because, like a juggler's apparatus, it has a double meaning. In its moral sense, as we understand it now, the primitive Arcadians enjoyed a singular license and a much greater freedom ; they must have depended on stolen honey, in the figurative as well as in the actual sense, to a far greater extent than would be allowed to their would-be imitators, though in their simplicity of mind, which is the other meaning of the word, they may have fallen easily duped victims to all sorts of confidence tricks. Our minds are now, we will not say clearer, but more complicated, and our sensations are more difficult to define and to satisfy. Not even for a few weeks could we enjoy the simple delights of country life if a sufficient knowledge of evil and its consequences did not supply us with the necessary contrast and restraint. The conditional innocence which commends itself for a short holiday is the easy-going, happy-go-lucky morality of the RUBAIYAT, which enabled Omar to enjoy life though quite aware of all the perplexing doubts and contradictions which surrounded him :—

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain
pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and
dispute ;
Better be jocund with the fruitful
Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

The Poet-Astronomer was not innocent, nor should we call him exactly

moral nowadays, but he was wise, with that surpassing wisdom which knows its own limitations and understands the usefulness and value of a shrug of the shoulders.

We try to imitate this philosophic frame of mind when we leave Arcady at the end of our holiday, after a brief peep at what we have lost. When we seem to leave brightness, happiness and sweet simplicity behind, we tell ourselves that we do no such thing, that nature can be worshipped everywhere, and try to believe it until we are brought face to face with some grim realities. When the train steams into the dreary, black and noisy terminus, and the rickety four-wheeler shakes us as it takes us to our door through endless vistas of smoky brick and mortar, we think with dread of the pile of letters, bills, perhaps summonses and judgements waiting for us on the dusty writing-table. When the farmer comes home again in his gig from the nearest station, to his thatched farm near the wood and the weir, he . . . well, he too will probably find papers, tax-collectors' notices, bills and summonses which we have kindly taken in for him while we lived in his house;—the King's writ runs in Arcady nowadays, a modern drawback not to be lightly dismissed in these days of agricultural depression. It is not stated in history whether the Arcadians were in the habit of grumbling as much as our

farmers do. Probably they did, for an unscientific system of piping and dancing was not the best way to ensure a bumper crop. The happy dancers who afterwards enlisted were no doubt evicted, having danced on the edge of the volcano of bankruptcy until the evil day could no longer be put off. There were cities in Arcadia too,—Megalopolis must have been a fair-sized city to judge by the name, and farms for a holiday must often have been cheap for the renting by Megalopolitans who wanted their turn to commune with Pan and Sweet Echo in the glades.

Using the present as an object lesson of what the past must have been, we see how shockingly we have been deceived by the poets who would make life one long holiday, forgetting that the man who wants to be happy for more than a few weeks in each year is bound to be disappointed. Arcadia has been shamefully puffed; it never was and never could have been as advertised; it was never suitable for an all-the-year-round residence, but if the farmer has not been evicted by next year, and he wishes to see the millionaires of Park Lane again, we shall be glad enough to exchange houses with him once more; and the moon, peeping over the distant hills, hereafter rising to look for us, may perchance see us by the weir near the wood again!

MARCUS REED.

THE HANDICRAFTS.

THERE is a charm in the life of a transition age, for it is like the planting of a garden in which each of us, if he choose, may sow some seeds, or may but watch the growth of those sown by others. But whether we are workers or watchers, there is an intense interest and excitement in following the great work of transformation. There is an uncertainty, born of our own ignorance, which gives zest to the fight. Will the seed germinate, will the plant flourish? Will it kill out others, or be killed by them? And we notice, in human life, as in plant life, that it is the growths natural to the soil that flourish best, and are hardest to kill. The hot-house idea needs constant forcing.

One of these growths which many are now watching with anxiety is the revival of the handicrafts, the awakening of the artist from his picture dream to a realisation of the existence of other branches of art (I use the word art under protest, for it may mean anything, from the works of Phidias to the newest shade of enamel on the hot-water can). Without attempting to define the word further, I use it here simply to imply those works of the hand which bear the impress of an imaginative mind sensible of the beauty of form and colour around it, and with the power to create, and to put its impressions into tangible shape with some degree of success.

This revival has shown itself chiefly in two directions, the spontaneous, natural rise of a body of artists, each independently working out his own

thoughts, and the forced art industries, galvanised into life, and maintaining a struggling existence under the fostering care of a few philanthropists. Both artists and philanthropists desire that the handicrafts should be placed upon such a firm footing, that any person taking them up and doing good work in them might be as sure of earning a livelihood as in any other profession; but one cannot say that they are at present anything but a very precarious means of existence, save to the few with exceptional talent, and especially *business* talent.

The so-called *art* industries are to a great extent the outcome of the efforts of a small body of men and women, seeking to solve some of the social problems of the day. So far as most of the workers are concerned art does not enter into the question at all, and were the guiding hand and moving spirit of each industry to be withdrawn, the whole movement would in most cases fall to the ground, wither away, and be forgotten. It is unfortunate that those who might assist have been alienated by the half-educated talk, the catchwords and ignorance of many of those who have been the spokesmen of the group. Seeing the misery around them, these philanthropists have cast about for a solution of the economic problem, and think that they have found it in art, more particularly as represented by the handicrafts.

So far as one can judge from the general tone of their conversation, their beliefs, inspired chiefly by Ruskin, are generally: That formerly

men were happy in their work; that hand work is in itself happier and more moral than machine work; that machine work and the consequent cheap market in England have injured art; and that to provide the unemployed, both urban and rural, with small hand work will better their position, and save them from becoming the "victims" of industrial development, and will tend to solve some of the social riddles pressing upon us.

These ideas are worth looking at more closely. By a happy inspiration of his vivid imagination Ruskin arrived at the conclusion that in former days men were happy in their work (a statement reiterated by Morris, and entirely unconfirmed by anything that can be learned of the past), and that therefore they produced beautiful things; so, they argued, it is only through art, or the beautiful things, that men can again find happiness. Then, said these masters, unless a man's work again becomes a pleasure, the token of which is beauty, there can be no art. That is to say, that the result of the pleasure is to cause the pleasure which causes the result; the cause is not only to produce the effect, but the effect is first to produce the cause. To the brain of the general public this is decidedly puzzling.

As to the idea still prevalent among the disciples of Ruskin, that hand work is in itself a happier, better and more moral thing than machine work, if this once be granted, then we must abolish every implement, for how can a line be drawn? If a needle be allowed with which to draw the thread, then why not a rod to push the needle? If we may save labour by using a spade, then why not a plough? And if a plough be used then why not a horse to pull it, and if a horse, why not

a steam-horse? And wherein lies the greater nobleness in wearing out human flesh by pushing a hand-plough, than in guiding a steam-plough? I have stood in a huge factory and watched a man manipulate a steam-driven loom in the most wonderful way; and I have stood beside a hand-loom in the far north, and I confess that, although at that time a believer in Ruskin, still I could not see the greater nobleness in painfully kicking at the loom with one's feet, and laboriously throwing with the hand a shuttle which a machine could have thrown quite as well. Nor in their private lives, could I ever discern that those who worked at the steam-driven looms were in any degree more "debased into leathern thongs" to yoke machinery with than those who strained at the hand-loom. Wherein lies the higher morality in employing human beings to do the heavy work of the instruments, as in hand-ploughs or hand-loom, and why should this be nobler than doing the lighter work of mere coupling or guiding, as in great factories?

As for the greater happiness, ask the Harris tweed weaver of his happiness, or the makers of lace curtains, working at the hand-loom in their icy cellars in Switzerland. It will not be found to exceed that of the mill-workers. And the peasant girl, who spins and cards in the peat reek in the Hebrides, has not much to say of her happiness in her work. I have never happened to hear of a case in which she did not prefer domestic service, and during a long residence near a manufacturing village I have never met a girl who could be persuaded to remain in domestic service if she could get work at the mills. Supposing that, instead of debasing men into leathern thongs to yoke machinery with, we could call a halt,

and give to every man his choice of work and tools with leisure and fair play, would the result be beauty, which is the token of art, as Ruskin seemed to imagine? Judging by the usual work of amateurs, who may fairly be said to take pleasure in their work, one would hesitate to say yes. Would it be happiness?

Let those who look upon a return to hand labour as a panacea for our degrading unhappiness consider well the condition of the workers of the East, where hand labour has been employed since time immemorial. Surely it does not need a very profound study of history to see that the causes (and cure) of the social misery around us lie very much deeper, and that both our present system and the primitive one hold the possibilities of happiness or misery equally, according as they are employed under a right moral code, or not. The conditions of factory life and machine labour may be made as conducive to high morality and happiness as those of hand labour, and conversely the conditions of hand labour may lead to as deep a degradation and misery as the worst of factory systems, as the sweating disclosures have fully proved.

The third bogie that has been held up as a terror to us, till even the art workers themselves have come to believe in it, is that England's cheap market has had a disastrous effect upon the art productions of other countries, and that things have deteriorated since they were "made for the market." As a discriminating critic has pointed out, with regard to Persian carpets,—and the remark applies to all oriental objects—they never were made for anything but the market. As to cheapness, did not the Japanese make their paper fans, and did not the Chinamen make their porcelain good and bad, and sell all at the cheapest rate, before the English-

man ever crossed the seas? And when the British came and found that they could buy at low prices articles that were never worse, and often better than those made at home, they naturally bought them; so that one could with more truth say that the cheap oriental markets had injured English art, if art were in the question at all. But the Englishman's taste in cheap wares has very much the same relation to the art of Japan as the predilection of the unsophisticated savage for glass beads has to ours, and has affected it in no greater degree. The Japanese manufacture some things for Europe in much the same spirit as we make the beads for the savage, but what have these things to do with art? Even in Europe the effect of England's cheap market has not been in the least what we have been led to believe. Were not the wooden toys made in all their delightful ungainliness in their own countries first, and are not the most hideous atrocities in Bohemian glass made in Bohemia for the neighbouring markets? Are they not to be seen stacked in the streets and squares of Dresden four times yearly, and sold at prices which make us smile, but which are suited to the Saxon public? And who but the English and American buy the more expensive articles which that Saxon public cannot afford? The cheap market is responsible for bad art only in so far as it leads to a larger output of the lower class of work done by the less capable members of the community, with or without the aid of machinery; but, as the public to which that class of work appeals is uneducated in art and seldom rich, one may say that the cheap market supplies works of *art* to those who must otherwise go without.

The real reason of the production of such works at all is simply that

given by Whistler, when he reminded us that there never had been an artistic nation. There is an occasional artist, and for the most part the rest of the workers are mechanics and craftsmen, who copy for ever, with more or less accuracy, what the original minority of artists has produced. However deeply one respects the spirit of these leaders, one cannot but regret that the public should have been roused to ridicule and to overlook their real work on account of statements such as these. For it cannot be denied that they do great momentary good in providing work for the unemployed, in arranging that work under comfortable conditions, in helping to keep the people on the land to a certain extent (they do not cultivate the land, but at least they cease to crowd into the cities, and their presence creates a demand for the work of others), and in finding work suited to the tastes and capacities of a few who might otherwise not be able to procure work. Lastly the interests of art are served in another manner which will be noticed further on.

The natural, spontaneous growth of art, as represented by the handicrafts, has had its rise under very different circumstances and conditions. It may be said to be the outcome of the universal tendency of this transitional age. For there is at present a general inclination to turn all preconceived standards upside down, and we find instances of it varying from Nietzsche's revaluation of morals to our own attempts to break away from traditional red-tapeism in education, and other matters. And something similar has happened in the art world. There was a time when the enlightened public was the only critic, and in England the public was British, and from the British lion's estimate of himself as the most important

animal in nature's realm, it naturally followed that the most important object in the realms of art must be his likeness; so the portrait painter was exalted on high. Pictures were the highest art and the portrait the highest kind of picture. Happily we are not a nation of god-like beauty, and the too faithful portrait painters brought about their own downfall. Or perhaps it was jealousy of the pictured unloveliness of others, but, whatever the cause, there gradually arose a revolt among the educated public and artists alike. It was discovered that portraits, even pictures, were not the only art; sculpture and architecture were grudgingly given a place by critics, and the general public acquiesced.

But when architects and artists grew bold, and, having broken from tradition, further announced that they meant to revive the ancient privilege of producing unity in their work, of making everything conform to its surroundings, and of decorating all that they created, even to designing the fixtures and furniture of the houses, then the public gasped. To tell it, an infallible British public, how to decorate its walls and shape its furniture was to overstep the limits of its endurance. It recovered its breath, and forthwith poured a storm of ridicule upon the bold innovators, which is not yet exhausted. Only those who have lived in the heart of it, and have been behind the scenes, have any knowledge of how immense have been the opposition and ridicule which the revivers of decorative art have had to encounter. It has been greater than the artists themselves have known, for even an angry public does not say all that it thinks in their presence. And that public, puzzled by lines, colours and symbols which it does not understand, and horrified at prices which it but

too well understands, asks: Why make things by hand? Why make an irregular, rough jar, when one can get a smooth, machine-made one so much better done and at half the price? Why labour to beat out a pattern by hand, when it can be cast so much more regularly by machinery in half the time? The public, in short, can see no good reason for the existence of hand works, and until it can it will not give its hearty support to them. The artist is called upon to find some better reason than his mere whim for asserting his right to carry out all his works by hand. And he claims for the beaten metal, the hand-made earthenware, the well-designed tapestry or carpet that it has a place in the national art, and that it gives as high a pleasure as the finest production in oils that adorns our galleries. For, there being no divine revelation outside of ourselves, to tell us that this is art and that is not art, each of us must be allowed to judge for himself and to accept nature's divine revelation to him personally as the criterion of what is to be looked upon as art. And we find that with knowledge comes change in the standard set by each for his own appreciation; in short in art, as in other matters, we grow. To some the picture is the only art, to others the cathedral; and some again find as great pleasure in an old vase, a Venetian glass or Persian tile as in the greatest picture. To say that there is no art save of a certain kind, of a particular period or painter, proves merely our own inability to appreciate any other form than that, it does not disprove the existence of art elsewhere.

And all who have any culture at all in such matters are agreed that, in general, the machine product has little claim to the quality called art, while countless objects of peerless beauty owe their chief charm to the

touch of the artist's hand. True, it would be possible to live in houses all of one pattern, all decorated alike, filled with furniture and utensils exactly similar—it would be possible if man were of different mould from what he is, and capable of arresting development at a particular point. But he cannot do that, and it is as necessary for him, after attaining to the height at which a consciousness of pleasure in art begins, to go on producing more and more different forms of it, and to seek after variety as well as beauty in his surroundings, as it is for him to have music and literature. And so, beginning for his own pleasure, man quickly falls a willing slave to the natural forces working within him, and at last produces his best for its sake rather than his own.

And surely it is for the good of the community that art and the artist be given a place in the national life. For it is time that people were beginning to see that the interests of the state and the individual are not at war with one another, except when one or both have gone astray from a true conception of morality. The more nearly we come to a right understanding of nature and the more closely we found our actions upon that knowledge the less friction will there be between the two, and the more easily shall we make duty and inclination one. Since it is a well established fact that man can only reach his highest development in social life, the higher each unit rises the better it will be, naturally, for both the unit and the collective whole. Every man has the right, for his own sake and for the sake of society, to produce his best work (provided always that his work is of use to the community), and in the case of artists as of others, "one's rights are in accordance with one's capacities." And the artist's rights are founded

upon the very real service which he renders to all, in bringing beauty into our daily life. We know as yet too little of the great riddle of the universe to be able to say what place in nature art occupies, but from the exceedingly low place which the average artist takes in intellectual affairs, we are accustomed to regard art as a minor accessory in nature's scheme. The greatest artist of to-day is no step further forward than he of a thousand years ago. No artist has ever directly contributed through his work to the elucidation of those deeper problems which have occupied the thinkers of the world, in philosophy and science. It seems certain that it will be neither through music nor art, pure and simple, that the problems of life will be solved. Yet we cannot therefore say that the art worker is a less high expression of life; rather might we say that he is an entirely different development of senses and finer forces of nature which differ from reason, and are comprehensible to fewer, than the intellectual power which shows itself in speculative thought and reasoned speech. But they are not of necessity less important forces. We cannot follow out this train of thought here, but I will attempt to show that, whatever be the relation of art to nature beyond man, its relation to the community is certainly of direct benefit to the latter.

There is no need to dwell upon the keen pleasure which the trained faculties find in works of art, where every touch shows the master hand and eye, where the *feel* of the worker lingers, where colour, form, line and texture (often that very roughness which an ignorant public derides), speak of their maker, or even in that lower form, where the design alone emanates from the artist, and the work has been carried out by others,

skilled artisans, whose brains have had nothing to do with it. The joy which the cultured have amid the evidences of the artist's work is perfectly well known and understood, but the cultured are few in the land, and what is not so well understood is the effect of beautiful surroundings, especially of beautiful colour, upon all. Perhaps a single instance will make clear my meaning.

There was once a lady who rather laughed at this longing for beauty, and she said that, on the whole, those who were not so sensitive got along much more happily, as they were not annoyed by the ugliness of their grates, or their carpets, nor in any way disturbed by atrocities in wall-papers, and so were saved a great deal of pain. Some years later that lady went for a long walk at the end of which tea awaited her in a room furnished with due regard to simplicity and colour. After sitting for a few moments she exclaimed, "I think this is a most restful room, there is such a feeling of repose about it, I feel quite refreshed." Upon being taken into another, she said, "I do not think one *could* feel depressed in this room, no matter how bad things were." Surely there is an economic, as well as a moral, value in a room that can make a tired woman feel rested and a depressed one feel brighter, and that one a woman who believed herself little affected by such things? And when every article in domestic use, from walls to crockery, shall be fashioned by those who have that feeling for line, form and colour, above all for the perfect combination of these, which we call art, when that is accomplished, who can tell how much greater will be the effect, both in bodily welfare, and in bringing about a closer understanding between man and nature?

For we can only define this nameless something which exists in the artist's work as a subtle understanding of nature. And indeed such work is nature expressing herself through the artist's hands, as surely as through the colour of a flower, or the song of a bird. To be sure, if we look at it closely, everything is a natural development, the thought that produces the machine, as much as the thought of the philosopher, or the sighing of the wind, disease as well as healthy growth. But one must not fancy that because a thing is natural it is right; nature is by no means always right, from all points of view. When by a cunning arrangement the seed of the thistle floats off down the wind in a downy cloud, thus ensuring the continuation of the species, we are lost in admiration of nature's clever device and wonderful provision for the needs of the plant. But when some of the seed falls upon the barren rock and is burnt up, that is as much a provision of nature as the other, and from the point of view of the seed it is bad, and leads to sickness, starvation and annihilation. And so, in judging of man's work, all of which is natural, we can only say that he as a being has need of certain things, as the seed has of soil, light, and moisture, and the nearer his work comes to giving us these things, and bringing us into conditions suited to our present development, the better it is; it becomes what we then call beautiful, great, right; in other words, man's nature feeling itself in comfort is happy, and his conscience approves.

But here comes in the never to be forgotten fact of the difference in the stages of development. In art, as in many moral questions, the needs of one nature are satisfied with what brings positive pain to another. Therefore the one pronounces a work to be good and buys it, while the

other condemns it and calls it an atrocity, a violation of artistic canons (his perceptions being considered by him to be a revelation of nature's final laws). There is need of all kinds of art, if one may use the phrase, in order that every class and individual may have the pleasure that they are capable of appreciating, and may thus grow gradually to higher capacities.

The community which consults its own good will encourage the artist. It has, further, no right to restrict his talents to producing work of a lower grade than they might attain to. It has no right to demand, for example, that a man should rather paint a mediocre picture than make a good water-jar, and to buy pictures alone as art work and refuse to give similar prices to good art work of other kinds is tacitly to make such a demand. And to say, as Ruskin did, that the artist should grind his own colours, is to ask him to throw away his energies during his working hours in performing work suited to a much lower development than his own. It is true that he could not produce works of genius all day long, but an artist's brain is a delicate thing, and if tired out by grosser work it may fail of its best. It is as though we were to ask of a commander in chief that he should tan the leather to make his reins, or require of a minister that he should first make the ink and paper, before writing an important despatch. Nature does not go out of her way to produce a higher organism to do work which can be done by existing lower ones, and the state as well as the individual loses every time that it sets a man to do work that a less capable one or a machine, mechanically more fit, could perform. To ask an artist to waste his precious powers in grinding paint was a serious mis-

reading of nature's evolution, but to ask him to cease work altogether is a thousand times worse, and that is what a machine loving public is doing when it derides, or discourages, the applied arts.

The interests of the community and the individual are so interwoven that it is impossible to discuss them as though they were two distinct things. To make the best use of a man, to make a good citizen and a good worker of him, is to bring out his strongest individuality, and perhaps this is true in art matters even more than in others. For the best citizens are not necessarily those who do most municipal or state work, but rather those who give us the best that is in them, and cultivate their faculties to the highest point, within the limits permitted by the rights of others. And there are some to whom the making of beautiful objects by hand is a positive necessity, and who, moreover, can do good work in no other form. They therefore serve themselves and the community best by following their natural bent; put to other work their whole nature becomes warped and stunted, as would an oak tree were we to force it to grow to suit the dimensions of a garden hedge. Surely that is one of the strongest of reasons for permitting the hand-working artist to continue his labours.

Another great advantage that hand labour possesses is that it allows of each man's working at his own pace. To get the best out of him he must be allowed to work at the rate suited to his strength and skill; over-forced he collapses, he does bad work, and so the state loses what might have been fairly serviceable work, and the individual is needlessly sacrificed. (The trades unions have sought to solve this problem by limiting the work done to suit the capacities of

their most useless members, to insist upon a minimum of bad work for the highest possible pay as the standard, but they will be brought to their senses one day, or they must go the way of other organisms that have outlived their usefulness.)

There are, again, others whose inventive powers far exceed their power of output, whose brains are impatient of their fingers' slowness. Why then should these ideas be lost? And why should not others be employed to carry out the details, to assist in all parts that do not actually require the artist's own touch? And this is perhaps the strongest reason for the existence of art industries. It is but nature's way of making up for her own slowness. She cannot develope in every direction at once. She can produce a man whose brain power (for although not what is termed intellectual art work is still brain work) far exceeds that of a dozen others, but she cannot give him a dozen arms to carry out his thoughts. And why should she, when there are still millions of men at a stage of evolution where there is little beyond muscle, men who are practically all limbs, and organs other than brain, and are therefore the legitimate tools of the brain possessor, sacred tools, it is true, to be used with all respect, but still tools? The one is as much needed as the other; let them then work together, and, inasmuch as the human hand, even though it be the hand of another, can often better express what the artist wishes to convey than any machine which has yet been invented, it is desirable that their labour should be hand labour.

I am very far indeed from advocating that anything be done by hand that can be done as well or better by machine. To ask an artist to spend his time in making hundreds of plain

red tiles, for instance, is folly, for there the machine can work as well as the man, and to make miles of plain calico by hand seems to be a deliberate waste of nature's gifts, for the labour-saving device, the machine, is as much a gift of nature as the more perfectly formed arm and hand, which succeeded the fin and the wing. If one admits a loom at all there is no difference save in degree, between the human foot and steam as motor.

These are some of the chief reasons why the public may reasonably be asked to permit artists to be happy in their own way, and to produce the work that is so beloved by them and necessary to them. By sheer force of their own vitality artists have thrown off the limits imposed upon them by an ignorant or unheeding public, and throughout the length and breadth of the land they are at work producing much that the people are, unfortunately, but too unwilling to buy. But it is unquestionable that many could and would buy much more largely if they had facilities for doing so, and if, one must add, artists would put away their false pride and condescend to behave like business men. They make their wares, they want to sell them, but they are terrified at the mere thought of being mistaken for tradesmen. To sell a picture in the studio is good, to employ an agent is permissible; but to put their work in the desecrating hands of a good furnishing warehouse is philistinism. Yet it is an undoubted fact that, once the work passes out of the maker's hands, it is quite likely to be placed (and that permanently) in surroundings as unsuitable as any window in Tottenham Court Road. But it is to

be feared that, until some steps are taken to keep the entire work of the artist community before the public, little support is to be looked for from that practical body. For how can people buy things when ignorant of their existence? Do artists really expect that they are to sit in state for ever, while folks come long journeys and beg humbly for permission to inspect their work, or wait patiently for a year between each exhibition to buy a new article?

Either the existing shops must be used, or a complete system of registration¹ of persons working in all branches of art-industry throughout the country must be introduced, with lists to be circulated freely about the land. Otherwise it is hard to see how the handicrafts can become the success which their work entitles them to be. It is certainly scarcely the duty of the public to lose its time, spend its money and waste its energy in hunting up and down the country for workers who refuse to conform to the ordinary usages of commerce, and to the needs of daily life.

But once this difficulty is successfully met, and reasonable co-operation is secured, I am persuaded that an enlightened and kindly public will do its best to raise its standards of taste, and give practical proof of the sincerity of its efforts to appreciate the handicrafts and their craftsmen.

A. S. GALBRAITH.

¹ Since this paper was written the editor of THE WOMEN'S AGRICULTURAL TIMES has invited the art industries to send their names for publication month by month in his paper. But this applies merely to the industries of a charitable nature, and not to individual artists or firms.

THE BARONET.

A GROUP of men sat smoking and talking under the verandah of McFadden's store. It was the pleasantest time of the Australian day. The sun was nearly down and the air was cool and refreshing. McFadden himself was easily to be recognised, a brawny Scot, to whom the others paid due deference. He sat in the coolest place and in his own particular chair, the serviceable type known to undergraduates and schoolboys as the windsor chair. The others had to make themselves as comfortable as they could. Hawes, who had come down from an up-country station cattle-driving and was the guest of importance, had indeed a seat to himself, but Dickie Richards and Davis, just back from a month's jaunt in Sydney, were forced to content themselves with a bench, while Schulz, trader, wine-merchant and agent for various businesses which he found it convenient not to talk too much about, reclined negligently with his back against the doorpost.

"Yes, my son," said McFadden in reply to some observation of Dickie's, while he pulled at his pipe in between the words, "it's amazin' as you say what some of 'em come to. When I was steward on one of them trading boats which go pearlin' down the West Coast, I had a little bit of a chap under me who called himself Smith. As I was goin' aboard a 'tec comes up to me. 'Afternoon,' 'e says. 'Same to you,' says I. 'You've got a chap called Smith sailin' with you this voyage.' 'So I have,' answers I. 'Anything wrong?' 'Remittance man,' says 'e; 'could

call 'imself Barty if he chose.' Well, I'd nothin' to say against Mr. Smith Barty; did 'is work well, well behaved, civil to passengers. One day Mr. Barty is told off to clean the brasswork. Captain comes up. 'Ulloa, Smith, what the blazes are you doing?' 'Cleanin' brass, sir.' 'But what the holy frost have you got on?' 'Only gloves, Captain; don't want to spoil my hands.'" An appreciative chuckle from the company greeted the conclusion of McFadden's yarn.

"Yes, I remember some of 'em too," said Davis, whose complexion testified to a colonial origin. "When I was down in Sydney for the Caulfield Cup of ninety, I remember that young feller who made a pot of money over Stinging Nettle—started at fours, didn't 'e?"

"Fives," corrected Hawes lazily.

"Well, this young feller," continued Davis, "'e couldn't go wrong for a time; seemed as if the mere fact of his backing a gee made it run first. An' 'e spent 'is money too like a prince; suite of rooms, suppers, theatres, and picnics. All of a sudden his luck changes. He backs against it and when I saw him last he was holding an auction in his rooms at the Albemarle. Everything up for sale—clocks, furniture, silver, wine, and even portmanteaux full of 'is clothes. I bought these there—two dozen best silk shirts," and he fingered appreciatively the tattered garment which failed to conceal his hairy chest.

"What became of him?" asked young Dickie Richards.

"Suicide, three years ago this

November," answered the other man knocking the ashes from his pipe. Having disposed of the ill-fated youth Mr. Davis returned to the original subject of conversation about whose good fortune they had heard in Sydney.

"Anybody seen Billy lately?" he asked.

"He was up at Morgan's last shearing time," said Hawes.

"Drunk, I suppose?"

"Drunk as blazes."

"Not seen 'im since?"

"No, sloped off when 'e'd got his wages. Shouldn't be surprised if 'e'd gone under by now."

"His chance has come too late, I expect, poor devil," said Richards.

The sun had already set and the gum-trees which clothed the rolling slopes round McFadden's store had turned to shimmering silver in the clear half light; a little breeze stirred the millions of leaves and a deep murmur sighed through the air like the noise of the distant sea. McFadden rose from his chair. "Come, boys," he said, "it's getting chilly. Who's for a game of poker?"

Twenty minutes later there was a wild commotion in the little parlour. The poker party unceremoniously broke up, leaving cards and coin on the table. Pipe or glass in hand they stood shouting round the seedy individual whom McFadden had ushered into their presence.

"Hulloa, Sir William!"—"Here's fun, old man!"—"Good old Billy Bruce, wish you luck!"—"Chin, chin, your lordship!" they cried, slapping him on the back or rapping frantically on the table.

The object of this demonstration looked in a bewildered manner around him. Outwardly he was no more than the conventional swagman from

whom all semblance of respectability has departed, a type of a thousand other wretched creatures who wander from station to station begging their bread and, when fortune is kind, earning a small wage which they spend in drink. He had been a tall strong fellow, but his huge frame was bowed and shrunken with hard living and hard drinking. His eyes blinked mistily and furtively under his bushy eyebrows and his face and chin were almost hidden with grizzled beard and whiskers. McFadden handed him a stiff whisky and soda and pushed him into a vacant chair. "Steady, chaps," he cried, "give the beggar a chance. He don't understand what you're driving at."

"That's right," answered Hawes. "McFadden will tell 'im. Quiet, you chaps, McFadden's going to tell 'im." McFadden ceremoniously clinked glasses with the disreputable stranger, drank and bowed.

"Here's luck," he said; "and now listen to what I'm going to tell you. I regret to inform you" (McFadden, who took considerable pride in his acquaintance with the law and legal phraseology, assumed the mingled air of rejoicing and condolence customary on such occasions) "that your cousin, Sir Rupert Bruce, of Weston Park, Derbyshire, and 208, Berkeley Square, is dead, and that you are therefore sole heir to his title and estates."

The stranger listened somewhat vacantly to this elaborate peroration couched in rather broader Scots than we have dared to commit to paper, and for some time he did not seem to fully comprehend the purport of McFadden's information. The latter shook him by the shoulder and repeated what he had said with a good deal of necessary emphasis. At last the baronet pulled himself together and said in a husky voice, "So poor old Rupert's dead, is he? And I'm

a baronet. Let's have a drink on this auspicious occasion."

"No, no, my son," said McFadden taking the glass from the hand which feebly resisted. "You've got to be a good boy now and a credit to your king and country."

"You understand, doctor?" said the lawyer, a little man with a healthy, rosy face, and hair that was just beginning to turn grey. "There is to be no question of leading-strings or surveillance—only we expect, with a little judicious handling, to see a great difference."

"Yes, Mr. Munro," answered Clarges, a young and fresh-coloured Australian. "It is only a question of tact, so far as I can see; the man is anxious to do the best for himself. Indeed, so far there has been no symptom of relapse."

"At present, no doubt, there has not, but I'm afraid he is not out of the wood yet. There is a certain road, you know, which is paved with virtuous resolutions, and besides, one cannot throw off the habits of a lifetime, for I'm afraid it nearly comes to that, without a great strain on the constitution. My fear is that the strain will prove too great—surely your medical experience will tell you as much, doctor?"

"In the majority of cases, of course, that is so. Only here we have a rather exceptional standpoint; besides the question of health there is so much to be gained by reformation."

"Yes, that is what I hope; and so I trust that you will not hesitate to point out everything in an unobtrusive manner when you are alone. A great deal can be done with imagination and tact, so I cannot help hoping for the best. You sail to-morrow, do you not?"

"We do. I have, with Sir

William's fullest approval, taken a double cabin in the QUEEN OF CHRISTCHURCH, Yellow Anchor Line, sailing to England *via* the Cape. I think that the longer voyage will prove beneficial to his health, and also that the comparatively small number of passengers will be in his favour."

"Less temptation, you think?"

"Less temptation, and less chance of making inconvenient acquaintances who will recognise him afterwards."

"Well really, doctor," said the lawyer rising, "I think you have already done wonders. I have every confidence in you and your patient."

"We shall both do our best, I think, Mr. Munro."

"Well, good-bye, and a pleasant and successful voyage."

Clarges left the lawyer's office in high good humour with himself and the world. Fortune had put in his way a chance that she does not offer to every young medical student. He was not far on in the twenties, but he was already full of confidence in his own abilities; moreover he possessed a considerable amount of ambition. What had hitherto been rather a stumbling block in his career was his poverty—not that he minded poverty for itself, but want of money could deprive him not only of luxuries but even of necessities. His consuming desire was to rise above the ruck of men in his profession; he believed he could do it, and he meant to try. Therefore he had often bitterly reflected that some seven thousand miles of sea lay between him and the great European centres of scientific learning. No doubt there were fine schools in Sydney and Melbourne, and no doubt others had made their way in spite of the same difficulties which he now felt, but— For a long time he thought he must bow to the inevitable

and do the best that he could with the facilities at his disposal. And then one joyful day (he felt that day to be the first that really counted in his life; he was sure that the high gods must have an eye on him, that they had marked him out as a favoured one among mortals) Mr. Munro, the head of a well-known firm, had offered him the charge of a gentleman of title, travelling to Europe partly in search of health, partly to claim considerable estates to which he had just become heir. The salary was considerable; his travelling expenses were paid, and, what was more, it gave him the chance of that journey which had been his one great ambition for years.

He never hesitated for an instant to take it. Mr. Munro had been pleased with him; his energy and decision were rather remarkable for so young a man, and the arrangement was soon made. The task was not altogether a light one, it is true. Sir William Bruce had apparently been leading a far from conventional life in Australia: the lawyer hinted, though with the customary caution of his class he did not positively affirm, that the new baronet had sunk to the very lowest depths, till the friendly hand of Fortune lifted him out of the mire and set him on his legs again. On the other hand, the voyage successfully finished and Sir William restored to his country a new man, the profits to be gained were considerable. He might be sure of the good offices of a number of influential friends during his future career, and he would have already taken one step towards wealth and position.

As for his patient, he could have been content had he been a mere piece in the game he was playing, a piece to be nursed carefully but parted with willingly when the occasion arose. But he had even grown

fond of the man during the short period of their acquaintance; he was touched by his obvious desire to reform and flattered by his good nature and affability.

Everything was therefore now arranged; their steamer sailed to-morrow carrying Sir William Bruce to wealth and health, and the doctor towards the final goal of his ambition. His last night in Australia, for some time at least, perhaps for ever, had arrived, and there was plenty to be done before bed-time drew near. Though he could not help feeling the melancholy inseparable from these occasions, it was nevertheless with a glad heart and buoyant spirits that he walked homewards blowing clouds of cigar smoke into the mild evening air.

Two figures stood on the afterdeck of the *QUEEN OF CHRISTCHURCH* as she made her way through Sydney Heads. The slighter, younger figure was Clarges, the young doctor. He felt a certain amount of genuine emotion as the low-lying villa-clad shores receded. By degrees the great horse-shoe circle of land faded into a belt of green specked here and there with white. Though the streets and buildings of the Sydney suburbs were hardly distinguishable to the eye, in his imagination he pictured the places where he had walked since boyhood, where he had known, perhaps conquered, perhaps succumbed to the first temptations of manhood. Even at that remote distance the land seemed to him full of poignant memories; in viewing it from the lofty deck of the steamer, he seemed to look back on the successes and failures of his past life as on an unrolled map. Between him and his native country lay a vast bay chopped into dancing foam-clad crests by the fresh sea-wind; every hour would make this expanse

of water broader and broader; every hour would bring him nearer to his destination and take him farther from home.

He turned to look at the face of his companion. A few weeks of civilised life had certainly improved the baronet almost out of knowledge; his clothes were new and fashionable, his hair trimmed in the smartest mode. Moreover his skin had become fresher and clearer, and he looked before him with the eyes of a free man. What *his* feelings were, the young doctor was at a loss to guess; the moustache and beard, though less formidable than they had been, still masked the larger part of his countenance. His eyes blinked out from under the bushy eyebrows, a little mistily, it seemed to Clarges; and it was with a sigh that he turned and went below.

There was no doubt that Sir William was liked on board. Most of the passengers had landed at Sydney or Melbourne and, though a few more were expected at Port Adelaide, it was improbable that the total number in the first saloon would exceed twenty. With all those who had so far taken cabins the baronet was unreservedly popular. A title always carries a kind of glamour with it even in monarchical countries and is doubly prized in republican Australia. His kindness and unaffected behaviour made him a general favourite, and he threw himself with feverish energy into the amusements of ship life. One or two of the more knowing might perhaps have imagined a more aristocratic personage, but Australia is not a country where one inquires too curiously into a man's past; if he is a good fellow and pleasant in company, that is sufficient for the large majority—and quite rightly too. So far the doctor had found him the most amenable patient in

the world; in a sense he was hardly "amenable," for he showed no disposition to break through the compact they had made before the beginning of the voyage. His behaviour was in this particular quite irreproachable; he declined firmly but civilly to "shout" for his companions or to drink at any one else's expense, but his negative was so courteously worded that nobody took offence.

The steamer was due to arrive at Port Adelaide to-morrow. The last passengers were then to be taken on board, the last mails picked up, and the steamer would steam direct from Australian shores to the Cape. Clarges felt astonished but gratified at his patient's unexpected strength of mind, and once Australian shores were out of sight he had little fear of a relapse. Had he been able to look into the recesses of Sir William's soul he might perhaps have been more anxious. In the heart of this aristocratic vagabond was hidden a fierce love of the dissolute life he had led; perhaps he lusted after hard living and hard drinking as the Israelites lusted after the spiced fleshpots of Egypt; perhaps only, as the lawyer said, the bonds of custom were not to be lightly broken. Day or night, waking or sleeping, his brain was filled with the thought of the broad sandy roads he had trodden, with the noise and shimmer of wind-shaken gum-trees, with the fierce glare of the Australian sun or the quick blinding flood of a spring rain, with the remembrance of a whole champaign, naked and arid before, changed in a night to a waist-high sea of waving verdure. The thought of his hard manual labour was sweet to him for its ultimate recompense of sharp stinging opiates. No wine, were it of the rarest vintage known to connoisseurs, would take the place of that bitter whisky; he felt the

tang in his mouth and lusted for more. In vain his better nature strove against these cravings. Conscience, not wholly dulled, pointed out to him a manifest duty, but years of base self-indulgence had broken his will. His very clothes felt harsh and unusual to the body; they seemed the first of those bonds which should fetter him to propriety and civilisation; he longed to tear them from him and walk once more in the easy uniform of a beggar's rags. To-morrow, he must say good-bye to Australian shores. The old life had been good, of what kind would be the new? He looked with a deep hatred on all this friendly ship's gathering, and his eyes privily darted gleams of resentment at the young doctor who was paid to drag him from his husks to the loathed dinner of the fatted calf.

THE QUEEN OF CHRISTCHURCH lay close to the quay. There was an air of bustle on board. The deck rang with orders and the seamen hurried briskly to and fro. The vessel swung out a bit; the engines were getting up steam and the great shell began to throb and vibrate. Gradually, very gradually the little knot of people on the wharf seemed to grow smaller and smaller; the hills and the vast plain, all covered with white-walled buildings of suburb and township opened out as in a slow-moving panorama, and the river was seen winding into the heart of the setting sun. It was a pretty scene this farewell view of Port Adelaide. The passengers gathered on the hurricane deck to catch the last beauties of the dying day. Among them was Clarges; bare-headed, and overcoat on arm (for the evening was quite warm) he turned his face with the others to the sunset and the hills of his native land. For the moment his patient vanished out of his mind;

ship and passengers seemed to disappear and the shrill cheer of the sightseers on the wharf fell but thinly on his ear. In this solemn moment of farewell he wished to be quite alone. It seemed to him then that instead of a mere passenger to England *via* the Cape he was a knight errant riding forth once more in search of life and adventure. As the vessel swung out towards the open sea a splash was heard and the head of a man was seen swimming for shore. "A drunken stoker, I expect," said a voice at his elbow.

It was two or three months later in the year. The summer had been hot even for an Australian summer. Frequent showers had fallen however, and the wonderful soil had produced ten and a hundred fold. McFadden walked up and down the small garden which surrounded his low tin-roofed house with a proud air of proprietorship. The kitchen garden was rich in potatoes, cabbages, and all the more succulent table-vegetables, and the beds were fringed with masses of flowering mimosa and rose-bushes whose red and white blossoms smelt very sweetly in the cool fresh morning air. At the back through the somewhat rickety wood-fence his orchard, with its apple, pear, and cherry-trees, stood a cloud of pink and white blossom against the background of distant purple hills, dim and romantic in the early morning haze. All round lay green savannahs and low rolling hills covered with eucalyptus and iron-bark trees, with now and then a creek running between them as the greener grass of the slope betrayed. McFadden had never possessed much of the divine gift of imagination, and whatever he might once have had was long since knocked out of him; but it was on mornings like these that he grew almost poetical, and, while

felicitating himself on his own canniness in acquiring such a favoured spot by right of purchase, he inwardly contrasted the scene around him with the scenes of his boyhood, the purple, heather-clad hills of the North "where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying." Whatever came up or down the road McFadden had his finger in the pie. He gave the pilgrims whisky and beds, and if fate was kind relieved them of their superfluous cash; it was not a high ideal, but then McFadden lacked imagination.

This morning he was more retrospective than usual. He laughed to himself as he remembered old tales and grew sad as he remembered old chums. Many an old yarn came into his mind as he pottered about his small demesne weeding and pruning. "I wonder how old Billy Bruce is getting on," he said to himself, and he indulged his radical feelings with a highly coloured picture of that territorial magnate attending Sunday worship surrounded by a crowd of obsequious villagers and at last lying in the odour of sanctity under the shade of some quiet English yews, while a memorial urn or tablet commemorated in clear-cut characters the kindly virtues and beneficent life of the deceased. Something caught his attention as he mused over the end

of his acquaintance and the probable circumstances of his own dissolution, something black flapping distractedly against the glow of the newly risen sun. A voice cried to him to come, and he saw the excited face of his black boy Jim signalling to him from beyond the garden hedge. "What is it?" he answered, moving in a leisurely manner towards the spot.

In a few seconds his walk changed to a run, and in a sharp authoritative tone he bade Jim bring the brandy. He knelt over the bundle of rags which lay upon the ground. Even he failed at first to recognise those shaven features, haggard and twitching with drink. The shadows of respectability clung about the figure; its tattered overcoat, its bulging boots, were those of a gentleman. But it was not till the figure opened its eyes, roused for an instant to life by the invigorating gush of the brandy, that McFadden recognised the person over whose ultimate fate he had that moment been speculating. Sympathy and astonishment struggled for the mastery in McFadden's mind as he gazed at the forlorn and miserable object before him. The mystery of its reappearance was never likely to be solved, for even to McFadden's inexperienced eyes it was obvious that the baronet was soon to lay down his newly gotten honours.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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JOHN MAXWELL'S MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XXI.

AND, in the meantime, Isabella.

Isabella was, on the whole, the one of these persons concerned in this history upon whom the passage of eighteen years had produced the least alteration. Physically, no doubt, she had deteriorated. Her beauty had been in an exceptional degree skin deep, as the saying is—an affair of bloom rather than of fine modelling or spiritual charm; and the cases are few indeed where bloom survives to nine-and-thirty. When it does, it may be taken as the index of some singular freshness of nature, and Isabella's nature was robust rather than fresh. Her girlhood had borrowed something of the charm of maturity, and such a borrowing can seldom be reciprocal. Charm she had none. But even at nine-and-thirty she was unquestionably a fine woman, more than commonly well-preserved.

Her curious obtuseness of perception to any aspect of a case but her own had kept her, physically and morally, very little changed. Life had no bite upon her. She had ruined her father without compunction, but without any keen sense of an accomplished revenge, merely as the assertion of her right. The right had come to her with the other compensations provided by her husband, and she had accepted them all quite

unreservedly without the least sense of obligation. What the law gave her she was entitled to enjoy; and her tenants, for example, as Musgrave told his friend, had found her always clear upon this article. But like many other selfish people, she was habitually good-natured, easy to live with, and lavish with her money. She had, indeed, no idea that she was selfish. In every case that could have been raised against her she would have insisted that she merely stood upon her rights.

One matter there was upon which she continually piqued herself. She had been pressed many times to marry; but every such solicitation ran up against her fixed idea. She was Mrs. Maxwell; her husband had deserted her under circumstances of singular brutality; but until she knew whether her husband was dead or living no question of marriage could enter her mind. Report, indeed, had given her several lovers; but what lady in her society was exempt from such reports? And it was at least clear that no man had ever played a large part in her life.

One man moreover, at all events, had little to boast of in his attempts upon her favour. Not long after her first establishment in England, Sir Garrett Lambert came to her with a tale of his penitence for the part that he had played as an assistant at the

violence of her marriage; dwelt upon the offer that he had made to her father; regretted that he had allowed Mr. Nesbit to overrule him; regretted that he had drunk so much wine in sheer disappointment as to be wholly incapable of action or judgement at the crisis; and, finally, suggested a fine woman's natural mode of retaliation. Isabella, to whom the sight of anything recalling the memory of that day was odious, rebuffed him at first; and when, in spite of her warnings, he persisted, she showed the virago in her, and caused him to be thrown out of her door by her men-servants.

It was a sign of the general relaxation which had coarsened Isabella's mouth that she consented to play cards with Sir Garrett Lambert. She consented merely because she would have consented to play with any one who would play high enough, and not insist too sharply upon ready money.

Gambling has always been the special resource of the sluggish, and Isabella, in an age when ladies played habitually, had played more than most. Of late years she had played from another motive than the passion for play; for Ireland during the American War was more than usually impoverished; rents fell or ceased, and money was hard to get even on mortgages. Lambert was well acquainted with all these facts when he came over from Donegal, arriving in the end of May at Bath, about the same time as Maxwell made his appearance in Musgrave's office.

Sir Garrett was long-minded, and his old grudge against Maxwell and against Isabella had been quickened by the scene in Castle Carrig. But he was also astute, and he knew well that to go direct to Isabella with a request for her daughter was to risk a fresh rebuff. The play-table offered a ready means of renewing acquaint-

ance; he had devoted the best energies of his life to games of skill, and his resources as compared with Isabella's were unlimited. They played, she won; played again, she lost, and he gracefully waived the question of settlement to another day. Again they played, always in public, and Isabella's losses mounted. Finally he offered a stake of three thousand pounds against her diamonds, considerably more than the jewels were worth, and again Isabella was the loser.

She sat now in her great drawing-room at Marlborough Buildings, and looked out across the dip in the ground to the park. Her writing-table was set near a window, and she had paper before her and a pen in her hand, but she did not write. She reflected how her friends would be taking their morning promenade in Milsom Street, looking at the shop windows, and pausing when they met each other with "My dear, did you hear?" "You were not there." "Her diamonds!" "The whole of her jewellery, I am told." "Only her diamonds; but what has she left to wear beside them?" "Shall we see her in paste?"

They would see Sir Garrett passing up from his rooms at the King's Head, and would stop him for congratulations. And in the meantime here was she waiting for him to arrive, and there were the jewel-boxes lying ready on the table.

In addition to all this annoyance, where was the money to come from? She dashed her pen at the paper viciously, and began to scrawl her letter to her agent, Martin. As she still wrote, Sir Garrett Lambert was announced, and she rose to receive him, her stiff silks rustling.

Sir Garrett was in the height of elegance: his waist pulled in, the lapels of his coat peaked out towards

either shoulder, his silk breeches skin-tight.

"You are late, sir," she said.

He bowed demonstratively. "Madam," he answered, "on a pleasanter errand I should not have incurred that reproach. Believe me—"

But she cut him short. "Oh, Sir Garrett, do not trouble to protest. No one dislikes winning, and here is your stake ready." She motioned, as she spoke, to the jewel-boxes.

But he made a gesture of unwillingness. "I give you my word, madam," he said unctuously, "when I think of how I have seen you grace these jewels, it goes to my heart to part you from them. If I can in any way accommodate you—"

"You are vastly kind, sir," Isabella answered sharply, "but I lost, and I pay. It was the chance of the cards."

Sir Garrett laughed, and his laugh was not pleasant. "'Tis well to be a good loser," he said with a touch of contempt. "But believe me, madam, the chance of the cards is not everything. Had you your Hoyle by heart, as I have had any time this twenty years, you might have come off better. And upon my soul, I do not know what others would do in my place, but I scorn to take advantage of a lady. Come, madam, keep your trinkets and give me half the stake we had on them; call it a thousand if you will, and let us be quits. I bought my own knowledge of the game dearer than I sell it you."

Isabella flushed red. "I assure you, Sir Garrett," she retorted hotly, "I need no lessons. The chance was in the cards, I tell you."

Again he smiled with an air of arrogant complacency. "But allow me, madam. Your discard of the king in the last hand—"

"It was to make my point," she interrupted.

"Which in fact you did not make," said he, and his tone grew more and more aggravating; "which indeed the odds were long against your making. No, believe me, madam, I could demonstrate to you—"

And so the cards came out.

Twenty minutes later Isabella had staked the rest of her jewellery and won five hundred pounds. Her face was set and keen under the pile of powdered hair drawn back from her smooth forehead; but the lace kerchief at her low bodice rose and fell quickly. Half an hour later she had lost the five hundred and the jewellery.

Sir Garrett pushed the boxes together in a heap. "Come, madam," he said, "I owe you your revenge. I am in no hurry for money. I will stake all I have here against your note of hand for three thousand pounds, payable in six months. But understand that I am well content to let matters be as they are."

Isabella played.

But luck as well as skill were against her now. Pique and capote followed, and in the third game of the partie Sir Garrett counted the hundred out of his hand before a card was played. Isabella, biting her lips, flung down the pack, went to her writing-table, and scribbled on a sheet of paper. She came back and handed it in silence to the man who sat lounging with crossed legs. He took it, scrutinised it, folded it, then, staring hard into her face, spoke with insolent innuendo. "Madam, this playing of the creditor to one of your sex was never to my mind. Has it never occurred to you that there are more ways than one of settling a debt?"

Sir Garrett Lambert had a sense of humour natural to himself and developed in an age of gross pleasantries: Either way it seemed to him he was sure of a jest that would be

admirable in repetition. And he was not disappointed; though the way which he less expected came to pass. Isabella rose to her feet fiercely. "Sir Garrett Lambert, once before in this house you insulted me!"

Instantly the man broke into his gross laugh, and shook his sides before he allowed himself to speak. "Insult you! O Lord! My dear madam, I beg a thousand pardons for my clumsiness. You take me to propose a sacrifice of your virtue. Such a thought was far indeed—O Lord, madam, you must pardon me, but I laugh to think how far you are out! When we were both young I will not deny but that I had reprehensible desires, but now—oh, believe me, madam, on my honour, such a thought would never present itself."

Isabella was white with fury. "Take your winnings, sir, and go," she said hoarsely.

Sir Garrett rose leisurely, walked to the table, and opened the jewel-cases one by one. "Pardon me, madam," he said with redoubled insolence. "By your leave I will verify the contents."

Then, when the whole array of gems was disclosed, he drew from his pocket the note of hand and laid it open upon them. "And so," he said, looking at her through half-shut eyes, "you will not allow me to state the manner in which you can recover all that is here without the least sacrifice of your honour, or the least inconvenience to yourself?"

Isabella stared at him with a touch of confusion. "I do not wish to hear any more from you, sir," she said sullenly, yet with a hint of acquiescence.

He was quick to catch at it. "But, madam," he began, "I give you my word I am in sheer earnest. Will you refuse for the sake of a trifling misconception? Upon my

life, I cannot think how I was so stupid." Luxuriously watching Isabella redden under the veiled insult, he continued: "Indeed, madam, I insist. Believe me, I should not have allowed you to risk so high a stake to me had I not had this in my mind. It is a proposal of marriage, madam—but I beg you not to misunderstand me again," he added with a leer. "I know your honourable scruples, as every one knows them."

"What do you mean?" asked Isabella angrily. "Say what you have to say and I will listen."

"It is the simplest thing on earth. You have a daughter—pardon me again if I bring up unpleasant topics. Well, I want to marry your daughter."

Isabella stared at him. "You want to marry my daughter? Why, she is a child."

Sir Garrett leered and bowed. "The mistake is natural, madam. The passage of Time has not marked you, and you have not marked his passage. But your daughter is marriageable, and no man shall say that I took the jewels of my mother-in-law—no, nor her money. Garrett Lambert is none of your beggarly heiress-hunters. No, madam; Garrett Lambert can afford to pay for his fancy—and I fancy your daughter," he ended with an ugly grin.

Isabella opened and folded the fan that she had caught up; opened it and folded it again. Her silence had something mulish in it; yet even a mule yields.

"Are you prepared to make settlements?" she asked at last.

Sir Garrett broke into his whinnying laugh. "Settlements? Surely, madam. I will settle her mother's diamonds and three thousand pounds upon her, if you insist on seeing the property bestowed in that way. But for anything else, really, madam, you

go too far. I will marry the girl, and while she pleases me she sha'n't be stinted. There's plenty would be glad of the chance, mind you. Here am I, a baronet and member for the county, until such time as the Lord Lieutenant pleases to make good his promise. And that won't be so long neither. Votes are not so easy to come by in the Irish House as they were; half of these damned fellows have left the King's Government in the lurch. Now I'm none of your Americans—none of your shouting, screaming Whig rabble. No, nor mixed up with this fool's pack of volunteers, with their cant of patriotism. I'm a Government man, thick and thin, and if I don't sit in the Lords before I'm two years older, I'll know the reason why. Take my word, madam, you'll have a peer for your son-in-law. That won't do you any harm in Bath."

"Thank you, Sir Garrett," said Isabella with a touch of contempt, "I am satisfied with my position. But your offer is a fair one. Have you spoken to the girl, may I ask?"

Sir Garrett hid a motion of discomfiture with a sneer. "Yes, I mentioned the matter to Missy. But Lord, Madam, what would you have? There's that young cub of your sister's hanging about, and his mother doing her best to make a match of it. Why, she would not let me have fair speech of the girl."

Anger grew in Isabella's eyes. "You must be mistaken, Sir Garrett. My sister has no right to act in such a manner."

"There is no mistake about it," he retorted, with malicious alacrity. "I asked leave to pay my addresses, and she ordered me out of the house. I told her what I thought of her schemes, and you may depend upon it she will do her best to set the girl against me. And with that idle

young Papist fellow, full of French tricks and fine speeches, hanging about the place—why, damme, madam, it will be the same story over again."

Isabella shut up her fan with a snap, and rose abruptly. "That it shall not be, Sir Garrett," she said. "I accept your offer for my daughter's hand, and I will write my instructions that she shall receive you properly."

"Write, then, and on my word, madam, I'll be your post myself. You may rely on a sure delivery of the message. And then—we shall see." Again he broke into his ugly laugh. "They sha'n't steal a march on me, as they did on your father, believe me."

Isabella winced a little at the reminiscence. But this turn to the conversation had given her a good excuse for following her own interest, and she was glad of it.

"I will send the letter to your lodgings, then, Sir Garrett," she said, "and the matter will lie in your hands."

"It could not be in better, madam," he answered, rubbing them. "And now, just for form's sake, I will take these trifles with me—merely to hold in pawn, you understand."

Isabella coloured, but she bowed assent. "I had meant to send them with the letter. But as you choose."

He grinned as he replied coarsely: "The sooner the better, madam, is my motto. 'Tis a tooth to come out. I wish you a good day. And I am heartily contented that you are not going to cut that handsome nose off to spite your face."

"Beast!" said Isabella, as he shut the door.

CHAPTER XXII.

JUNE was hot and stuffy in the cup-shaped hollow of hills where Isabella gloomed over her losses and

bore angrily the condolence of her friends. June was a month of no comfort on the Channel packet where Sir Garrett, tossing in his berth and nervously solicitous about French privateers, made the slow journey from Bristol to Dublin against westerly winds. But June at Douros slipped airily and freshly from morning into evening, from evening into morning; from rain to sunshine, from sunshine to rain. And sun and rain, morning and evening, were pleasant in their passing at Castle Carrig.

It had been decided that Maxwell should make the Castle his headquarters, and eventually his point of departure. Andy McLoughlin still had a vessel to the fore, and though Andy himself had retired into private life, Andy's sons kept up the paternal business. And, as Maxwell said, Mary McSwiney had a good right to recommend them for fidelity. But no one as yet was in a hurry to call for their services.

Maxwell had confided his business unreservedly to Mary, the more willingly as he had no project that she would view with displeasure. And though she was uneasy when he made an excursion to Derry for an interview with the famous earl-bishop, once he was back at Douros the law and its hazards seemed a far-off menace. His presence was a great pleasure to her, on her own account. Hers was one of those fortunate natures which can dispense wholly with company, change of scene, or interest, and yet enjoy these when they come. And the very barrier which his marriage had made between them removed all sense of restraint as between man and woman; they met simply as the kindest friends with innumerable common ties. And for the sake of the girl, whom she loved like her own child, Mary was even more glad.

It only vexed her that Maxwell would not declare himself; but upon this he was peremptory. No, he said—not yet, at all events. And Mary was content with the addition.

"Not yet" covered a multitude of schemes, of sanguine imaginings, in John Maxwell's quick brain. He was determined to make the most of the present, and the situation amused as well as delighted him; there was a piquant element of comedy in discussions which continually turned on himself, or on his daughter's idea of himself. He was amused to find himself giving bail in his own recognisances, as it were, for the character of Mr. John Maxwell. "I am sure you would have found him just as tolerable as you find me, for example," he had said more than once, by way of clinching his advocacy. And he was delighted to find that the bail was always accepted as sufficient.

It was evident, however, that this could not last. He could not stay indefinitely at Douros. And being, like most men, tenacious of his pleasures, he was busy with schemes for some way to retain in his life this new and delightful companionship.

Time and the war had broken many of the ties that he had formed in America. One strong attachment death had severed, and left him ready to accept this European mission. Now it seemed as if the whole of his life lay in this circle at Douros. For the first time he almost repented his rebellion against the Crown. America, as he thought, could never be conquered, yet the war might last for half a generation; ten years might pass before he could return to Great Britain. And even if he could, the covenant to his wife was still binding. He was tempted to try to take the girl with him and make a home for the family beyond the Atlantic.

For several days he was greatly in

love with this project. There was much to be said for it. Mary might readily be convinced that the new world offered a better future for her son than the old country, where Hugh's religion stood so grievously in his way. And yet when he saw Mary at Douros, rooted like a plant in her native air and soil, when he heard her speak of the long weariness of her foreign exile, he was smitten with remorseful indecision. Ireland, too, as Musgrave had told him, in words that all his inquiry confirmed, was on the point of great changes; the old order of intolerance was dying fast. But, more than by these considerations, he was moved by one which was half fantastic, wholly sentimental—the girl's idealisation of her mother. The dream of Grace's life, as he soon learned in long intimate talks when she poured out her thoughts to this friend, whose mind had such odd affinity with her own, was a reconciliation and a recognition, an approach to the wronged, beautiful, far-off woman. Half voluntarily, half involuntarily, he joined in the elaboration of this ideal Isabella, who would one day forgive. And so, putting aside thought for the future, he gave himself to the pleasure of the girl's society, and the greater pleasure of watching her eagerness to be with him.

It cannot be said that the young people were quite so happy as their elders; that is not the habit of youth. Grace for the first time found herself in intercourse with a man of the world, who possessed knowledge, wit, charm of manner, and, in addition to all this, showed a keen appreciation of herself. More than that, he seemed to be in some way bound to her by this strange tie linking him through her father; she came to regard him as her natural property. Yet he perplexed her by his reticence on

many points, and her instinctive perception that between him and her aunt there existed full confidence made her smart under a sense of limitation.

Moreover, there was trouble with Hugh. Grace, indeed, had treated her cousin with the light cruelty proper to young womanhood. She had been glad enough of his society in the weeks before John Maxwell came; and, indeed, she felt herself entitled to say that in those days the absurd boy had shown no such desire to monopolise her. Hugh had always been ready enough to go off alone to his shooting or fishing. Why then should she put herself out to humour him now? It was just as well for him to see that other people found her worth talking to, and people of much more consequence than a mere boy.

In justice to Grace, it should be said that the delicate homage of Sir Garrett Lambert had given her no pleasure. Hugh had no occasion for jealousy there. But now there was no questioning the girl's preference for the company of this elderly man—before the prestige of whose experience Hugh stood abashed, sulky, and lastly, to Grace's fierce indignation, rude.

Maxwell for a moment was puzzled by the lad's outbreak of temper; then, as the situation dawned on him, he made excuses to leave Grace (thus adding to her resentment), and between laughter and perplexity he came to Mary with the story. She laughed too, but her amusement had a rueful touch.

"Poor Hugh," she said. "Is it only now you are finding that out? That was one of the reasons why I wanted you to explain. Secrets always make trouble. And besides, Jack, I don't want to be putting notions into young people's heads. If it wasn't for this, they would have

gone on quite happily, but now Hugh may be doing something foolish."

"And pray, what else ought he to be doing at that age?" Maxwell retorted, laughing.

But Mary's face was grave. "It is all very well to laugh, Jack," she answered. "But Hugh is just a year younger than his father was when he got engaged. And you know, Jack," she added, "that was no laughing matter."

He nodded his head. "The hardest thing in the world is for the forties to understand the teens," he admitted. "For the life of me, I cannot bring myself to understand that life is a serious matter for that nice boy of yours. But do you think Grace would be as serious as he?"

"I think," said Mary, with her quiet smile in which there was to be traced now a little melancholy, "that while Grace is flattered by the attention of a much older and more cultivated man, she will think very little of poor Hugh. But afterwards—I can't say. You see, Jack, it never seems impossible to a mother that a girl should fall in love with her son. And whichever way it went, there would be bad trouble. I don't see how I could keep Hugh at home."

Maxwell looked up sharply at her. "Explain," he said abruptly.

"If Grace would have nothing to say to him, Hugh would be wretched. And if there was a chance of the other thing, I should have to send him away. I cannot let it be said that I abused my trust."

His face clouded, and he was silent for a moment. "You mean," he said slowly, "that that is what your sister would say?"

"Well, Jack—what else do you expect?"

Again he was silent for a while as they paced up and down by the Castle's battlements.

"This is a bad tangle," he said at last. "And you have no clear notion what you are going to do with the boy? He wants to be a soldier, he says. Would you mind that?"

"I would mind very much the only thing possible," she answered, "though even that is hardly possible. He might get a commission in the King of France's army, but I can't bear the idea of his going to fight against this country. You in America are different. If I had been living in America, I should have liked him to fight for his liberty. But here, what is he to do? He cannot go into the army, unless he goes as a Protestant."

"I see," said Maxwell, but absent-mindedly. He was deep in thought.

"But what is the good in talking?" Mary went on. "A penniless Protestant would be no better than a penniless Catholic. I'm afraid a home with his mother is all the home that Hugh is likely to have, so far as I can see. He must go out into the world somehow; but, Jack, I would like to keep him for a while yet, and I cannot help saying that you will make it hard for me if you persist in keeping up this secret."

Maxwell walked beside her in perplexity for a while before speaking. "Look now, Mary," he said at last; "there is only one person but yourself who knows this secret at present. Say I trust the discretion of these two young people; there will be four then. Well, if that secret gets wind, there will be talk, attention will be drawn to me, and I do not court attention. Will you let me leave it like this? I am bound to go to Enniskillen before I can feel that I have executed my commission. I will start this afternoon; that will take me away for a week or more; then I return here. If you still

think this disclosure necessary, I will either make it or go."

"Don't talk about going, Jack," said Mary, with a look of pain. "But do what you say; only, I shall be unhappy about you; it is a risk."

"There is always a risk, Mary. If it were not for that, I would take Master Hugh with me to Enniskillen, and see if we could not find some one to turn the blind eye to his religion, and give him a commission in a volunteer battalion. But the mere fact that he has a foreign accent, as well as his being a Catholic, makes it unwise. If suspicion arose he would increase it, and if anything happened to me he might be implicated. Besides, I confess I should not like leaving you here alone till the business about Lambert has blown over. He was always a spiteful beast, and he may try yet to make trouble. So it is best in every way that I should go and that Hugh should stay. And that will give me a week or two to think over my course."

CHAPTER XXIII.

HUGH and Grace were quarrelling; they had done little else these last days since the guest departed. And yet it was noticeable that they preferred being together and quarrelling to being at peace apart. At this moment Grace had been rebuking Hugh for a formal shortcoming, and she had pointed her reproof by the observation that Mr. Macnamara would never have been guilty of such neglect. That did not sweeten the admonition to Hugh, though it carried conviction into his reluctant mind.

He walked in ill-temper beside the girl on their favourite alley where the battlements overlooked the river, defending himself perversely enough. Suddenly his quick eyes caught the figure of a horseman crossing the

stretch of road beyond Lanan bridge. "Look there," he said, in a surly tone.

Grace scanned the road and saw. "It can't be Mr. Macnamara," she cried; "he was not to be back for another week. I wish it were," she added wickedly.

"Never mind," the boy retorted; "it is your other elderly beau. Shall we go out and stop him? He will hardly be coming here unless you press him, after his last visit."

Grace turned a little pale. "It can't be," she said; "he is in England."

"It is, though," he answered. "Why, Grace, what's the matter? you aren't afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid," she explained, "not really afraid. I'm not really afraid of spiders, but I don't like them. And I know he is coming here; he said he would. We must go and tell Aunt Mary. Oh, I wish Mr. Macnamara were here."

Hugh drew himself up, stiff with pride and resentment. "I think myself quite able to deal with Sir Garrett Lambert, if he has the insolence to show himself in this house again. I will go to the door if he comes, and send him back quicker than he came. He has no right to force himself on you and my mother."

Grace looked at the lad with a mixture of surprise and admiration. "You!" she said. "But will he mind you?"

"He shall have my whip across his face if he does not," answered Hugh fiercely.

"Oh!" said the girl, with a little tremor. She began to realise that boy or not, Hugh was old enough to incur danger in her defence. It strangely altered their relations, leaving her half incredulous, half timid.

The beat of horse-hoofs fell on their ears. She caught the boy's arm.

"There, I told you so, Hugh! He's coming! We must go to Aunt Mary quick. I'm glad you're here."

Mary McSwiney sat working in her drawing-room when the pair burst in on her with their tidings. She listened very quietly. "Go, Hugh," she said, "and tell Kate to answer that I do not wish to see him."

"I will tell him so myself, mother," cried Hugh eagerly.

"No, indeed," said his mother, and her tone was peremptory, "you will just do what I ask you."

Hugh was back in a moment, excited and laughing. "I never saw Kate so pleased since I came here. 'Tis I will tell him then,' I wouldn't wonder if she went up with the kitchen roller in her hand. Hark, there he is!" as hoofs clattered and a bell rang.

In a moment hurrying steps were heard. Kate flounced into the room. "Please, ma'am, I bid him go away with him, but he says he has a letter with him from Mrs. Maxwell, and he be to give it to yourself or to Miss Grace."

A look of surprise and vexation came on to Mary's countenance; then she glanced quickly at her niece, from whom a little cry came. The girl's figure and face had wilted like the leaves of a sensitive plant when you strike it. Mary forgot her anger in the sight. "Hugh," she said, "take Grace out on to the turret walk; be there if I want you. I will see this gentleman by myself, and find out what he has to say."

"Come, Grace," said the lad, in hushed tones, for the sense of trouble had fallen heavy and sudden on the room. White and dazed, the girl followed him out through the stone passage, out to the air, full of an unspoken misery.

For years she had thought endlessly about her mother, the rich and beau-

tiful woman whose name was never mentioned to her without a shake of the head—the mother who, she was told, was cruel to her. And her solitary mind, weaving a world after its own fashion, refused the story that was told or hinted to her in the pitying phrases of outspoken country people—"Poor wee thing! poor young lady!" Other people, she thought, had their mothers who loved them; was hers alone to be unnatural? And out of the vague half-comprehended story of her own birth she had spun a web of excuses, championing the woman who gave her life by such reasoning as a mother might more naturally use to defend her child. Books had taught her that marriage may be more hateful than the grave, and of such a marriage she knew herself sprung. It seemed to her excusable, natural even, that a mother so married should feel aversion for the living token of marriage, should put the child away, having provided for it. She had no fault to find with the provision; and how, she thought, should her mother guess her imaginative longing, her fierce gusts of envy for those who had mothers? It had not been cruelty, only a natural shrinking from cruel reminders.

Mary's tenderness had quieted all this unrest till Hugh came home, and then a kind of jealousy revived it. Then Maxwell, partly through a natural likeness of mind, partly from his habitual desire to give her pleasure, had fostered a dream. Some day there was to be a meeting and a reconciliation that would leave her no longer motherless. Some day her mother would know all, and perhaps be grateful to a daughter who had always been loyal to the unknown.

Yet even while Grace, in her talks with this new friend, and still more in the thoughts born of these talks, built up her visionary ideal, doubt

had been sown in her mind. For the first time she had learnt to modify the image of her father, whom she had blackened in her dream-world to give radiance to the other figure; and, as she modified it, her sense of proportion unconsciously weighted the scales against Isabella.

And here, now at the last, after all these years, came the first direct communication from the unseen mother, the first positive expression of her actual self; and it came by an ominous messenger. Was it possible that this first act, this first definite interference in her life, should be a flagrant injustice? Yet surely it was all too evident that Sir Garrett had somehow found an ally.

She stood there, her elbows on the parapet, looking out across the river channel to the hill-side with unseeing eyes. Passionate revolt was ready to rise in her heart, and yet her shaken faith, longing to reassert itself, was mad for confirmation. And by her side Hugh stood silent with a troubled face, watching her, feeling and yet not comprehending her torture.

Between the two there had been only the frank and beautiful comradeship of boy and girl, till Hugh's jealousy had changed the relation. But the change had been only obscurely felt, never precipitated by a word, or by the least hint of a caress. And now he stood divining like a dumb creature, with a dumb creature's desire to express sympathy by touch, yet held back by a boyish shyness.

At last, half timidly, without speaking, he laid his hand on her arm. He felt it warm in his grasp, and a thrill ran through him; the gulf that sundered them was half bridged. The girl never stirred, hardly noticed his touch; yet there stole through her a sudden sense of comradeship, of alliance, of relief.

Bolder now, obeying his instinct, he laid his arm round her waist, yet rather with the gesture of protection than endearment.

"Grace, dear," he said in a half whisper, "don't fret; it will all come right."

He felt her yield a little to his hand, relax towards him; then suddenly she turned, with an appeal of despair in her eyes. "Hugh! My mother cannot have known what she was doing. She cannot have understood."

In a flash the gulf was bridged. She had spoken to him as she would speak to herself; he was taken and plunged into the centre of her thoughts—the thoughts that were more than she could bear alone. And readily, easily, thinking in unison with her, "No," he answered. Then, with a leap of intuition—"I will take you to her."

All the wisdom in the world is at certain seasons not worth a fine folly. Argument, sympathy, exhortation, condolence, could not do for the girl what Hugh by his implicit declaration of faith had done. He too then, cried the girl's heart, felt what she felt, that once mother and daughter were face to face all would be right between them; and he, man-like, was not content to desire, he promised deliverance.

Instantly, forgetting everything but her central thought, hardly conscious of this new intimacy of touch which she obeyed in a sort of rapture, the girl turned, her face shining, and caught Hugh's hands, her eager eyes on his eyes. "Oh, Hugh, if you only could!" she cried.

"I will," he answered. But his gaze was heavy on her, till her lids dropped, and a new emotion swept over her. "Grace," he whispered hoarsely, "Grace, do you think I would let anyone take you from me?"

For a moment they stood at gaze, fluttering like flames; then with a cry, half bold, half timid, they were in each other's arms, and kissed the first kiss of youth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STEPS were heard on the stone stair leading up to the turret walk, and with flushed faces and swimming eyes the two parted. Kate's head appeared above the wall.

"The mistress bid me fetch you, Miss Grace," she said sullenly, ill-pleased with her errand. Kate would sooner have slammed the castle door in Sir Garrett's face and summoned an array of her admirers to defend the walls against all and sundry.

Grace turned a little white. "I am coming," she said.

"And I," said Hugh, in a new tone of authority.

Together they entered the room. Mary was by her work-table, her grey eyes harder than their wont. Sir Garrett sat in a chair facing the door, sneering and exultant. At the sight of Hugh he rose angrily. "What does this mean, madam?" he said. "Pray send this young gentleman about his business."

Hugh came forward with a ceremonious bow. "Sir Garrett," he said, "what I have heard of your last interview with the ladies of this house makes me determined to be present at this one."

Sir Garrett turned to Mary, an insolent grin on his face. "Is this the head of the house, madam? If so, perhaps I should have addressed myself to him. Be so good as to explain that this affair concerns only yourself and Miss Maxwell."

"Sir!" Hugh began, his colour rising.

But Mary checked him. "Wait, Hugh. Sir Garrett, there is no

reason why my son should not be present."

Then crossing the room towards the girl, who still stood near the door, her face now burning, she handed her a paper. "Grace," she said, "I would rather have shown you this when we were by ourselves. But Sir Garrett insists that he is charged to see it communicated to you, and to receive your answer."

Grace took the letter and read it with dizzy eyes.

DEAR MARY [it began in a large and untidy hand]—I understand from Sir Garrett Lambert that he has made an offer of marriage for your ward. I cannot imagine why I was not informed of this. It is my wish that the girl should accept Sir Garrett's offer, so good a match not being likely to present itself again. If, as I am told, you have formed other projects which you think likely to be for your own advantage, you had better know that I will never give a penny with the girl unless she marries to my liking. You are to explain to her my wishes. If she refuses to marry Sir Garrett within the next three months, you are to give her over to the charge of Mr. Martin at Letterward, in whose discretion I shall have more confidence. And in that case you will not expect me to continue to give you the use of Castle Carrig.—Believe me, your affectionate sister,

ISABELLA MAXWELL.

P.S.—*One Papist* in the family is sufficient.

"You have read it, Grace?" asked Mary, as the girl handed it back to her without a word.

"Yes, I have read it." Grace's voice was vibrant with passion. "Evidently my mother does not know this gentleman. He has told her lies about you."

Sir Garrett chuckled. "You mistake, my dear young lady. Your mother and I understand each other vastly well. Your mother is a woman of sense, and she does not wish to see unfair advantage taken of you."

"Sir," said Hugh, stepping forward, "you have just said a word that needs explanation. Who proposes to take unfair advantage of my cousin?"

"Oh, of course, nobody here," said Sir Garrett with his insolent air. "Present company are always excepted. Nobody here would think of such a thing."

"Then, sir," retorted Hugh, stammering a little in his excitement, "your remark was wantonly offensive and unworthy of a gentleman."

Sir Garrett shrugged his shoulders and turned away. "Be quiet, Hugh," said his mother anxiously; "our reputation can take very good care of itself. It is not proper for you to interfere."

But the lad drew himself up, and spoke with a boyish magniloquence. "I beg your pardon, mother. I have every right that a man can have to protect Grace."

There was a significance in his tone that was not lost upon Sir Garrett. "You hear, madam?" he cried. "This young gentleman takes the airs of a privileged lover, and look at Missy there blushing and simpering. You may deny it as you like, but Mrs. Maxwell is well grounded in her distrust of you."

Mary too had caught the meaning in Hugh's speech, and was filled with confusion. Matters had got for the moment beyond her control, and Hugh was already taking the reins. He leaped forward, forcing the older man to confront him. "Sir Garrett, you will answer to me for those words," he said.

"Answer!" roared the other. "I make no answer to boys. I want to know what your mother says to that letter."

But now Grace stepped out, her eyes flaming with anger. "The answer to that letter comes from me, sir. I will marry neither a coward

nor a renegade. And if you were neither a coward nor a renegade, as you are both, I would sooner beg my marriage in the road than marry you."

"Well, there will be three of you to beg it," the man snarled at her. "Do you understand, miss, that by this answer you are turning your aunt and your precious young friend here out of doors?"

But Mary interposed. "It is quite useless for you to insist, Sir Garrett," she said. "I have my sister's letter, and I will obey it in every particular. And now, sir, we will thank you to leave us."

Spluttering and inarticulate, Lambert stood there, ready to break into abuse, when Hugh laid a hand on his arm. Angrily he swung round upon the lad, his hand raised; but at sight of the tall, tense young figure he altered his motion, and only glared at his antagonist.

"The door is open," said Hugh, with a light of mastery in his face. And sullenly, like a cowed beast, Sir Garrett tramped out, Hugh following.

The two women, left by themselves, stood half-consciously avoiding each other's eyes. It was as if a hostility had developed itself between them.

"They won't fight?" said Grace after a moment.

"No," said Mary, and her tone had a hardness rare with her. "Sir Garrett has no appetite for duelling."

She moved about the room restlessly, lifting things and setting them down in an aimless way. Grace watched her, so unlike herself, and pity began to rise in her for other troubles than her own.

"Aunt Mary," she said, "my mother can't mean what she said. She does not know us. She will change her mind when you write to her."

"I don't think I shall write to her," said Mary, almost sharply.

"Oh, but you must, Aunt Mary," cried the girl pleadingly. "You must get her to see me. It is impossible that things should go on like this. Hugh and I—" Then she stopped.

"Yes," said her aunt, "'Hugh and I.' What has Hugh to say in the matter? What did he mean by his words just now?"

The girl drew herself up proudly. "He meant," she answered slowly, "that he and I have just found out we love each other."

For a touch of tenderness in the girl's tone the woman would have been wholly won. But Grace, in all the egoism of youth, set herself and Hugh, as it were, on one side, challenging Hugh's mother with the rest of the world; and Mary's face was still stern.

"Your mother is hard on us," she said, "but I am left without the right to complain. I have myself to blame. And now this is an end of all our good time."

"I don't believe it—I won't believe it," the girl cried. "My mother can't be unjust. Do you mean to say that she would force me into marriage as she was forced herself? That man must have lied to her."

The passion in the girl's words and gesture moved Mary somewhat, and it was in a softer voice she replied. "My dear, have not you and Hugh between you made it hard for me to prove that he lied? Go to your room now, and let me talk to Hugh; I hear him coming."

Angry and dejected, the girl withdrew before Hugh entered, triumphant in his newly asserted manhood. At the sight of his shining eyes his mother's heart stirred in her tumultuously, but she spoke words of rebuke.

"This is a bad day's work you have done, Hugh."

The boy came beside her, and put his arm round her. "So, Grace has told you. Mother, it is the best day's work ever I shall do," he said.

"Foolishness, my son," she said. "What can come of it?"

"We can wait, mother," he answered, "and we shall be together."

She shook her head sadly. Despite herself, her voice grew very soft. "Hugh, my dear, it is the breaking up of our home and all our happiness. We have to leave this place." And she showed him Isabella's letter. His face fell grievously as he read it.

"All this is the work of that scoundrel," he said. "Well, he shall answer for it. I know what I have to do."

"What you have to do," said his mother peremptorily—for she felt it full time to assert herself—"is to ride with a letter from me to Martin, and then go and find Mr. Macnamara if you can, and bid him come to us at once."

"Macnamara," said Hugh. "What do you want with him? I can hit him five times to one with the foils, and I can shoot as straight, or nearly."

His mother laughed. "It is not swords or pistols we want now, my son. Go and get ready. And you will give me your word there shall be no more love-making between you and Grace while she is under my care. If she is taken from me, then you may wait—as your father waited—if you and she are no wiser in your generation."

Then she embraced the boy silently, and went away to her own room to cry.

(To be continued.)

PROTECTION OR FREE-TRADE?

To the taking of a sane view in any matter that is providing watchwords for partisan politics, Dr. Johnson's immortal warning, to "clear the mind of cant," is an indispensable preliminary. Readers of this paper are asked, so far as may be, to rid themselves of any extravagant prepossessions on one side or the other, and to read it, as in all good faith it is written, as an attempt, necessarily inadequate, but so far as it goes trustworthy, to set before those not specially versed in the "dismal science" the main arguments for and against the radical change in English fiscal policy which Mr. Chamberlain has startled the world by advocating. For his part the writer will endeavour to keep his paper free from technical phrases or the citations of learned authorities. He will try to put plain arguments in plain language. But it would be uncandid for him not to admit that, though like most Englishmen by birth and breeding a free-trader, a stay of some years in the Australian colonies, and the study of economic conditions in other lands than his own, have made him a convert, if not to any immediate scheme of full grown protection, at least to Mr. Balfour's standpoint of the open mind.

One more word by way of preface. Although in the actual conditions of life no complete separation of economics from politics or social ethics is ever possible, yet it will be desirable for present purposes to group together the arguments for and against protection under the

headings political, economic, and social, in proportion as these considerations are in each aspect the predominant factor. But this is done with the full admission that each impinges on the other, and that any fair conclusion can be derived only from a conspectus of them all.

Of the political reasons for protection we may place first the consideration which has apparently had most weight with Mr. Chamberlain, the desirability, perhaps even the necessity, of finding some bond to keep the Empire from dissolution. Political federation is an ideal difficult of realisation until improved methods of communication have brought England and her scattered Empire much nearer together. Commercial federation (an "Imperial Trade Union," as I have ventured to call it elsewhere) is a task that might tentatively be essayed at once. Indeed there is the special reason that our great colony of Canada has already granted a preference to English goods, and is in present danger of being punished for it by continental retaliation. I do not wish to elaborate this point here. It is an aspect of protection of which we are all hearing much, and shall hear much more. But I should like to record a deliberate belief, based on my years of colonial life, that some such bond as that implied in preferential duties is almost indispensable if the Empire is to hold together. In a previous paper in *MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE*¹ I recounted

¹ June, 1901.

the circumstances that resulted in Australian Federation. That movement, as I ventured then to anticipate, has resulted in a great increase of national feeling, shown in, among other things, the recent agitation for an Australian national fleet. Many converging tendencies combine to assure me that if Australia is not brought to feel within the next few years that she is a real and integral portion of wider England, it will assuredly not be long before a second Declaration of Independence startles the Empire from its somnolent optimism.

On the other hand, the dangers of altering the existing state of things must not be underestimated. Australian free-traders (mainly, in the Commonwealth, the rich importers and their dependants) are an influential minority. Free-trade and protection have in most of the colonies long been the existing lines of party-demarcation; and, no doubt, if it were possible, it would be desirable not to identify the imperial cause with either of the colonial political parties. Personally, I admit, I consider the danger, though great, less great than the danger of *laissez faire*; and am disposed to believe that if it came to the test, most even of free-trade Australians would prove imperialists first and free-traders afterwards. New South Wales has already been patriotic enough to Australia to give up her free-trade principles for the sake of nationality. It is not too much to hope that she may be willing to extend that sacrifice in the interests of imperial unity.

The second political argument advanced in favour of protection is that, by securing a complete system of inter-imperial commerce, the Empire would be in time of peace practically self-supporting, in time of war absolutely independent of all foreign supplies.

If protection is indeed a political necessity, if there is real danger of weakness in war through a continuance of our free-trade policy, clearly economic considerations must yield to political. Other things being equal, a man is the happier for being rich. Other things being equal, a nation is the happier for being rich. Until any argument has been adduced to the contrary, we may perhaps assume that unrestricted commercial freedom will be the best way to make a nation rich. But just as it will be of little avail to a man's happiness to allow him to grow rich, if there is every chance of his being robbed at the first street corner, so it is of little profit to secure the wealth of a country, if that country is already becoming disintegrated, and is only preparing herself for spoliation by other nations through the wealth she is accumulating. If by means of an imperial trade union the British Empire would be more competent to resist the continental attack which the first real signs of weakness would precipitate, then it is to the interests of the Empire, heart and limbs alike, to secure the added strength even at the risk of economic loss.

On the other hand free-traders will point out that in any war it is improbable that so complete a blockade of England could be effected as to preclude the landing of supplies in some portion of it, and that, if so, such supplies would be more easily procured from friendly powers than from the more distant colonies;—for it is hardly conceivable that England should be at war with every European power simultaneously. Moreover the policy of protection would be much more likely, they will tell us, to land us in a European war than to help us when engaged in one. There can be no doubt that the pre-eminence of England has been tolerated by the

world largely because she is a free-trade country, and, when she extends her Empire, always allows foreign nations entire commercial equality with herself. It can hardly be denied, for instance, that one of the contributing causes to the non-intervention of European powers during the recent South African war was the confidence that the Transvaal and the Orange Free State would be no less open to continental commerce as English colonies than as independent states; that, on the contrary, instead of being partially closed by tariff walls they would be wholly free. Few countries are likely to be over-zealous to fight another country for extending their own markets. But with England a protectionist country, English colonisation would be looked upon by the world in quite another light, and any imperial expansion might precipitate a war.

The third political argument for protection is that a tariff system will provide us with an instrument for helping our friends and harming our foes. At present free-trade forces us to treat all, friends and foes, alike; we have nothing to offer our friends, nothing with which to retaliate on our commercial foes. A wise use of the power of retaliation which protection affords, would, we are told, have secured us many free markets in Europe where we now have none. Had England been less extreme in her adoption of one-sided free-trade herself, she might by now have secured a far greater approximation to free-trade throughout the world than has yet been attained. The answer to this from the free-trade side will be that tariff wars are full of danger and not unlikely to lead to political ruptures, that the "most favoured" treatment is wont to make one friend and a score of enemies, and that the best object-

lesson in free-trade that England can teach other nations is to be consistently true to it herself.

The only other political argument in favour of protection that can here be noted is one that is most prominent on its social and economic sides—the greater differentiation of function possible under a protective system. Had New Zealand, for example, confined her industrial activities entirely to the production of the two commodities for which she is economically best fitted, mutton and gold, she might have been a richer nation than she is to day. She would certainly not have been as healthy, as strong, as progressive. The life and outlook of her inhabitants would have been monotonous in the extreme, until at length through producing nothing but mutton and gold, they might well have grown incapable of even that. A strong nation demands multiplicity of interests, many-sided activity. This in the highest degree can only be secured by protection. In answer to this, free-traders rejoin that the necessary multiplicity can be attained under free-trade. To take the suggested instance of New Zealand. It would have been impossible for the two industries mentioned to have existed without causing subsidiary industries to spring up, supported by the "natural protection" of distance.

But it is on its purely economic advantages that advocates of free-trade have long been accustomed to rely. The old economic fallacies in favour of protection which are historically associated with the "Mercantile System" were demolished for all time by Adam Smith, and no instructed modern protectionist dreams of reviving them. Roughly the argument came to this, that by taxing the imports from a foreign country you crippled

its trade, and thus your own country grew the richer. It was supposed that in the matter of wealth if one country gained another must lose, and that it was to each nation's economic advantage to prevent other nations from getting rich. Now on political grounds it might well be advantageous to one nation that another should remain poor (however difficult it would prove in practice so to act as to contribute to that result). Economically it is a sheer fallacy to suppose one nation's gain necessarily to be another's loss. It would be so if wealth were a fixed quantity. But it is not. The richer a nation grows, the more it can produce; that is, the more it has to give in exchange to other nations. Let us take a familiar instance from individual life. A stamp-collecting boy at school with 2,000 stamps might for social and political reasons be glad that no boy in the school had more than 200. But for economic reasons he would welcome the advent of boys with as large or larger collections. For so they will be enabled to exchange superfluities, and he, as well as they, will profit by foreign trade. So long as it was thought that the more coin a nation had the richer it was, and that the object of foreign trade was for a nation to secure an excess of exports over imports, so that a stream of specie should flow to it from abroad—so long as this was believed, it was natural to suppose that each nation could only help itself by harming others. The more coin it got, the less there was for them. But when Adam Smith made it clear that the only result of such influx of specie was to depreciate the coinage, to make money so cheap that its purchasing power was enormously reduced, and showed that a country wanted just sufficient coin to regulate exchanges, and no more,

it was seen that the essence of foreign trade was the exchange of commodities, and that the richer other nations grew the more they had to exchange, money thus coming to procure more utilities, to satisfy more wants. If England were the only wealthy nation in the world, our money would not be able to purchase a tithe of the necessities, conveniences and luxuries that it can to-day.

Free-traders have no difficulty in disproving the fallacies of mercantilism. They then proceed to find the economic basis of free-trade in what in individual life is known as the "division of labour." Just as among individuals it is economically advantageous that, rather than that each man should try to supply all his own necessities, each man should confine himself to one calling and then exchange with others the overplus of the fruits of his activity; so among nations it is profitable, rather than that each nation should try to supply itself from itself with everything it needs, that each should apply itself wholly to those industries to which it is naturally best adapted, and that they should then freely exchange with each other the results of their industry. Now the first thing the modern philosophic protectionist would say with reference to this theory of foreign trade, which is, of course, in the abstract entirely sound, is that in practice its essential validity depends very largely upon the size of the nation in question. Thus, for England, with its narrow range of climate and small physical extent, foreign trade is and must always be far more necessary than for the United States, with their huge extent of territory and climate of endless variety. But if we extend our outlook from England to the British Empire, the all-importance of foreign trade becomes less and less obvious;

in the varied nations, scattered through a score of climes and half a hundred seas, which, united, form our great world-nation, all the wants of all the Britons might well be satisfied. Foreign trade may still be economically desirable ; but it becomes far less essential to economic welfare than when we bound our outlook by the white walls of our little northern island.

Another argument that a modern protectionist may advance for the consideration of partisans of unrestrained freedom in foreign trade is that the latter, in their insistence on the diversity of soils and climates in the countries of the world, and the consequent desirability of the exchange of their fruits, are apt to ignore a fact of nature not less fundamental and important, the diversity of human abilities. If labour is to be efficient it must be spent not only on an object capable of yielding economic advantage to the community ; but it must be the labour of a man naturally suited to perform that particular kind of labour.

Thus, to revert to our instance of New Zealand and the two industries of mutton and gold, which we supposed, according to the strict doctrine of comparative cost, alone to be economically justifiable : we must now modify our supposition by our knowledge of the extreme diversity of human nature, and the extreme unlikelihood that that diversity would be sufficiently catered for by these two industries and the few subsidiary trades that would naturally spring up. We must consider the superior productivity of certain human soils, as well as certain terrestrial soils, and remember that the former will only reach their highest productivity in connection with the particular work for which they are naturally fit. Protection aims by judicious

and moderate support of many-sided activity to secure that each unit in the community finds his fit work. Against, then, the economic loss that may result through limiting the freedom of foreign trade, protectionists can set the economic gain resulting from the increased efficiency of work secured by the much larger variety of industries possible under a protective system.

Of the social advantages of free-trade, the most obvious are these : the smaller chances of political corruption afforded under a free-trade system, and the greater cheapness of the necessities of life. No doubt it is perfectly true that any extension of the functions of government towards the control of industry multiplies the chances of corruption. It will be to the advantage of every industry to try to obtain concessions from Parliament, and unscrupulous members may be directly or indirectly bribed to grant to some higher concessions than to others. The modern protectionist would reply with the old adage, "Fear not to sow because of the birds." Our modern extension of municipal activity has not made our councillors more venal, but less. Even granted that in certain cases concessions might be made by Parliament rather in obedience to the voice of the multitude, or of criminal self interest, than of justice ; yet public opinion is a strong force in England, and it is to take a low view of human nature not to believe that a deliberative body of the prestige, ability and character of the British House of Commons will prove as competent of devising a tariff conducive to national prosperity as the Federal Houses of the United States of America or of Australia.

As to the greater cheapness of the necessities of life, the protectionist will say with Mr. Chamberlain that the slight added cost under protection

of such commodities will be very much more than counterbalanced by the increase in wages which increased national prosperity will make possible. For fifty years free-trade has been tried; food has been cheap; but no social student can look with satisfaction on the conditions of life of the average English worker.¹ As Professor Huxley wrote:

Anyone who is acquainted with the state of the population of all great industrial centres . . . is aware that amidst a large and increasing body of the population there reigns supreme that condition which the French call *la misère*. It is a condition in which the food, warmth, and clothing which are necessary for the mere maintenance of the functions of the body in their normal state, cannot be obtained; in which men, women and children are forced to crowd into dens where decency is abolished and the most ordinary conditions of healthful existence are impossible of attainment; in which the pleasures within reach are reduced to brutality and drunkenness, in which the pains accumulate at compound interest in the shape of starvation, disease, stunted development and moral degradation, in which the prospect of even steady and honest industry is a life of unsuccessful battling with hunger, rounded by a pauper's grave.

We have had fifty years of free-trade, and to-day in our wealthiest city there are, according to Mr. Charles Booth's detailed analysis, 37,000 persons permanently out of work, 316,000 in chronic want, while 1,292,737 earn not more than the princely wage of one guinea per week per family. Is this the ultimate goal of our social evolution? If so, we may well join Huxley in his prayer for some kindly comet to sweep us and our misery out of existence.

In spite of the rousing of the con-

science of the community as shown in Factory Acts and municipal and educational activities, yet so long as *laissez faire* is allowed unquestioned sway in the department of economics, vital reform remains impossible. It is hardly conceivable, for instance, that, under any well-devised scheme of protection, the depopulation of rural England would be allowed to continue. On the physical not less than on the mental health of a nation does its prosperity depend, and no Englishman can afford to look with equanimity on the rush to the towns on the part of the agricultural population of England. Village industries and garden cities, wiser land laws, may do something to cope with this evil. But the root of the matter is undoubtedly the fact that under unrestricted free-trade the possibility of making agriculture pay in England is becoming increasingly far removed. Twenty years ago there were more than ten and a half millions of land under corn in Great Britain and Ireland. To-day that number has been reduced by over two millions. Let the tendency continue unchecked and another century may see England entirely denuded of cornfields. If there is anything essential in this state of things, if the amount of protection required to make agriculture pay once more in England is anything really exorbitant, anything which would really and vitally diminish the net incomes of the wage-earners of the country, we shall, no doubt, have to make the best of what all must admit to be a national calamity. But if, as competent enquirers assure us, a moderate tariff, more than compensating workers for any slight increase in prices by higher wages due to increased national prosperity, would be sufficient to re-people our villages; then in view of the increase in virility,

¹ Since these words were written the point has been strikingly elaborated by Mr. Benjamin Kidd in the *Nineteenth Century and After* for July.

power and sanity that a rehabilitated class of yeomanry would afford old England, the apparent sacrifice might be well worth making. It is the isolation of country life, which, combined with the low wages, makes agricultural labour distasteful to the modern artisan. But under a wise protection it might well pay England to emulate New Zealand in buying up here and there a large estate, and organising village communities of tenant farmers upon the land thus resumed. The prosperity of such a settlement as that of Cheviot in New Zealand might well open the eyes of English statesmen to the possibilities of state-assisted agriculture, which, while causing little if any direct economic loss to the community (what economic loss there may be being more than compensated by other economic gains), checks the tendency to congregate in towns by bringing many of the advantages of town life into the country, and lays in rich stores of health and strength for the future life of the community.

It is then on social grounds that modern supporters of protection most confidently base their appeal to the nation. No social organism can be healthy so long as any portion of it is dwarfed by disease and inanition. The future of England depends on

the prosperity of its working classes. Will continued adherence to economic *laissez faire* secure that prosperity ?

Protectionists will point to the little Australian state of Victoria (little according to Australian standards, not English), which despite commercial difficulties, despite continued droughts, despite the determined opposition of the propertied classes, has managed to secure her workers a minimum wage sufficient to rear their families to be healthy and capable citizens, healthy in body, healthy in mind. It is only protection that enables Australian states to dispense with workhouses, and afford a moderate pension to the worn-out toilers of the Commonwealth.

Protectionists will tell us that a wise scheme of protection, reviving our agriculture, increasing our industries, cementing our Empire, will alone bring England into line with her colonies and the other progressive nations of the world. And even those who find it difficult to accept all that protectionists claim for their system, may yet be wise in giving it gradual trial.

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LA PETITE.

It was strange, but true, that Basil Chillington, aged three-and-twenty, and now as good as B.A. of Oxford (for no one doubted that he had got his degree, though the lists were not yet out)—that Basil Chillington, aged three-and-twenty and worth quite £4,000 a year, had never been inside a music hall. The Chillingtons were Friends, Quakers if you prefer the coarser word. That was why.

One morning, however, Basil happened to glance at the photographs outside the Weekmouth Palace of Varieties, and—well, the result had moved him. Of course they were a painted, padded and immoral quartette, these “Parisian Wonders,” acrobats; but Basil was moved nevertheless. There was an expression in the eyes of that one girl, even on the cardboard, which gave him immediate “disturbance under the waistcoat.” His dear friend, Coxon Bates of Oriel, who had never yet passed an examination respectably, had described love in these terms. Basil looked and looked again. And then he blushed, hurried into a hansom and drove back to Brampton Hall for luncheon with extraordinary impetuosity.

And that evening he returned to Weekmouth and took a box seat in the Palace. He heard much that shocked him even in so well-conducted an establishment. But he waited for turn No. 9, and was then rewarded. There were of course four to the quartette: three girls and a young man whose shape and graceful comeliness might have inspired Pindar to write an ode on him. The

young man did marvellous things; he was also the pivot for the performances of the young ladies. He was Pierre; the others were Marguerite, Lucille and La Petite. It was La Petite whom Basil had come, shyly and with a disquieting sense of unlawful enterprise, to see. She was yet more marvellous than the young man, perfect in contour, with a little round smiling face and a coolness in the midst of dangers that moved to frenzy the host of smoking and swigging pleasure-seekers in that gilded and reeking hall. Pierre ran about the stage with La Petite balanced upside down upon him, her one palm only on his head. They made themselves into a column, all the four of them, with La Petite on the top. Only La Petite’s pretty feet were in sight then. The column broke up and La Petite descended, like an angel, with outstretched arms, smiling, serene and—safe. There was plenty more of the same kind of thing, and no accident.

When it was over and the quartette had again and again bowed and smiled their thanks, Basil furtively wiped his forehead and hands and breathed as he had never yet breathed. “How—awful!” he gasped.

And then he looked up to see the florid personage of Mr. Dashworth, the lessee of the music hall, come through his curtain, with an entirely respectful bow. “Mr. Chillington, I think?” said Mr. Dashworth, and Basil assented.

They did not enjoy much conversation. Basil was shy, and—ashamed. Mr. Dashworth was proud of his new

patron; said so, and did his utmost to draw Basil out. He mentioned champagne—would Mr. Chillington give him the pleasure and so forth? But of course that courtesy was wasted. Basil was anxious only to get home and think. He felt a terrible disturbance under the waistcoat; yet not so very terrible, apart from its novelty.

"I hope we may see you again, Mr. Chillington," said the lessee at parting. "There is, as you will have noticed, nothing in my house to which the most prejudiced and puritanical need take exception." Basil didn't know about that. He hoped not, he said; and went.

And the next night he was there again. Twenty-four hours had increased his heart-trouble. This time he looked at La Petite through opera glasses, and he knew why he loved her. He had written poetry at Oxford of course, and was thoroughly familiar with the theory of beauty as an outcome of the pathetic. It was the sweet underlying pathos in La Petite's face that attracted him. The smiles, the unchanging smiles, were for the world, but she was not happy. Of that he felt sure. And she was more beautiful than before.

Mr. Dashworth again discovered him. There was little that passed in his house that he failed to see. He observed what magnet drew Basil, and soon mentioned the acrobats. "Who are they? Are they—decent people?" asked Basil, with crimsoning cheeks.

Mr. Dashworth shrugged and smiled, as he toyed with his watch-chain—a large thing. "They're French," he replied. "Not fifty words of English between them. A good sort, of course, and very smart. I pay them—but never mind that; it's first-class pay anyway. Brother and sisters, except the little one. La

Petite, you know, means *small*. I beg your pardon; naturally you know French, Mr. Chillington."

"Yes, I can talk a bit," said Basil. "Isn't she a relation then?"

Mr. Dashworth became cynical. "You might think so, if you saw the way those other two talk at her in the wings," he replied; "but she isn't. They're jealous of her. She's worth them put together and multiplied by ten. By what I make out from Mamzelle Lucille, they picked her out of the gutter in Paris and—shaped her, don't you know. And they lead her a life. If I were the lad, I'd marry her to spite them, and then do the rounds without them."

"O-h," said Basil, with eager eyes.

"One minute, Mr. Chillington," said the lessee, under an impulse. He read Basil's face very easily. "Please don't go for a minute or two." Basil wondered what he wanted, but he waited. And then again the curtain parted and La Petite was before him, with the lessee behind. She was not dressed expensively and she had the calm eyes and self-possession of a child.

"Monsieur wishes to speak to me?" she said in French.

Basil could have struck Mr. Dashworth in the mouth there and then, the grinning oaf! His confusion, as he rose and begged La Petite to be seated, was hot while it lasted. "Ah no, I must not stay," protested La Petite. "They await me, the others."

Mr. Dashworth withdrew into the corridor: Basil's face was still so easy to read. And then Basil made the greatest endeavour of his life hitherto. Oxford examinations were nothing to it. "How good you are, *mademoiselle*!" he murmured. He meant her talents.

"*Monsieur*!" said La Petite.

"*Oui*," stammered Basil, very very red. "*I—c'est à dire—I—je vous*

admire beaucoup. Oh no, I do not mean that!"

La Petite had started and then looked round plaintively at the curtain. She was more than beautiful. There was not a trace of paint on her face. And her little bow-shaped lips were just apart, like a child's, showing her even white teeth. "*Monsieur!*" said La Petite again, as if in perplexity. Even the baby wrinkles on her forehead were lively.

Then voices were heard, the lessee's and a woman's. French was in the air. La Petite's white upper teeth closed on her lower lip and she drew her cloak about her. "*C'est Lucille,*" she whispered. "I must go!"

She went and thus it ended. Basil believed there were expressions of high abuse in the shrill rhodomontade which broke out the next moment. He did nothing but wipe his brow. The tumult under his waistcoat was most distressing. What *could* he do? He clenched his fist and listened to that virago-voice. And he knew, yes, he knew positively, just how that poor dear sweet La Petite was looking under it all. She had given him there, eye to eye, one certain glimpse of the troubled little soul she bore under her beautiful exterior. It was but a glimpse, when the lessee had pushed the curtain and exposed her to him. When he had hastened to mention her goodness, it had intensified, then vanished and the mere child-look (with just a trifle of interested inquisitiveness in it) had followed.

The virago-voice died away and the lessee re-appeared, guffawing awkwardly, his large white silk handkerchief in his hand. "What a cat," said the lessee.

"What was the matter?" asked Basil faintly.

"Oh, nothing but green-eyed

jealousy, I suppose. Women are— But that's an old story. We know what they are towards each other, don't we? Why, she shook the little one as if it was a baby. She's eighteen, you know, though she doesn't look it. Now, Mr. Chillington, you *will* take something tonight?"

"No thanks, nothing. I must be off too. Er—do you mean to say you think they ill-use her?"

"They'd call it training perhaps," said the lessee, becoming the mere man of business again.

"Then it's a shame, an infer—yes, it's an *infernal* shame, and I—I wish to Heaven I could do anything to help her!" Basil's tongue ran away with him. He realised it and took up his hat. He shook hands with Mr. Dashworth, and walked all the five miles home to Brampton Hall with a bent head. If only he could do something! Such a face! And of course such a soul underlying it! Plato knew all about it. And he, Basil, had instincts which confirmed the wisdom of Plato.

He did *not* go to the music hall the next night. Weekmouth was already talking. A Mr. Best, one of the pillars of the local body of Friends, had heard and, very considerably, taken Basil to task that morning. "We are none of us so strong in ourselves, dear young Mr. Chillington," he said, "that we may dare to face temptations deliberately. You will forgive my saying so?"

Of course Basil forgave him. But he certainly did not propose to justify himself to Mr. Best or anyone else except his mother. And she need not know. "I should be glad if you said nothing about it to anyone, Mr. Best," he suggested. "It was just an—experience, and really I did not like it." That satisfied, even cheered

the old gentleman. He pressed Basil's palm between both his and rejoiced.

This was on the Friday. But throughout the Friday nevertheless, and even up to daybreak on Monday, Basil's heart remained disturbed. He saw La Petite in dreams twice. And he thought of her constantly, even during the Sunday's silent hour of spiritual meditation.

He began Monday morning however on a new level. Remembering suddenly, with more or less accuracy, a line of De Musset's, he said it to himself while he parted his hair in the middle—*Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse!* And he went down to breakfast with shining eyes to kiss his mother and discuss his plans for going to town and reading law. One must do something at twenty-three, even if one has four thousand a year without landed responsibilities. And having kissed his mother and been unusually moved by the devotional course which ushered in the day (his mother read the Bible better than most clergymen), he began to open his letters. This was the first one he opened :

*Palace of Varieties,
Weekmouth.*

DEAR MR. CHILLINGTON,

I think you will be sorry to hear what took place in my hall last night. You remember those French acrobats and La Petite? She had an accident at the second performance, and broke a leg, as well as internal injuries. We got her to the hospital and there she lies and the others have left her, as they have an engagement at Glasgow all next week. She will be well looked after of course, but I'm very much afraid she is in a bad way. I looked round myself this afternoon and they don't think well of her. Poor little thing! She looked so pretty in her white bed, lying so peaceful and still. She can't say much more in English than "Thank you!" She says that for the least thing, the nurse tells me. They're all in love with her.

Hoping to see you again soon at my little place,

Yours faithfully,

PHILIP DASHWORTH.

P.S. It would be very nice of you to go and see her and talk to her in her own language. At least I think so.—P. D.

Eggs and toast and coffee, with devilled kidneys as a special motherly recollection of his wild college appetites, were after this letter a truly painful ordeal. Basil was not accustomed to dissemble. He did dissemble however. He ate to deceive his mother—and wondered why he did not choke. And he laughed at his mother's gentle little witticisms as he had never laughed before. Even Friends have facetious moments. Mrs. Chillington drew attention to her Persian cat Esther and the parrot in its cage by the window. The parrot was new to the establishment; very new indeed to Esther. And Mrs. Chillington jested on the subject. But to Basil the parrot and the cat were like life itself, or the vignette of it which had in these last days been disclosed to him. The parrot's antics and speech were amusing, but the cat was ready for it, given the opportunity. Poor dear sad-eyed smiling La Petite was down, and the cruel world passed by on the other side. Doubtless there were other Petites to risk their sweet lives for bread, and satisfy this ghoulisn maw of the world's curiosity—but not for him.

Breakfast over, Basil sped hollow-eyed to his room. Of course he would go to the hospital. But the pain of it, even in forecast, cut his breath. And how his heart did beat under his waistcoat! La Petite was alone in Weekmouth. Not a friend to comfort her, neither mother, nor sister, nor—lover. Not a true friend, that is. Nurses, one knew, were bound to be tender and solicitous; but one

knew also that they carried the same phrases, deft-handedness and pillow-pats from one bed to another. Basil slipped out of the house like a culprit.

And then he glided back for a dictionary, a pocket English-French dictionary, and he was thankful indeed that his mother was in his way neither time. He remembered now that he was a patron of the Week-mouth Hospital. He had written a cheque for £50 last Christmas, and promised the same as an annual contribution. "They can't refuse to let me see her," he said to himself, on the strength of this benefaction.

Nevertheless, he found the preliminaries difficult. The hall porter said he would speak to the secretary, and spoke instead to the house surgeon, who came cheerily down the corridor at the moment. The house-surgeon was hardly any older than Basil himself and he scrutinised Basil rather oddly. "*Who* is it you want to see?" he asked.

Basil explained, clumsily; and didn't like the task. He did not know her name. And he blushed in a way that made the house-surgeon's eyes twinkle. "Oh, it's *that* poor girl, is it?" said the house-surgeon, stroking his chin. "They call her Saint Marie—the nurses, you know. She's sinking fast, poor little thing. Er—do you know her?"

"Yes, I have been introduced to her," said Basil, thickly. "Do you mean that there is no hope?"

"Not the very least in the world. But come along. She'll like to see you, I dare say, and no harm can be done. What name,—oh, I see, Chillington. All right, Mr. Chillington. Of Brampton Hall, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Basil. He was gripping that little dictionary as if he meant to pinch it through; boards, words and all.

The house-surgeon led the way. He was jaunty almost to the degree of offensiveness. But Basil quite believed he meant nothing by it. He ascribed it to hospital ways. Dying in a hospital was no more than cooking a chop in a restaurant. They ascended some stairs and met a nurse. The house-surgeon stopped her. "I say, Nurse Bountiful," he said, with a jocularly which this time made Basil grind his teeth, "this gentleman wishes to see your little Saint Marie. He's a friend." The nurse looked at Basil piercingly.

"Scarcely a friend, I'm—afraid," amended Basil; "but, as I said, I have been introduced to her, and I'm—I'm so sorry about it."

Nurse and doctor exchanged expressions and Basil went with the former now. A door opened and some twelve white beds were visible, mostly occupied. To Basil it was all very harassing. He went inside, hat in hand, blushing to the roots of his short flaxen hair; and instantly his eyes settled on La Petite, lying very white and very still. "Perhaps you can talk to her in her own language, sir?" suggested the nurse, fingering a screen. She carried the screen towards La Petite's bed and made a sort of recess with it. La Petite was nearest the wall. Thus she and Basil were isolated from the others.

"Oh," Basil stammered, "*je suis si fâché, si fâché.*"

She had looked at him at first as if she were frightened. Such pellucid beautiful blue-grey eyes! The child-mouth just parted too! But the fright, if fright it was, went from her, and the beginning of a smile took its place. "*Bon jour, monsieur,*" she whispered.

And then what, oh what, must Basil do but go on his knees by that little white bed and clasp that small white hand which lay on the bed-

cover as if it were posed for a sculptor; clasp it and kiss it! La Petite's eyes said "*Monsieur!*" with the most beautiful amazement that was ever displayed in human eyes.

Basil was crying. His tears wetted La Petite's hand. And again La Petite's eyes said "*Monsieur!*"

"I can't help it," Basil whispered in a passion of distress and something more than distress. "*J—je vous aime, Petite, et seulement que une fois que je vous avais vu!*"

La Petite tried to withdraw her hand. She gazed and gazed at Basil, whose ingenuousness was plain even to her. And then she seemed to shiver from head to foot. Basil saw the palpitation under the bed clothes and saw her sweet little head jerk. "*Ah, monsieur,*" she gasped, "*je meurs.*"

Her head rose from the pillow, her little hand tightened on Basil's; and there was such appealing simplicity in her pretty eyes that Basil could have cried aloud in his pain, which was so different from hers. He did not know how it happened, but it happened. La Petite must have attempted to sit up. She tried and could not; his arm went to support her, and her little head fell upon his shoulder. And that was all.

And then the nurse known as Bountiful returned. "*Ah, poor thing!*" she said.

"She's better. She shall not die!" exclaimed Basil, forgetting where he was.

But the nurse gently took La Petite away from him and composed her in bed. "Hush!" she said first of all. And later, when Basil was staring through his tears and realising the truth of things, "See how she smiles, poor little Saint Marie. She has had a happy death."

* * * *

Basil had nothing more to do. He had paid his call and been in time. But he did one thing more. "May I kiss her, nurse?" he asked timidly, white-faced like La Petite herself, and with unrestrained tears in his eyes.

Nurse Bountiful smiled. "Of course," she said. "It cannot hurt her—and you see how happy you have made her."

* * * *

There was still one thing more. But that came hours later. Basil remembered that there would have to be a funeral, and he returned to the hospital to beg that he might pay every penny of the cost. The authorities would have given their assent to a request of an even more exacting kind.

And this was all the help Fate permitted Basil Chillington to render to La Petite, the first love of his life.

SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.¹

THE nineteenth century will always be memorable in the history of British education. Our elementary system was for the first time organised under the control of the State; secondary training, though not organised, was immensely improved in several kinds of schools; the education of women was lifted to a wholly new level; technical education was begun under the auspices of the county councils; and finally, a most remarkable development took place in the resources for teaching of a university type.

This last change, indeed, is second in importance to none of those momentous changes which marked the Victorian age. Look back only a little more than seventy years, and consider what the situation was on the eve of the first Reform Bill. Oxford and Cambridge were then the only universities south of the Tweed; and their position was far from satisfactory. The range of their studies was too narrow; they had not been keeping pace with the advancement of knowledge. Their social operation also was much too limited; it was practically confined to the wealthier classes, and to the members of one communion. They were out of touch with the nation as a whole; and the discontent with which they were regarded found expression in many different quarters. In the second half of the century, however, all this was changed. By successive reforms the quality of their teaching

was improved and its range was greatly widened; religious tests were abolished; the doors of the universities were opened to large classes of the community against which they had formerly been closed. Oxford and Cambridge came to be in fact, and no longer in name only, national universities. But meanwhile a rapidly growing demand for higher education had gradually created a series of new institutions of various kinds. The earliest of these sprang from a sense of the fact that the benefits of the ancient universities were restricted to the few.

The metropolis was the first seat of such new foundations. University College, London, was established in 1828, and King's College in the following year. London University, as an examining board, received its first charter in 1836. The needs of the North of England also claimed attention. In 1833 a charter was granted to the University of Durham. Owens College, Manchester, arose in 1851. The period from 1870 to 1885 was marked by signal activity. A series of university colleges then came into existence, including those of Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, Aberystwyth, Cardiff, and Bangor. Two such colleges, those of Nottingham and Sheffield, grew out of the University Extension movement, which has since produced also colleges of a special type at Reading, Exeter, and Colchester. The next great step was the formation of the federal universities. The colleges at Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds were federated in the Victoria Uni-

¹ The substance of this paper was delivered as an Address at the University College of North Wales, Bangor, on June 19th, 1908.

versity, to which a charter was given in 1880. The University of Wales received its charter in 1893. Since then some events have occurred which are of great importance for the future of our university education. The University of Birmingham has been founded. The University of London has been re-constituted as a teaching body. The federal Victoria University is to be dissolved. Liverpool has received a charter for a university of its own. There will be a University of Manchester; and Leeds is to be the seat of another. Thus in England and Wales we are to have at least nine universities. And it has recently been announced that there is a project for establishing a University of Sheffield.

With this growing multiplication of centres for training of the university type, it is clear that we have entered on a new period in the history of our higher education. New problems are presenting themselves, and old questions are recurring in new forms. The great fact which determines the character of the whole movement is the extraordinary development of local interest and energy in this direction. One of the first questions that occur at the present time is this:—What are the advantages or drawbacks of a federal university as compared with a city university, such as that of Birmingham? One advantage of the federal system is that which it bestows on colleges which might not be strong enough to stand alone as degree-giving bodies. By federation, by common action, each of them gains in breadth; the studies of each, leading up to degrees conferred by the university, gain in importance and become animated by a larger spirit. There is a further consideration, which applies with special force to an

area such as that of the Principality; namely, that a university which represents Wales enjoys the solid support of Welsh national sentiment. This is a source of strength which can hardly be overrated. As to the drawbacks of the federal system, one of them is that the federal control necessarily imposes certain limits on the freedom of teaching in the constituent colleges, especially, perhaps, on the Arts side. I am not aware that in Wales this has been felt much; I believe that the University of Wales has been very successful in combining a uniformly high standard with a reasonable freedom for the colleges in regard to their schemes of study. But the College at Liverpool, it is understood, felt somewhat trammelled by the federal system, and this was one of the reasons which prompted the desire for separation.

Then in a federal university there is always the geographical question. In the case of Wales it has been felt, I believe, as a real inconvenience that the meetings of joint boards involve long and frequent journeys, making considerable demand on the time of some professors. That difficulty is inherent in the system; I do not know whether, or how far, it could be mitigated by limiting the number of teachers affected by it. Turn now to the city university; has it any distinctive recommendation, as compared with the federal? Its chief advantage is, I suppose, the concentration of local patriotism. A citizen of Liverpool, for instance, will be apt to care more for a university of that city than he would care for a Liverpool College in a university which included Manchester and Leeds. This may be one of the reasons why a University of Birmingham was thought more expedient than a University of the Midlands. The local patriotism of our great provincial cities has in

these days a force and an intensity which can hardly be realised except by those who have lived in such a city. I know something of it from long experience at Glasgow. It is a force rooted in British character, in our institutions, our freedom, and our habits of local self-government. That each great city should have its own university, may or may not be educationally good; but the rivalry between such cities is a very powerful factor in the case. If Birmingham is to have a university of its own, that is, for Liverpool, a further reason why it should have one too; and if Leeds is to have one, Sheffield will hardly be content that its college should be affiliated, in a subordinate position, to its neighbour's institution.

The situation is characteristically English. The English people, as a whole, has till lately cared comparatively little about education; education, in all its grades, has been advanced mainly by voluntary agencies, or by individual enterprise; it has not been, as in Germany, organised from top to bottom by the State. And a very good thing too, many will say. Yes, good in certain respects; but it is a history which makes the situation very complex at a moment like the present, when the country is waking up to the fact that its place in world-competitions is jeopardised by its backwardness in education. The dissolution of the federal Victoria University, whether desirable or not, was inevitable from the moment that one great city had decided to apply for a separate charter; for, in such a matter, the will of a great city is practically irresistible. In referring to that event, it is impossible not to ask oneself whether it is fraught with any omen for the future of the University of Wales. One of its three colleges is seated in a great commercial town.

Suppose, for the sake of argument merely—I have no reason whatever to believe that the thing is probable—suppose that this great town should some day decide to have a university of its own. Then, I presume, one of two things would happen: Bangor and Aberystwyth would go on in federal union; or else Bangor would become the University of North Wales, and Aberystwyth would be left in a position analogous to that in which Leeds found itself when the dissolution was decreed,—or possibly in a position still more difficult.

In view of such possible contingencies, one question before all others would seem to require an answer. Are the drawbacks to the federal system outweighed by the fact that the existing university stands for all Wales, and has the undivided support of Welsh sentiment behind it? An onlooker who thinks as I do would reply unhesitatingly, Yes: the advantage outweighs the drawbacks. To represent Wales is not merely to represent a geographical area and a distinct nationality: it is to represent also a well marked type of national genius, characterised by certain intellectual bents, by certain literary aptitudes, by certain gifts of imagination and sympathy, specially manifested in the love of poetry and of music; a type of genius which is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of humane studies. A university which is the one academic expression of such a national genius holds a position of unique interest and of peculiar strength. It would be a great pity to break it up into two or three universities, no one of which could have the same prestige. If there were but two universities, one for North Wales and the other for South, the national sentiment would be divided, the strength which it gives would be impaired, and the

unavoidable competition, however generous, might possibly be prejudicial to the interests of Welsh education at large.

I revert to the new universities in the great English towns, such as Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham. It is clear that they are destined to be universities of what is called the modern type,—that is, predominantly scientific, and devoting special attention to the needs of practical life, professional, industrial, and commercial. But I may say at once that, in my opinion, there is no fear that these new modern universities will not aim at a high standard of liberal education, whatever the *subjects* of it may be.

Those who doubt this hardly realise (I believe) how much English thought at the great centres of population has been moving in the last few years. Only a few years ago, no doubt, there was a decided prejudice among many men of business and employers of labour against a university training, as they understood it. But the cruder form of utilitarianism in this matter has lately been dying out,—thanks largely to certain object-lessons furnished by Germany. One of the best-known of these, which I merely mention in passing, is the case of the aniline dyes. These colours were first discovered in England, and produced from English coal-tar. British dyers are still the largest consumers; but the processes for producing the colours have been so developed in the laboratories of Berlin that the industry has passed almost wholly from England to Germany. There are other like cases.

Not long ago, at a meeting in London, I heard a speech by one of the highest authorities on technical education, Professor Ewing, who while holding the Chair of Applied Mechanics at Cambridge has so

greatly developed the work of the Engineering laboratory there, and who has lately been appointed Director of Naval Education. He urged that, in the interests of the technical industries themselves, the great need was for a training which should be more than technical,—which should be really scientific, giving a grasp of principles, educating the mind, stimulating the imagination, giving men some power of original initiative, and drawing out their inventive faculties. The leading men in the great cities, the merchants and the captains of industry, are probably becoming more and more alive to the fact that a mind which has been disciplined by a liberal training is more efficient for practical affairs and technical pursuits. We may expect to find such men supporting the effort to maintain a high standard in the new local universities. To do so is indeed the only way to secure an adequate return for the very large sums which will be spent on equipment. The Council of Birmingham University proposes to spend a quarter of a million on buildings for certain technical branches of study, chiefly Engineering, Mining, and Metallurgy; and the fittings will cost large additional sums. That is a special development on a scale with which the older universities cannot compete; and those who provide these funds will doubtless take care that the scientific training is the best that can be given. But in all our universities, old and new, there is now a disposition to enlarge the range of study by including subjects which have some definite bearing on practical life, if, and so far as, they can be made instruments of a really liberal training. I may take two examples from the English university which I know best. At Cambridge

it has just been decided to establish a school of honours in Economics. Before this was done, it was carefully discussed whether the subject was, or was not, large enough and educative enough to have such a school all to itself.

I will venture to quote part of the answer to that question given by one of the foremost advocates of the proposal. "Economics," said Professor Foxwell, "is intimately related to Ethics, Politics, Law, History, and even to Philosophy . . . Economics, when adequately treated, must include a reference to almost all the aspects of the citizen's life."

. . . With this width of range, too, it combines more than the usual variety of mental disciplines. Modern economic analysis, which has to deal with very complicated relations of cause and effect, requires a considerable grasp of exact methods. . . .

The observation, the judgement, the imagination, and the sympathies are all strengthened and trained by the various forms of economic inquiry; and from the educational point of view, at least, the study cannot fairly be called narrow." There, then, is a subject well-suited for study at the great centres of commerce and industry. I will take one other example from a different field. Honours at Cambridge will henceforth be obtainable by three years' study of the Chinese language, coupled with some knowledge of the general history of the Far East. That, again, is an instance in which a legitimate subject of the highest study has also a practical bearing, in view of the international situation with regard to the trade of China. A thorough study of the modern languages of Europe is another subject which ought to flourish in the new city universities. We may well augur for them a prosperous and most useful career.

There are, however, two dangers to which it seems possible that they may be exposed. One is this: that, where the course for a university degree combines some branches of science with certain technical studies, the pressure of local demands may be exerted in favour of laying the chief stress on the technical attainments, and relaxing the requirements in regard to science. But it is reasonable to suppose that if in such a case the university authorities stand firm, they will be supported by the best local opinion. The Birmingham school of brewing seems to be a good example of the manner in which an academic course of this composite nature, partly scientific and partly technical, can be planned. The student is to spend two years on Physics, Chemistry, Biology and kindred subjects before he goes on to his two years of technical work in the brewing department. He is to study the testing of material, and all the processes involved, from a strictly scientific point of view. It is not likely that, in such a school, the scientific training, which is its very essence, would ever be unduly subordinated to the technical. There may be other instances in which such a danger would be greater; but, if so, we may hope that it will be avoided. The other danger of which I was thinking is that the scientific side of education in the new city universities may sometimes too decidedly overpower the literary side. The experience of university extension has shown that it is not always easy to preserve a just balance. The cause of this is not so much any want of literary interest among the abler students, but rather the pressure of time and practical needs. All the newer universities have, or will have, first-rate teachers of literary subjects. There will be no lack of zeal, as a rule,

among the students,—of that we may be sure ; but it is to be feared that the main current of things will be rather adverse. Yet it is of vital moment for all our higher education that the literary studies should hold their own.

Hitherto I have been referring to the universities in cities of the first rank, such as Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham. But an essentially different question arises when we come to towns which, though very large (with populations of 200,000 or more), are not in the same class with those just mentioned. If things go on as they are going at present, more than one such town will soon insist on having a university of its own. It will be a town which has a university college, strong, probably, in certain scientific and technical subjects, but weak, possibly, in some other subjects which nevertheless are indispensable for a university. The local wealth may be relied upon to support the highest study of any subjects which bear on the local industries, but will be comparatively apathetic towards others which the local man regards as ornamental. What is the State to do in such a case? Is it to grant the charter for a university, and hope for the best? Or is it to refuse, at the risk of damping local generosity towards studies which are valuable in themselves?

It is a case of this nature which justifies some real anxiety as to the new tendency towards multiplying universities. Now there is at least one consideration which may, I think, be suggested as helping to indicate a line between the cases in which a charter should, and should not, be granted. It would be generally allowed that a faculty of Arts is one essential element of a university. Would it not be fair and wise to say

that, before a charter is given for a new university, evidence should be forthcoming to show that such a university could provide a reasonably strong faculty of Arts, in addition to its provision for the teaching of scientific and technical subjects? If this condition were not satisfied, the new degree-giving institution would be in fact only a college of science, or a technical college, and not in any proper sense a university. In such cases, the true solution would be found, I believe, by taking a hint from Germany. In Germany, as we know, the results of the highest education are systematically brought to bear on all the greater industries of the country. But this highest education is not given only in completely equipped universities, which confer degrees. It is largely given in the institutions known as Technical High Schools, to which we have nothing properly corresponding. In these technical high schools teaching of a university type is given by professors of university rank in such subjects as Architecture, various branches of Engineering, Chemistry, and general Technical Science. There are now, I think, some ten or eleven of these institutions in Germany. At the great Technical High School of Berlin every new invention of any importance is promptly made the subject of practical study. There is more than one, perhaps, of our large towns of the second rank which would be an admirable seat for a technical high school of this elevated order ; whereas the same town, if it insisted on having a university, might find it an arduous and uncongenial task to equip a faculty of Arts.

The multiplication of universities need not, in itself, cause uneasiness, provided that each new university is thoroughly well equipped, is a true university, and is really needed for

the service of an adequately large population. If these conditions are fulfilled, there is an evident gain in additions to the number of centres from which the highest education is vigorously and efficiently propagated. The real disaster would be if we came to have one or more distinctly weak universities,—institutions which could perform only some small part or parts of the function which that name implies. The mischief would be that such a body, having the power to give degrees, would tend to depreciate the value of that guarantee. This would be one of the gravest educational evils that could befall the country; it is one from which we have hitherto been exempt.

Another matter which is suggested by the new developments is the influence of students upon each other, considered as an element in university education. In the case of Oxford and Cambridge, this is a distinctive feature,—perhaps one might almost say, the capital distinction. Residence for three or four years amidst the influences of the university and the colleges leaves an impress on the mind and character which is never effaced. There are many men who, in looking back, would say that no other part of their education had gone deeper than this; and they could say so without any disparagement of their debt to wise guides and eminent teachers, without insensibility to the formative power of their *Alma Mater*, without ingratitude for the various lessons which she had inculcated. Of course, the value of these youthful associations must depend in some measure on a man's choice of companions and on the qualities of the set in which he lives at the university. But to those who are fortunate in such respects the benefits are altogether inestimable: they cannot be analysed or measured.

In a retrospect of those days, many a man will reflect with thankfulness on all else that was done for him there, but the inmost places of his memory, its *sedes secretæ piorum*, will be peopled by recollections of hours passed in that intimate society of contemporaries, in walks and talks lit up by an interchange of thought and feeling, by confidences, by discussions, by the avowal of dawning aspirations, by the asking and giving of counsel, such as are possible only in a concurrence of five conditions which can never meet again,—namely, youth,—intellectual interest in its first freshness,—close ties of friendship,—leisure,—and such a *genius loci* as haunts those ancient homes of study and of peace. Every one who appreciates the immense value of this element at the older universities must be anxious for its presence in the newer seats of learning.

The Bangor College shares with at least one of its sisters the twofold advantage of seclusion from turmoil and of surroundings at once beautiful and invigorating. All this is propitious to the social side of academic life. In the new universities of the great cities the intercourse of students will be attended by greater difficulties, because many or most of them will have less leisure, and their residences will be spread over a wide area. Clubs, similar to the Unions at Oxford and Cambridge, will doubtless be created where they do not already exist. The value of such students' clubs in great cities consists very much in the increase of opportunities for friendship. We may be sure that the administrators of the new universities will further such objects, and will be fully alive to their educational significance.

The new local authorities for education will have to see that, so far as

possible, the several grades of training shall be continuous, and that, for promising pupils, there shall be access from the lower to the higher. It was the good fortune of Wales that her system of secondary schools had been organised, under the Intermediate Education Act of 1889, before her university entered upon its active career. That was an initial advantage for the university. In England the present situation is somewhat different. Secondary education has not yet been fully organised; to effect that is the duty of the new authorities: and at the same time new seats of university education are coming into existence, with which the secondary schools of each area, or many of them, will have to be brought into touch by the action of those same local authorities. Thus the work which lies before the education committees, especially in the great cities, is very large and complex.

At such a time it is well to know as clearly as may be what we understand by *university education*. Does it mean merely the highest grade of teaching,—higher, that is, than such as is given by the most advanced secondary schools of the country? Or does the phrase connote certain qualities of the education, over and above the fact that it is of the highest grade? The word *universitas* was a general term for a corporation or guild: then it was specially applied to a body of students, voluntarily associated in the pursuit of knowledge, who, by becoming a corporation, acquired certain immunities and privileges which, in medieval times, were advantageous or necessary for their security. Such a *universitas* of students has always had two features; first, that several different branches of higher study have been represented in it; secondly, that the members

have received oral instruction from appointed teachers. From these two features the distinctive character of university education has been developed. It matters not where a university is seated, or in what subjects its special strength may reside; if it is adequately equipped and organised, if it is doing the proper work of a university, it will tend to produce certain effects—I say, *will tend*, because, like other human institutions, universities have their proportion of failures.

What are those effects? Well, it is not difficult to indicate some, at least, of them. University teaching aims at a general discipline of the mind, besides giving a grasp of at least one special branch of knowledge. Hence it tends to instil an intelligent respect for all studies; it helps students of science, for instance, and students of letters to understand each others' aims. The spirit of university teaching is tolerant and sympathetic: the specialist acquires some sense of the manifold relations in which his own subject stands to others; he is led to perceive the largeness of knowledge and of life. Again, the university is equalising: external advantages confer no privilege: the absence of them is no reproach. It is also chastening; for it exacts from the student that he shall think out things for himself: the true teacher is no crammer; he gives materials, opportunities, and impulse. This impulse is given, not as a book may give it, but by personal contact, by the living voice, through which facts and thoughts are presented with a new force. The best university teaching is not in bondage to the letter, but is spiritual and suggestive: it tends to nourish and sustain ideals. Let the dwellers and workers in great

cities, especially, remember this: in all studies the university seeks to impart some glimpse of the ideal: and, as has well been said, "the vision of the ideal guards monotony of work from becoming monotony of life." Mr. Gladstone expressed this truth in another way when, in a striking address at Oxford, he described the university as seeking "to secure that the man shall ever be greater than his work, and never bounded by it, but that his eye shall boldly run (in the language of Wordsworth) 'Along the line of limitless desires.'"

If these are some of the things which a university seeks to do, then it may be said that there never was a time when true university education was more needful than it is in our day and in our country. High specialisation in every field of knowledge and of work tends to limit the horizon of thorough study: on the other hand, the hurry of the age, the crowd of subjects brought under notice by the press, the social demand for acquaintance with the topics of the hour, encourage reading of a miscellaneous and very superficial kind. Both these tendencies are adverse to breadth and sobriety of judgement. Then it is a trait of the time to measure success by material standards, and to brush aside, as weak and unbusinesslike, any suspicion that an engrossing pursuit of such success may involve the loss of things better than the prize. So far as the true spirit of university education can make itself felt, it is a corrective of such tendencies.

The insistent demand, from large sections of the public, for immediate utility in our highest education can be met, more or less, by many subjects which have now been brought within the academic purview. There are, however, other subjects of which

the utility is not in the same sense direct, but consists in their value as a discipline, intellectual and moral. Among these are the works of the ancient Greek genius, with all their claims on the student of thought, of political society, of literature, and of art; the Roman evolution of institutions and of law; the studies of modern history and philosophy. These can impart humanity and breadth, train the moral judgement, sharpen the critical faculty, refine the appreciation of literary form, educate a sense of measure, enrich the imagination, open that perspective of knowledge without which there is apt to be a narrowing of the mental vision, render all life more suggestive and more significant. No university is complete, no university fulfils the true idea of such an institution, which does not keep an honoured place for such studies as these. When it is said that there is no time for them now-a-days, the question arises,—what, even from a strictly practical point of view, is the best educational investment of time? As to the study of Greek, which figures so much in the foreground of the controversy, one remark may be made in passing. The experience of women who have been distinguished in that subject goes far to show that the study of Greek might be begun at a somewhat later age than has been usual in schools, without risk of inferior results. And one other thing may be said, which applies to the school-study of the classics generally. Every effort should be made to awaken the pupil's literary interest from the outset, even at the cost of postponing the closer study of grammar. Many young people would quickly feel the charm and stimulating freshness of the great literatures, who now are apt to lose heart in the vestibule of accidence and syntax.

But whatever may be done in this or other particulars, we must hope that nothing will be allowed to lower or to obscure in this country the true ideal of a university training. Let every due regard be paid to the requirements of active life at the present day. But let it also be remembered that there is a national

need even more urgent than the preparation of special aptitudes. It is the need for a wider diffusion of such a liberal education as shall train the intelligence, give elasticity to the faculties of the mind, humanise the character, and form, not merely an expert, but an efficient man.

R. C. JEBB

THE VISIONARY.

A SUEBLE gleam he carries at his breast,
Some deep delivery of light that shows
Long vistas where the dreaming hills uncloze,
And at the end bright seas no keel has prest.

His the glad song Saint Francis loved the best ;
And with a poet's cunning well he knows
Where best to find the wind behind the rose,
And all the loves that minister to rest.

No mark or favour on his brow be found ;
No edge of grandeur through his words shall slip ;
With eyes cast down upon th' indifferent ground,
And tender movements dying on his lip,
He takes the long wind's uttermost far sound,
And finds in earth an endless fellowship.

D. A. L.

THE VERDICT OF THE PAST.

"WE are *ennuyés* from excess of epigrams," said the pensive Poet, gazing mournfully from the window of his club reading-room. Without, the wayfarers passed and re-passed with frost-bitten noses and dripping umbrellas; it was a London morning in the midst of May. The volume in his delicately-veined hand was a collection of the intellectual dainties in question by his most caustic critic, who nevertheless (in print, for he was personally unknown to him) posed as his admirer and candid friend. The Poet, though hating puns even worse than epigrams, played lightly with the hackneyed phrase. "Candid but not sugared," he mused bitterly. "In truth, we could better brook the redundant flatterer, the jerry-builder of current reputations who lays on with a trowel, than these covert enemies who damn us with affected praise."

"It is the fault of the Age," remarked his companion, the Realist, noting the globular pellets of rain as they made misty splashes on the wet pavement. He had in view an effect for his next Academy picture, *THE SUBMERGED TENTH*.

"Ah, the *Zeitgeist* has much to answer for," agreed the Poet sadly.

The two young men gazed in silence at the doleful panorama. The painter wondered darily whether an orbicular pendant of shining water at the nose-tip of his Aged Mendicant (in the aforesaid picture) would or would not transcend the chaste limits of Art; the reality he observed was a salient and expressive feature of these humid street scenes. But he thought shud-

deringly of the same concealed foe, whose scathing words, "Our puny limners, missing greatness, fall tooth and nail on the minute, and would rather paint pin-points than a galaxy of Gods," could only refer to him. The Poet chewed the cud of resentment, and re-read for the tenth time (from the anonymous volume in his hand) the epigrammatist's sneering taunt: "Our little unchartered laureates still play with the old hornbooks of rhyme, and tinkle outworn cymbals in our jaded ears. A figo for these mimics, who, too weak for the organ notes of the ancients, chirrup nimbly on penny pipes." That meant his *SONNETS OF PRIME* or nothing; for his less candid friends had condoled with him, although to them also the author of *LATTER-DAY JUDGEMENTS* was unknown in the flesh.

Like conditions beget like thoughts. The downward swish of the rain, and the melancholy procession of water-soaked humanity, omnibuses, carts, and cabs,—with occasional motor-cars whose fumes penetrated even the sealed recesses of the club—acted automatically on their systems, and each proffered the other an expensive cigarette. They inhaled the common consolation for some moments in silence. "Perhaps we misjudge the Age?" ventured the Realist, his sensitive organism responding to the narcotic.

"It may be so," assented the Poet, yielding to the same influence.

"I have just sold my *MIDNIGHT* (you remember it, an effect merely) for . . . for several pounds," the painter went on dreamily.

The Poet on his part recalled the irrelevant fact that the American copyright of his last work in prose, *MATRIMONIAL ESSAYS*, the mere trifles of his unrhyming hours (though, disgusting to relate, more profitable financially than his hill-top productions), had gone for a like definite sum. But this was admitting the personal equation into cosmic affairs. "I wish," he exclaimed, springing to his feet with sudden energy, "I wish that we might have the unbiased judgement of Time on ourselves and our work, on our civilisation in brief. An opinion extra local, extra contemporary, if I may so say! We do not boast of the Twentieth Century as we once did of the Nineteenth, but as you remark it may really be great even now. These incondite critics of our labours,—your own and mine, for we have both felt the lash of irresponsible spite—may be merely those perennial pests of Genius, the blind bats and deaf adders that abound in every age of creative force, impervious alike to its spirit and form."

The painter gazed at him with admiration, noting the fine gesture of his right arm for professional ends. But the idea seized strongly upon him. How desirable were such a pronouncement if it might be compassed by any means! His thoughts wandered over the different agencies, including the Psychical Society, which the metropolitan area places at the disposal of enquirers after truth. The artistic mind, though far from credulous, is not bound by the hard limitations which hamper the merely scientific intellect, hence the wider range of its vision. "I think it might be managed," he said, with happy inspiration.

"How?" demanded the Poet incredulously.

"Planchette!" answered the Realist.

To seek wisdom from the unseen by the triangular instrument in question seems a fond thing vainly invented, and communications from the sages of the past by that and similar means have not tended to enhance the reputations they once enjoyed. Indeed, the bathos into which the loftiest minds of earth seem to sink, even in the items of grammar and pronunciation, on their entrance upon the future state, opens an appalling prospect before average mediocrity, and should give us pause on its brink, if pause were possible. But the human heart is endlessly hopeful in this as in other things; and (education, position, natural force of mind, and other safeguards being no effectual bar) well-dressed mortals still assemble in darkened rooms to await the outpourings of disembodied souls. Therefore it was no anomaly that the Poet and the Realist should ere long be seated in a spacious, not too brightly illuminated apartment, with the needful machinery before them. A third person known as the Psychologist,—a grave man, bearded and spectacled—lent the aid of his mediumistic powers by lightly touching with his extended forefinger the pencil-armed plate that was to record whatever messages might come. The two enquirers also placed each a digit on the instrument, the Psychologist explaining that his own psychic force was merely meant to supplement theirs.

"Let us invoke the criticism of the Past," cried the Poet buoyantly, with a strange light in his eyes. "Afterwards we can seek counsel of the Future."

"I am agreed," said the Realist, knowing the importance of concord in such undertakings.

"The Past is always safest," commented the member of the Psychical Society with an appearance of knowledge.

"But how shall we be certain that the Contemporary Critic, malignant, jaundiced, and spiteful as he ever is, is not in the air to taint the verdict of antiquity?" The Poet asked this with some concern, for his exquisitely delicate cuticle still smarted from the epigrammatist's scourge.

"I'll swear he isn't," answered the Psychologist positively, as if the state of the atmosphere were his particular business. He was a member also of their own club, a quiet man of philosophical habit, understood to be wholly occupied with the study of occult phenomena at private seances, thought-reading parties, and like exuberant gatherings. He now explained that the caustic scribe referred to sat in a chair and smoked, just as he did himself, and that his influence was limited to pens and ink, type-writers, and secret verbal detraction. "He couldn't dematerialise himself if he wanted to, any more than I could," he asserted with emphasis.

"Shall we then enquire respecting the Empire?" proposed the reassured Poet. "It is part of the Age, an integral part if I may so speak, and a conveniently inclusive term."

"Rather too inclusive, I fear," said the Psychologist; "but we can try. I suppose you are agreed on the subject?"

The younger men bowed their assent. Equally high-strung, nervous, and imaginative, they waited in expectant silence. The darkened room seemed to their strained senses to grow loftier and vaster, its dim walls taking the quality of impalpable curtains between them and the eternal immensities. At length, as the tension became almost painful, the plate under their fingers moved slightly with a gentle creak. "I thought there'd be some of them about to-night," said the medium, as if they were bats or prowling animals.

Slowly and falteringly the pencil crawled over the virgin sheet, tracing archaic but legible characters, which presently spelled the opening words of a sentence: "To speake now of the true temper of empire, it is a thing rare and harde to keepe; for both temper and distemper consist of contraries," it wrote and then stopped. "Bacon, by George!" exclaimed the Psychologist softly. "But you won't get much out of him—I know the old skinfint's ways as you'll see." The pencil then resumed its course, scrawling at first but soon forming words: "The sheepe and cattle you sent must have lost the roade, for I saw them not in my felde," was the complaint. The medium laughed gently: "Always the same old dodge, bribery and corruption!" he exclaimed. "It's just that way if you ask him if he wrote Shakespeare: he only palavers about the golden cups, basins, and sugar-tongs that he didn't get—pure force of habit no doubt."

But as he spoke the pencil started again with a swifter, more decisive movement. "An Empire?" wrote the new oracle in a strange bold hand; "Why, it is the whole world! I hear tell that the sunn setteth not on its borders in his whole daily course. And it embraceth all manner of heathen people, of the Indes, Ethiopia and America. All this is truly wonderful, almost passing imagination; yet it is not the Empire that we fought and travailed for in the days of great Gloriana, our Virgin Queen,—the England wherein no man, not even a Papist, called himselfe other than an Englishman. For I hear that in many parts of it over sea the people who sprang from our own bowels and who yet speake our language have thrown the name aside as if it were a reproach; yea, that in the American Plantations that we established it is now a hissing and a

by-word. Moreover Jews, Infidels, and Sectaries, and even the outlaw Irish that we drave into the fens and bogs of their Island, now sit in your Parliament to make laws. Now your lord-keeper is a Scot; and your King has gone on pilgrimage to Rome, unto the Pope that we held to be Antichrist! Truly we foresaw not these things when we made perilous voyages, and bearded the Spaniard in his own waters, for the establishment of good religion and the enlargement of our Queen's dominions."

"Sir Walter Raleigh," said the Psychologist in a low voice, as the pencil ceased to write; "he's always harping in that strain. But you'd better get down to particulars now, the Empire's rather a mouth-filling subject and liable to make them long-winded."

The Poet and the Realist gazed at each other with awe-struck looks. There were evidently more things in heaven and earth than they, imaginative as they were, had yet dreamed of. Each tremulously shaped his lips to the art he most diligently practised; but as neither seemed inclined to take his turn, the Psychologist intervened. "Suppose you try war?" he suggested. "It's just now on the carpet, and they've probably been discussing it."

"Yes," said the Poet, waiving his pet theme for the present. "Let us have the judgement of the old commanders on our arms and their achievements."

The subject certainly appeared to have been under recent discussion in the spirit world, for the pencil began to move at once. Its progress was slow, steady, and in a manner dignified; the message being written in easy school Latin, which, both the inquirers having been trained in our famous institutions of secondary education, they could read without a crib.

"You call yourselves Romans in war," said the message in effect; "but when I conquered your island I was my own scribe, and wrote but the words, *veni, vidi, vici!* while you send cohorts of historians to proclaim your ineptitude and defeats. I came, saw, and conquered. Your legions in that war with the superstitious barbarians of the South could not come to them because their chariots were the swifter. They could not see them because their eyes were dim from the smoke of your cities, and moreover were obscured with pieces of crystal worn for vain ornament. And when by chance they fell in with them they were forced to yield and pass under the yoke, like those two miserable consuls, Veturius and Postumius, at the Caudine Forks. I thank the Gods that ignominy came not in my time! And you call yours an Empire! Jupiter-Ammon! had I your engines of flame and thunder, and your ships of iron, I would bring the whole world, that we now see is but a paltry sphere of earth and water, under my tribute and rule."

The pencil stopped abruptly. "Brutus has choked him off, he's always suppressing him," the medium whispered. The two younger men had grown pale, partly from memories of school discipline, partly from the august proximity. Both, however, were patriots, and they flushed angrily at the close of the speech, written though it was.

"Jealousy and rancour evidently pervade the unseen world as well as our own," said the Poet, trying to calm his indignant feelings.

"Don't be too hard on them," urged the Psychologist. "They're a little bit envious of our modern inventions, as we should probably be ourselves if we were in their place."

But the pencil again interrupted him, this time moving across the paper

in an excited jerky manner, and writing fragments of sentences in Greek and Latin, French, German, and English. "They're thick as bees, and all of 'em fighting to get a show," the medium chuckled with enjoyment. One of the least broken messages was in Greek: "Oh that I possessed a fleet of your fire-driven bladders of gas that swim through the air; then indeed would I find new worlds to conquer,—that Ares that the Romans called Mars, who still affronts us with his warlike beams. Oh Thais, Thais!" "Alexander, of course," said the medium sympathetically; "these motor-balloons drive him fairly silly. He's always wanting to annex the solar system—poor chap, he can't get it through his head that balloons won't navigate space." Other rapid but disjointed communications followed, from Frederick the Great, Marlborough, Napoleon, and later warriors. The laconic jibe, "Insufferable talkers!" they put down to Moltke; and certain highly cursory remarks from Wellington left no doubt as to his opinion of modern British Arms. "We'd better change the subject or there'll be a free fight among the Gods," advised the medium, whose nervous system was already suffering from the strain; and they withdrew their hands from the overheated instrument.

"Envy, hatred, and malice seem inseparable from the action of minds, even those of the Immortals," sighed the Poet; but disillusioned and astonished though he was he resolved to pursue their momentous enquiry. Never before, he believed, had so distinguished a company of untrammelled intelligences consented to favour mankind with their views.

War, however, had proved as dangerous a topic as empire, so it were best to try more pacific lines. "Politics are rather slow just now," sug-

gested their companion, "and I dare say won't heat the wires." It should be mentioned that the spiritual currents had flowed chiefly through his own system, no doubt preferring familiar to untried channels.

That he was right as to the non-heating character of the suggested theme seemed at once evident; for if Planchette could be thought of as deliberately yawning it did so on the present occasion. At length,—apparently after stretching itself—it languidly wrote a sentence: "No war, no politics, no parties; there never was in the memory of Englishmen so inanimate an age." "That's Horace Walpole," said the Psychologist promptly; "I was pretty sure he'd be about, and I dare say more will come now." But they did not record their impressions for some time; and when the plate again moved it wrote in a singular shorthand which only the medium, who had encountered it before, was able to read. "The dullest insipid time I ever knew," it said. "The King minds his pleasures and takes his journeys: no great public business to do; the House sitting long upon an infinity of small matters; though some of them, God knows, are like to grow big enough. I mean these Acts for bettering the Port of London below the Bridge, and for paying the Irish for the lands we took from them. But, Lord! to think that the merchants of London should ever grow so stupid as to let their Port decay, when in my time all they desired was to keep the Thames free and open for their trading. And this Irish business may end in our paying four times the worth of their whole island, though some there will not now receive the King civilly when he comes to them. Then methinks this new way with drunken people, to put their names and pictures in

public books, is a silly piece of foolery and like to cost a great deal, besides a scandal to gentlemen who may chance to be overtaken out of their own houses. And God knows, too, what we shall do for craftsmen and servants if they send the lower sort to schools to be made philosophers and poets instead of learning their trades!" All recognised the vivacious diarist of the Restoration, and the medium laughed softly: "But he won't stick to politics long, see if he does," he whispered. This was true; for, after a confused reference to "the taxes on our goods in the Plantations abroad"—a subject that he plainly did not understand—he passed to other fields of observation. "To the play-houses," the pencil ran on glibly, "to see the new plays. But, Lord! to see what rogueish pieces they have now, with women almost bare on the stage, which I never knew in my time; yet none seemed put out of countenance. And strange, too, to see how many bold rogueish books are now writ, and read even by young maids; but I hear less are sold now than formerly, they are so like one another people will not buy them however the booksellers cry them up." After this no other statesman of the past deigned to commit himself at any length, and the pencil soon ceased to write.

The dread propinquity of unbodied spirits, still retaining their former passions and prejudices, was too awful even to allow feelings of resentment at the diarist's perverted view of their Monarch's travels of State. Both the Poet and the Realist were trembling slightly and casting nervous glances about the room, the ceiling of which seemed now to have grown to the height of St. Paul's dome. The discursive plate remained untouched for some moments, each fearing to suggest another theme for

its exercise. At last the painter broke silence: "Let's ask it what they think of our upper-class swells from an artistic point of view," he proposed. "Madam Blatterwitz, the society novelist, declares they're the most naively picturesque sinners in all history."

"Yes," assented his friend somewhat bitterly; "let us enquire concerning our persons of Blood and Fashion. Perhaps, if we are not great in wisdom we may be great in folly, or at least unique, which is something."

On this new subject the opening messages were in ancient Hebrew and Patristic Latin and Greek, and, the Psychologist assured them, of a highly denunciatory nature. It was not until the last of the more severe moralists had recorded himself that the lighter spirits ventured to approach, their first inscription being a tart and uncomplimentary epigram by Horace. A number of ancient Roman and comparatively recent French connoisseurs then expressed brief but contemptuous judgements on the spectacular value of modern vice. The Romans sneered at its timid and puny qualities as compared with their own Titanic orgies, and the refined critics of later Gaul laughed at its want of colour and perspective—it was undraped, brutal, bourgeois. English criticism began with the wits of the Restoration, but was equally unfavourable, though for different reasons. The dramatists asserted that it had no original features whatever, and was merely the vice of their own age writ small. But later observers admitted certain novel and remarkable developments. "Lud!" exclaimed one unknown but clearly astonished spirit: "to think that the world should come to this pass! Duelling quite gone out, and gentlemen of breeding and quality arrang-

ing their amours at the Law Courts along with costermongers and tradesmen! In my time, egad, they were matters for the rapier and pistol, the prerogatives of men of fashion, for we left law to parsons and old women. And the talk it makes now if a young spark runs through his fortune in a year or two. 'S'blood! I've known many a boy just out of school lose a whole estate over night at cards and blow his brains out in the morning, and not a word said!" "One of the old beaux, Brummell or Nash possibly," remarked the medium with a low chuckle. Then followed a stream of uniformly adverse judgements by different minds upon most contemporary things, from religion to infants' feeding-bottles, and from company-promoting to woman's dress, the latter theme affording mirth even in the world of shades.

The two enquirers rose to their feet in disgust. It was plain that a conspiracy existed among the departed to belittle the age in every respect. "Marmaduke," said the Poet solemnly, "just criticism is not to be had even from sublimated souls."

"I see it isn't," agreed the Realist, rather weakly.

"Well, but you've given them irritating subjects," the Psychologist urged in their defence. "Try something pacific and soothing, agriculture or sheep-raising for instance, and you'll find them fair enough."

"We seek illumination upon our respective Arts," replied the Poet loftily, still having his pet grievance in mind; "and from spheres beyond the influence of viperous epigrammatists who poison our blood with anonymous stings!" He was a little unstrung and rhetorical.

At his vivid epithet the Psychologist, as he could not help observing, winced in a pronounced manner; and the movement filled him with a vague

undefined fear. Why it should do so he could not tell; for, when he reflected, what possible sympathy could a member of the Psychical Society have for a manufacturer of the poisonous darts to which he had referred? It was unaccountable and disturbing, and set up trains of uncomfortable thought which nothing but his resolve to come at once to the main object of their enquiry (namely, the judgement of past ages upon the polite arts of to-day, and incidentally on his own and his friend's productions) enabled him to put aside, and then not so completely as his peace of mind demanded. It ought to be said that the Psychologist was not a regular medium, his remarkable powers having been acquired from contact with professionals in the course of his psychical investigations. He only dropped into the character as a friend, and to-night had taxed himself so severely that when the younger men suggested further commerce with the unseen he demurred almost to the point of refusal, especially as they now proposed literature and art. "The most risky subjects you could possibly have hit on," he objected, "and nearly certain to set them by the ears."

The Poet, however, explained that his own particular field was all he had in view, and that poets were superior to the baser passions wherever found, the painter asserting the same truth of his brethren of the brush. Upon this, though plainly fagged and in a bad temper, the medium consented to a second sitting, warning them, however, not to expect smooth speeches. "Let it be *modern* poetry," desired the Poet with rising colour, as the trio reseated themselves.

"And *modern* realism," added the painter, blushing more deeply still.

If the two artists (using the term in its wider sense) had formerly

trembled, they now fairly shook with excitement. The possibility of direct criticism upon their special lines of effort by the mightiest minds of old was a thought so tremendous as to be almost paralysing; but the Poet, still haunted by their companion's strange behaviour, felt added apprehensions. What if the medium were in subtle sympathy with their persecutor, and had by occult means permitted him to tinge the messages they had just received? And what if the same malign influence were to affect those to come? But Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, with the other Gods of the empyrean, were surely above the range of telepathic interference.

His suspicions, however, seemed directly confirmed by the outflow which at last rewarded their patience; for its tenor gave the lie to his late piously expressed belief. The recording pencil dashed down what looked like incoherent curses upon all modern poets and artists, and although this might have been due to the spirits' irritation at the conduct of their medium (who was now mopping his face in an exhausted manner and moving the plate viciously with three of his fingers), its later inscriptions left no doubt as to their true author. They were *epigrams*, bad but unmistakable! Nay worse, they were palpable excerpts from the fatal volume which had so wounded their own sensibilities—they recognised the phrases, "unchartered laureates" and "puny limners," with others equally familiar. But this strong evidence that the Contemporary Critic had been all along tampering with the

spiritual wires led at once to a darker doubt. *What if the Psychologist himself were really the Epigrammatist?* The Poet recalled his odd assertion that the anonymous scribe sat in a chair and smoked, with other incriminating facts: "Sir," he asked sternly, withdrawing his hand from the plate and leaning back in his own chair, "have you ever written epigrams, the English kind I mean?"

"Lots of them," answered the medium with calm effrontery: "I thought I said so. Yes, I always do it when I'm bored—it relieves my mind." He went on to say that there was no reason why he should not; there was no law against it that he ever heard of, and it amused him. He even gave them a few extemporary specimens in proof of his facility.

"Marmaduke, we are betrayed!" exclaimed the Poet, rising to his feet in white indignation.

"Vivian, we are undone!" echoed the Realist, following his example.

"Underdone I should say," remarked the Psychologist genially, as he rose and placed himself with his back to the glowing mid-May fire. "But I think you have had what you wanted," he went on, filling his ninth pipe with an air of gentle melancholy. "You wished for the unbiassed verdict of Time on the Age and its achievements; and I flatter myself that, with the aid of Planchette and a fair university education, I have given you at least that of the past with tolerable accuracy."

A. G. HYDE.

THE COLONIES AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I trust that you will be so good as to permit of my replying, as briefly as I can, to the formidable counter-attack which Mr. Loring delivered against me in your July number? I was at first, I confess, considerably taken aback, on discovering how completely one of my flanks had been turned, and the knowledge as well as debating power arrayed against me appeared irresistible. Upon second thoughts, however, it seems to me that except so far as regards convicting his critic of a failing similar to that which, when exhibited by other people, the critic has been at such pains to condemn, Mr. Loring has left the situation very much as it was. I admit, with regret, that in discussing the question of how best to obtain colonial co-operation in Imperial Naval Defence, I wandered injudiciously beyond the actual points at issue, to the detriment of my argument. In a word, my reference to the "waste-paper-basket" was superfluous and I am sorry for having made it.

That I should have thus delivered myself, inadvisedly, is however of but small, because of only personal, consequence; and meanwhile I have been rejoiced to find that the main principle for which I contended has since been endorsed by no less authority than Mr. Chamberlain himself. Speaking at the Constitutional Club on June 26th, Mr. Chamberlain expressed entire confidence in the future of imperial patriotism, declaring that only time is needed in order

to awaken in all concerned a full sense of their common responsibility for the welfare and security of the Empire. Not a word was said about laying down conditions with a view to extorting more speedy compliance—but quite the contrary. Mr. Chamberlain said:

We all desire closer union and the consolidation of the Empire, and therefore we welcome every advance, and we welcome it in no grudging or huckstering spirit; and we are confident—I think I have a right to speak—and I say I am confident that in the future, as the colonies grow in strength and wealth and knowledge, this patriotism will grow also. (Hear! Hear!) They will be found not unwilling to share on equal or at least proportionate terms the obligations as well as the privileges of Empire. (Cheers.) Then does it not follow that we who are the older country, we who have gone through the parochial stage, and who have risen to the higher conception of national and imperial duty—that we should lead the way—that we should do our part and draw them on by our example? (Cheers, and a voice, "We will.")

It was after having called attention to the splendid services rendered to the Empire by the colonies during the late war, that Mr. Chamberlain used the weighty words which I have quoted and which seem to me to put the whole policy of imperial brotherhood in a nutshell. Mr. Loring is, I am quite sure, "one of those who honestly study the welfare of the Empire"; and yet I am equally certain that some of the methods which he advocates to that end are mistaken and

must, if persisted in, defeat their own object.

The colonies are ready and willing to be led by a sound example, but they will never consent to be driven; and holding a political pistol to their heads will certainly retard rather than accelerate the acceptance by them of their imperial obligations. Mr. Loring denies that his words which I quoted were intended to imply or did imply the suggestion that unless the colonies would undertake a proportionate share of the imperial burden "the colonies should be told that we would not defend them"; and he differentiates between what he desired to indicate and the construction put upon his words, as follows: "the placing of a term to the exclusive responsibility of the United Kingdom for the safety of these colonies is not synonymous with a declaration that the United Kingdom will not undertake to defend the colonies. It is one thing to be ready, in a fitting case, to defend them to the best of our ability and opportunity, and quite another to be solely responsible for their safety."

I admit the distinction between limited and unlimited liability, and that the threat conveyed in the first instance therefore suggested only partial and not entire abandonment; but I still hold that "speaking plainly" about penalties of any kind is most impolitic. Moreover I would point out that Mr. Loring by his own admission, has "more than once had occasion to correct the impression produced by an inaccurate paraphrase" of the sentence in which he proposed to "put a term to" the exclusive responsibilities of the United Kingdom. Mr. Loring will allow, I trust, that any inaccuracy of the paraphrases was unintentional; and granting this much it follows that the words used were

at least open to be misunderstood—which was unfortunate. Limited liability, however plausible the idea may seem, is, I contend, wholly impracticable. So long as the colonies form parts of the British Empire, Great Britain must, whether she will or no, defend any colony against any foreign foe, no matter who it may be, and no matter what may be the origin of the attack. There can be no half-measures.

I am convinced that the colonies will contribute ungrudgingly or not at all, and that otherwise, if by reason of persistent importunity some little might possibly be *extorted* from them, such aid would be dearly purchased, for our success would be but ephemeral. Supposing that as the result of sentimental objections upon their part to dismember the Empire, or through lack of confidence in their own immediate powers to stand alone, the colonies were to make unwilling contributions at the call of the Imperial Government, the result would be that a grievance would rankle to the ultimate destruction of sentiment; and, as soon as increased wealth and population permitted, the colonies would one by one cast off their allegiance.

Sentiment is at the present time not only the single cord which binds the British Empire in a common loyalty to the throne, but also the lever by which alone the obstacles to a complete confederacy can be removed. But to endow this lever of sentiment with the full opportunity for exerting its power, it requires a fulcrum of *business*. In these practical days people ask at once, *will it pay?* Nor do the colonies differ in their view of imperial questions from the people of this country, except that the latter, as a body, are even less inclined than

the former to make sacrifices for the good of the commonwealth without advantage to themselves—or to the political parties through whose baneful influences so many natural inclinations of a patriotic nature have been crushed.

To me at all events one thing seems clear; that no scheme of imperial defence worthy of the name stands the smallest chance of acceptance until imperial federation has first been accomplished; and that the latter itself is very much dependent upon its business aspect. To obtain imperial federation it is needful to show conclusively that it will *pay*, or at least that none of the contracting parties can lose, by accepting it, more than they can well afford and are fully willing to sacrifice for the sake of sentiment. It would obviously be ridiculous that a confederation adopted with a view to promoting British brotherhood in general and a combination for defensive purposes in particular, should through its very consummation be permitted to defeat the latter object, by reducing the wealth so essential to maintaining the required naval and military forces. Whether an intimate system of British confederacy can be organised upon an incontestably sound financial basis, is for the experts in commercial economics to decide—strictly upon the merits of the proposals submitted to them and without reference to party politics.

Meanwhile I think that the question of imperial defence, unless it be for the establishment of a mere *modus vivendi*, must stand over until the greater question in which it is included, imperial federation, has been fully decided. Once the Empire has been federated, an imperial council must necessarily be created, and under its authority every one

of the federated states would be compelled to provide its proportionate contribution towards the defence of the entire commonwealth. It is clear that the will of a majority within an accomplished British federation must be more powerful than the mere wishes of Great Britain alone while as yet no federation has been attained. Nor would such coercion be required only for the cases of backward colonies; it would be needed also as against Great Britain herself, whom the imperial council would certainly, and with reason, call upon to set her military house in order, upon the principle accepted in the colonies that it is the duty of the citizen to bear arms efficiently for his country—in person and not by deputy. At present the volunteers of Great Britain vicariously sustain the burden which an apathetic or unpatriotic majority of their countrymen refuse to touch with one of their fingers. With an efficient army of reasonable strength maintained in Great Britain, the strategical value of the imperial navy would be more than doubled, and the prospects of continued peace be proportionately increased. Certainly the colonies should take their share in the cost of maintaining the sea-power of the Empire, but we must not forget that under existing conditions the citizens of every self-governing colony already are or soon will be liable to compulsory service for the defence of their territories. It is true that arms have not yet been provided for even a moiety of the available men, but this deficiency will eventually be met, and meanwhile it is noteworthy that the colonials, by whom the British birthright of freedom is cherished even more tenderly than by ourselves, have shown us so excellent an example. In a word, the colo-

nials value their freedom so highly that the party vote-catchers have been powerless to prevent the people from determining to defend it when called upon.

We are now at the parting of the ways. If we show the colonies that we are in earnest about the Empire, they will readily enough follow our lead; but if we blindly regard as gospel truth the catch-words upon which our *politicians* have waxed fat, in place of being advised for our good by the few real and patriotic *statesmen* whom we possess, then indeed the fate of Spain and Holland will one day overtake us, and we shall have richly deserved it. Loyal as the colonies are to the throne, they one and all distrust every British government for the time being, and with excellent reasons furnished from the pages of history. British *policy* is so utterly inconsistent that it scarcely deserves the name. This is why we are so unpopular among the nations. We make a pretence of being a people of unblemished honour; and indeed, individually, we are perhaps pre-eminent in this respect, though collectively, if judged by the cross-swearing of our party-hacks, we are liars above all men. The war in South Africa was entirely due to Mr. Krüger's failure to discriminate between the encouraging shrieks of our politicians and the warning voices of our statesmen and patriots. Had we lost South Africa and thus reached the beginning of the end, the responsibility would have rested upon the shoulders of the men who systematically, for party purposes, supported

the cause of our enemies, and threw mud at our gallant troops. It has ever been thus. Our politicians brought about the rebellion of the North American colonies and, not content with this, prevented our generals from suppressing it. Whether the meddlesome incapacity of Lord George Germaine or the disloyalty of the Opposition were the greater curse to Clinton, Burgoyne, and Cornwallis, matters not; it is sufficient that the combination produced the most disastrous and discreditable failure that we have ever experienced.

With such traditions, with such a record, it ill becomes us to prate to the colonies about their duties to the Empire and the honour which they enjoy in forming parts of it. Let us show them instead that we are worthy of our inheritance, because ourselves loyal to that Empire which we have such good reason to revere. "Right or wrong my country" is a sound motto, for it does not infer that one need be blind to the injustice of her cause, if unjust it should happen to be, but that when she is in a quarrel we decline to allow her to be worsted if we can by any means prevent it. Let us then act for the future as Mr. Chamberlain has advised us—"that we should do our part and draw them on by our example." Thus will the four corners of the world be rendered powerless to do us mischief—be it in trade or in arms.

A. W. A. POLLOCK, *Lt.-Colonel.*

Editor of "The United Service Magazine."

July 2nd, 1903.

A VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

It is Good Friday, and the sun is already warm at midday. The little village that lies nestling among the trees, the little cluster of farms and cottages that everywhere takes the shade of elm and ash and sycamore, is awaking to summer life and pleasures. The voices and sounds of labour ring clear in the spring air, the notes of the birds take a bolder trill, and in the fields thick-legged little lambs gallop about their mothers. The thin-voiced church bell tinkles for service; but most of the villagers are otherwise engaged. Good Friday in Hometown, and no doubt in most Yorkshire hamlets, is an eventful day. Holidays are rare with us, and we have few outlets for our pleasure-seeking energies. The old-time sports have long since died out, and the modern substitutes (crowded railway carriages, shooting galleries, football matches, swing-boats and other satisfying and inspiring delights) are not for us. But on the afternoon of Good Friday we open our cricket-season, and even the labourers slouch down to Johnny Gee's ten-acre field, and take an apathetic interest in the proceedings.

Johnny as the treasurer of the village club releases from the dust and darkness of winter the bats, wickets and pads. It is a happy moment for him. Visions of mighty strokes, of glorious heat and striving, of victories over arrogant townsmen, of the ball, sped by his lusty young arm, causing a beautiful yellow splash behind the enemy's ineffectual bat,—these are unconsciously inspiring his tuneless whistle and song, as he marches out

to "the old pitch," with obedient attendants in his rear, carrying the tape and dragging the roller.

One by one the members of the company appear, and doff their coats, preparing to take the tender surface from off the virgin green which the winter has laid. It seems appropriate to liken this half-dozen or so of regular performers to the members of an old theatrical troupe, for each of them has his recognised rôle. Johnny himself is as near the light comedian as a very provincial accent and manner can attain to lightness. "Here gooas for thi legs, John 'Enery!" he cries, as he raises the ball in his brown fist, and John Henry, with more discretion than valour, skips nimbly across his wickets. But on this point it is John William Gee, our leading young man, who is at once our pride and terror. He has been known, when in form, to disable batsman, wicket-keeper and long-stop with one delivery, and his pride in the feat is shared by all the village,—with perhaps the momentary exception of the three sufferers. A youth who can make a ball kick and rise threateningly to one's nose is a valuable asset in a country team on a country wicket, and John William knows his worth. He is without exaggeration a deadly bowler, and when you tell him so, he will admit that you are right without any prudish reticence. "Ah tuk faave wickets o' Satherder," he adds, "and laamed two chaps, one on 'is shoulder and t'other on his ankle." And he laughs a laugh of pride.

The low-comedy element is supplied

by an uncle of John William afore-said. "Art" Gee, the blacksmith, has played for Hometown for twenty years, and obviously has acquired the right to play for it for as many more as he chooses. True, the under-hand slows which were once so dreaded and full of guile have lost their terrors, and are now so harmless that a child might score from them. Further, his joints are "somewhat stiff or so," causing him to choose an easy spot in the field, and leave "the young 'uns to do the fetching and stopping." But his powers of chaff and his capacity for giving advice to friend and foe alike are unlimited, and his whims and vagaries enliven the play considerably. He is very popular with the *ring*, to which his jokes are never old, and his humours never unwelcome.

Groom Ruddiman plays the heavy father of the team. He is in reality about fifty, but what he lacks in years he makes good in importance. He is the leading farmer, and a churchwarden, a district councillor and a guardian and goodness-knows-what beside. Malicious gossip says that he succeeded to these exalted positions because no one else would take them; but no doubt behind this stolid, brick-red countenance and slow, ungainly speech there lurks a brain of great administrative power, and a tongue of eloquence and capacity. Groom dallies with the game now, and his joints and dignity do not unbend often, but he plays whenever he will, for is he not the employer of half the village? His son Tommy, of the good-natured foolish face, is not so easy to place; perhaps he is the stalwart lazy youth of modern farce and musical comedy.

Travis, the publican, takes emphatically a character-part. He is a retired seaman, full of strange oaths and bearded like a Boer. Whenever

by any chance he skilfully stops a dangerous ball with his legs, or happens to encounter it in one of his wild swipes, he announces to all the onlookers within the radius of half a mile, "Ah nivver plaayed afoor—ah dooant reckon ti be a creaketer." His attitude is one of contempt for his own manifest powers. "They asked ma ti play," he bellows, "but ah've not plaayed fur ten yeear or moor." Nevertheless he is full of divers unconvincing excuses when the inevitable happens, and implies that his dismissal is due to the mean strategy of his foe, combined with a spiteful freak on the part of fate.

I feel rather a delicacy in ascribing to our captain his line of talent in the company he commands. Perhaps I shall evade his wrath and satisfy my own love of politeness, by remarking that he could play Surface without his polish, or Tartuffe without his unattractive piety. He has the gift of awarding candid praise which it would be unkind to call hypocritical, together with a dignified sort of self-assertion, and he controls his team admirably. He has evidently studied the art of managing his fellow-creatures. "Horry" is brother of Art Gee, and father of John William, and by far the most interesting member of this talented family. The rest of the eleven changes constantly, and is made up from out of the floating population—labourers for the year, friends from neighbouring hamlets, and strangers visiting Hometown.

And the way of our practising is this. Two or three of the best players announce that they'll "tak t' feeald,"—a challenge which the rest seem to consider it dishonourable to refuse. The stock bowlers bowl, and for all other ambitious ones there is no opening, unless Johnny or John William becomes tired, which is

seldom. The best bats stand the leg-battering as long as they care to, and then get out. The rest of the side are disposed of as rapidly as possible, their own chiefs with praiseworthy impartiality doing their best to finish off the innings, showing more energy than conscience. The same thing is then repeated, and "another innings a side" is voted until the dark falls, and the stumps no longer show. The wicket-keeper for the time uses an ingenious substitute for gloves in the shape of his coat, with which he attempts to smother the ball, and sometimes succeeds. The post of long-stop, in among the long grass and the cattle, is not an enviable one, and strong measures are often required to induce one of the lads to accept it. We are not good fielders. It is told of Tom Emmett, the old Yorkshire bowler, that he played on one occasion with a country team, and that his labours were rendered useless by the fielders, who consistently dropped the ball when it came to them. He was moved to remark audibly that there was "a bloomin' epidemic" among the players, but fervently added that he thanked Heaven it wasn't catching. I am inclined to think that the team must have hailed from Hometown.

Sometimes of an evening, while we are waiting for Johnny Gee, who is sluicing himself in the scullery, or finishing his tea, I sit on the fold-yard fence, gazing across at the old church, and the rustling poplars that hide the graves from our view, and shield us from foolish or untimely thoughts. I am joined by some of the older men, who are now but extinct volcanoes of cricket; but their ears still love that distant crack of bat against ball, so blood-stirring and so musical, and they come evening after evening, and watch, and remember, and sigh, and say little. On one

occasion, however, old Atkinson had a new text.

"Ah reckon nowt o' *these* lads," he said, with a wave of his pipe towards the farmhouse. "Th' gaame i' 'Umton ain't wot it wur i' school-maasther Taylor's time."

"Ay," agreed Mr. Bakeham with a chuckle,— "he *wur* a plaayer, he wur! Ah niver seed the likes on 'im, *not* afoor or sin'."

"Ah mind," continued Atkinson, heartened by this encouragement, "Ah mind 'ut yance he tuk an' lifted t' ball ovver inti t' chotchyard yonner."

I looked behind and before me. The pitch was fifty yards behind, the churchyard a full hundred and fifty in front. "Indeed," I said.

"Ah seed un," corroborated Bakeham. "T' foaks in t' street wur mighty flayed."

"Ay," said Atkinson, warming to his work, "he *wur* a plaayer! He was yan o' th' Hall Hingland eleven afoor 'e coomed 'ere. Theer wur a parson yance 'at bothered 'im an' fairly got 'im waxy. 'Noo then, parson,' 'e says, 'ere gooaas for thi pulpit!' An' he slings yan doon 'at smashed ivry yan o' t' wickets i' two"

"Ay, ah seed 'un," murmured Bakeham. "Wa tells tha nowt bud what wa seed."

"'Twur schoolmaasther Baker 'at 'it a ball that 'igh as they runned ten runs afoor it coomed doon ageean," Atkinson continued.

"Ah coonted 'em," said the faithful Bakeham.

I looked at my two neighbours. Each was sucking his cold pipe and gazing absently into the past—or what he had come to believe was the past. "Did you never play yourselves?" I asked. I was afraid of allowing them to continue in this strain, being such old men, too!

"Ah wur yan o' th' best, i' mi time," said Atkinson with pride. "Ah plaayed fur 'Umton twelve year. Ah wur reckoned a smartish lad. Misther Bakeham there, he wur a good bowler fur a lahtle chap."

"Neean sa bad," said Bakeham, diffidently. "Niver a crecketer like thisen, John 'Enery."

"Ah mind—"

"Yance—"

The two began to speak together, with great animation, then stopped as simultaneously. Johnny and John William were approaching the gate. The old men knew by bitter experience how their reminiscences of former prowess would be received. Against the scoffing of a generation which knew not their youth all their fond recollections of past triumphs were futile. They sank into silence, and when Johnny shouted a greeting to me, and I bade them good-bye, they were stolid, secretive, dour old men once more.

Dull-Town-on-the-Mud boasts a street called John Street, and in this street there stands a church. To this church a number of youths resort on Sunday evenings, chiefly, I fear, to meet openly and with the sanction of the proprieties the young maidens of the congregation. Out of these weedy clerks and assistants a cricket club has been formed, which is accustomed to visit Hometown and beat it regularly every year. This is the match of the summer, and even the feminine heart becomes stirred and excited when the day and the hour arrive for the annual tourney. But though Hometown is usually beaten, there was one match which we very nearly won. And this was the manner of it.

The drag from St. Patrick's Town set down a dozen noisy youths, full of spirits and a self-confidence which was at once insulting and disquieting.

They startled the old rooks with their shouts, and found the chase of a trespassing cow the finest of sport. We rustics gathered together in knots, and watched the townsmen with nervous anticipations. True, we had "borrowed" a couple of good players from a neighbouring village, but there is something over-aweing to the country-dweller in the smartness and assured manner of the cockney.

We were waiting for Horry Gee, when Art came swinging up, his boots slung over his shoulder. "Mak thisens at hooam, gentlemen!" he cried, as he squatted down by the roller and two chairs which constituted the pavilion. "Wheea's gotten a penny?"

"We can't toss till Hor comes," said young Ruddiman sturdily.

"Hor? We can't wait fur 'im; it's laate eneeaf, noo. Ah reckon nowt on 'im, anny rooad. Heads!—Reight; we'll goa in". There was a murmur of protest, which Art ignored, and the captain coming up took command without fuss, and sent in our opponents instead. Whether he would have endorsed his brother's conduct if the coin had turned up tails, I should not like to say.

It cannot be said that we ornamented the field with our presence. The churchgoers wore a uniform white; but our principal costume was a pair of *bags*, surmounted by a grey shirt, braces and dickey. Nor can it be said that we were as useful as we might have been by way of compensation. Our wicket-keeper stood several yards back and religiously avoided the ball, making up for this frailty by turning and abusing the long-stop. Three of us were deposed in disgrace before the innings was over. As for the fielders, you can imagine their behaviour by supposing the harmless leather to be a red-hot cannon-ball. But John Wil-

liam did nobly. Several of the John Streeters went (out) in bodily fear of him, and said so, whereat he laughed aloud in pride.

Horry stood at mid-wicket and directed operations. "Ay, that near knocked 'im! . . . A lahtle further up, John William . . . Get well on to yon off-stump . . . Tak' a longer run . . . Pitch 'em hup—well hup, sir—no, not that length!" The ball was rushing through distant clover.

"I know—I know," answered John William with some heat. "I slipped that time."

Art was in his element now. He was changing the bowlers, ordering the fielders, advising the batsmen, and thoroughly enjoying himself. Then he confiscated the ball and took an over, whereupon the young men from John Street enjoyed themselves.

The hot afternoon wore on. A relay of nine of Ruddiman's daughters came to sit on the grass, that youth and beauty should not be wanting, and quite twenty spectators gathered about the scorers, who were making chaos of the printed form in the customary manner.

At length all the John Streeters were disposed of, partly by John William, partly by Johnny, but chiefly by Groom Ruddiman. He was the umpire. Leaning with dignity on his bat (why does a country umpire wear a bat? It is one of the mysteries of the game) the farmer stood and gave judgement, looking far too impressive to be doubted or flouted. Did he not examine the whole pitch carefully, before he declared a man stumped? Did he not go into some elaborate calculations with a bat and a wicket before pronouncing a townsman as "leg-before"? After such evidence of impartiality it was mere spite which caused the

foe to protest that the worthy parish councillor didn't know half the rules of the game, and was abusing the ones that he did know.

We all of us agreed, when we met at practice on the following Monday, that we were even more unlucky than usual on this occasion. What could be more untoward than the fact that Johnny Gee was caught off the first ball he tried to lift? True, he played across at it with his bat, but that was unintentional. It was generally acknowledged that "Hor" did a smart thing when he rubbed his arm after giving a catch, and was ruled not out. When a large lump appeared on his hand it was, of course, too late to make any fuss. Travis made one big hit, on which he loudly expatiated, but was sent back with a ball bowled, it appeared, when he wasn't ready—which was clearly a crying shame.

The time to draw stumps was at hand, and no victim trembling in the dentist's chair could have regarded it with more agony of suspense than we did. Young Adams from Patrick's Town was making the score for us, and Art was keeping his end up. Five minutes more, and three runs to win! We shouted at every ball. A swift ball that required the customary "coat of paint" to have lowered Art's bails sped away for two byes. A tie! Art showed an exaggerated carelessness. Adams struck the ball past point and called to his colleague.

"Not I," answered Art with a lordly disdain. "I isn't gannin' ti run fur sich a lahtle 'un!"

The next moment he was clean bowled. We crowded round Gee, and explained to him our views of his conduct. We put the case quite plainly, but he was not at all moved. He said, "Ah wasn't gannin' ti run fur sich a lahtle un. Why didn't 'e 'it it 'arder? Ah wud!"

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

THE extensive preparations which are now being made for celebrating the centenary of the birth of Hector Berlioz are sufficiently suggestive of the change that has come over the world of music since the days of the older masters. Mendelssohn declared that after touching a score of Berlioz soap and water were imperatively necessary, and that was the general view of his time. Wagner had not arrived. Music was built exclusively upon classical models, and the man who was original enough to strike out a design for himself was regarded as an object suitable only for a musical strait-jacket.

In one chapter of his autobiography Berlioz has described, with inimitable skill, his three days' agonies when writing a musical critique. Something of the same difficulty besets the individual who sits down to write a sketch of the most daringly original of all composers. Biographers of Schumann have complained that the literary side of his career has not been sufficiently dwelt upon because of the more pressing claims of his music. In Hector Berlioz we have to look not only at the composer and the literary man, but at several other characters besides. With his music he shook his time like a volcanic eruption; with his caustic pen and bitter tongue he excited the wrath of nearly all contemporary artists; and when, as a conductor, he took up the baton, it was to show himself almost inspired—provided he liked the composer! No such combination has ever appeared in the history of the musical art. Berlioz's compositions stand ab-

solutely alone in their kind; and Berlioz himself—he is the one fiery meteor in the musical heavens, the flaming portent at which we still look with mingled admiration and astonishment.

It would take a long time to tell all the interesting details of the life-story of this singular being. Happily it is almost impossible to tell anything that is not of interest. His father, a medical man, was a freethinker, his mother a *dévôte*. The father wanted to make him a medical man too, but Hector rebelled, and gave himself up to music. "Become a physician!" he cried; "study anatomy; dissect; take part in horrible operations? No, no! That would be a total subversion of the natural course of my life." True, he did give medicine a trial. But it was only a trial. On entering the dissecting room he was so convulsed with horror that he jumped from the window and rushed to his lodgings in an agony of dread and disgust. It had to be music in spite of father and everything.

Unaccountably enough, Berlioz took to the flute (later he took to the guitar!), and, like Wagner, was never proficient at the piano. As a child he delighted in books of travel, a trait which was exemplified in after years by his incessant wanderings. As a scholar he was dull enough till he read Virgil, when the story of Dido aroused his sympathy and awakened his love of literature. To the last the sorrows of Dido moved him, and one of his latest works was *LES TROYENS À CARTHAGE*. Musically he was no prodigy; indeed, his taste for

the art was not awakened till his first communion, when his passionate emotion was excited by a hymn set to a tune taken from D'Alayrac's forgotten opera of *NINA*.

By the time that he entered the Paris Conservatoire as a pupil of Lesueur, the inexorable parent had stopped supplies, and young Berlioz was forced to earn a scanty subsistence by singing in the chorus of an obscure theatre. He gives an amusing account of his going to compete with the horde of applicants,—butchers, bakers, shop-apprentices—each with his roll of music under his arm. It was only fifty francs a month that he got from this miserable appointment, but even that was a substantial addition to his resources. Hitherto he had slept in an unfurnished garret, and shivered under scanty bedclothing, eating his bread and his grapes on the Pont Neuf, wondering, like Hamlet, whether it might not be better to take arms against his sea of troubles and so end them. Now he was able to house and feed himself a little more comfortably. Berlioz never hesitated about modes of making a living. Whatever divine afflatus he might have been conscious of possessing, he seldom trusted to it, but worked as doggedly at writing reviews, singing in theatres and elsewhere, giving lessons, and “arranging” music for the publishers as the most unimaginative drudge. At the Conservatoire he was treated very badly. The director of those days was that dreary old pedant Cherubini, who positively hated him, no doubt because of his light-hearted contempt for the traditional rules of harmony and counterpoint. It was the case of Haydn and Beethoven over again, with differences. Beethoven went to Haydn for lessons and then declared that Haydn taught him nothing. But

Beethoven was already a musical revolutionist; Haydn was content to walk in the old ways. The two men belonged almost to different centuries, and the disposition which the younger artist had for “splendid experiments” must have seemed to the mature musician little better than madness and licentious irregularity.

So it was with Cherubini and Berlioz. It is positively staggering to recall the fact that, in spite of such a remarkable achievement as the *SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE*, which he wrote while a pupil at the Conservatoire, Berlioz was repeatedly plucked, and was awarded a prize for composition only after the fourth trial. Imagine Sebastian Bach being told that he was unsuccessful as a candidate for the Fellowship of the Royal College of Organists! But what, indeed, could be expected of the Paris of that time? Even Beethoven was hardly tolerated there in Berlioz's student days. Conductors cut and carved him to suit the French taste, which pronounced him “bizarre, incoherent, diffuse, bristling with rough modulations and wild harmonies, destitute of melody, forced in expression, noisy, and fearfully difficult.” Even England would have none of the Bonn master's now immortal works. To John Bull they were but “the obstreperous roarings of modern frenzy.” If it was so with Beethoven, what measure of tolerance could be expected for Berlioz? Fortunately he was not easily put out by opposition. The anti-pathetic treatment of Cherubini and the dons only stimulated him to greater exertion, and his triumph came at last in 1830, when he took the first prize (the famous *Prix de Rome*) with the cantata *SARDANAPALE*. This prize carries with it a government pension supporting the winner for three years at Rome. Thither Berlioz now went,

rather unwillingly, as he tells us. Haydn and Chopin sighed for Italy, which neither of them ever saw, and Handel had his severe German style chastened by intercourse with the musicians of that land of song. To Berlioz Italy was entirely barren, an arid wilderness, without one oasis to refresh the thirsty soul. He hated Rome: Rome had only pictures and statues. He had no eye for pictures, and when he speaks of Rome's treasures of that kind, it is generally in disparaging terms. There is hardly anything more singular—a man who loved beauty in nature, in form, in poetry, in literature, and yet was utterly insensible to painting, the best exponent of nature, and the sister of music and poetry.

The autobiography contains much that is of curious interest regarding this interval of study in Italy. One judges that Berlioz did very little real study. Stevenson "looked in" at his classes at Edinburgh University when the day happened to be wet. Berlioz did much the same in Rome. He was a dreamer and liked to roam about in the moonlight in search of adventures. The ruins of the Coliseum were a favourite haunt, and the lonely Campagna was often visited by the lonely musician. Berlioz declared that Italy could teach him nothing of his art. Italian music was to him *anathema maranatha*, just as it was to Wagner. He went to the theatres only to find that everything,—orchestra, dramatic unity, and what not—was sacrificed to vocal display. At St. Peter's and the Sistine Chapel religious earnestness and dignity were frittered away in pretty part-singing, in mere frivolity and meretricious display. The word *symphony* was not known, except to indicate an indescribable noise before the rising of the curtain. Nobody had heard of Weber and Beethoven (this was in 1830, remember); and

Mozart, dead all but forty years, was mentioned by a well-known musical connoisseur as a young man of great promise! "Such surroundings as these," says a biographer, "were a species of purgatory to Berlioz, against whose bounds he fretted and raged without intermission. The director's receptions were signalised by the performance of insipid cavatinas, and from these, as from his companions' revels, in which he would sometimes indulge with the maddest debauchery, as if to kill his own thoughts, he would escape to wander in the majestic ruins of the Coliseum, and see the magic Italian moonlight shimmer through its broken arches."

Berlioz never completed his time in Italy. He managed to get the last six months of his exile remitted, and he went back to Paris in a furious paroxysm of rage. There was a woman in the question, and a rival had appeared. Berlioz, like Burns, was always in love—more or less. To him, as to Sir Thomas Browne, the silent note which Cupid struck was far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. Before he was twelve he had a *grande passion*, one that lasted till his death. He loved the beautiful Estelle—Stella Montis, he called her. He worshipped her large eyes, her long hair, her pink shoes; he hated his officer-uncle who danced with the goddess. Estelle was nineteen, Hector twelve; and apparently she was more amused than sympathetic with the boy's mad admiration. She even forgot it. He saw her no more for seventeen years, and then she was Madame F——. She did not recognise her juvenile admirer in the young man who, unwarned of her approach, handed her a letter from his mother; but he remembered her, and the sight only revived agonies of disappointed love.

One thinks of Goethe and his Gretchen,—Goethe the youth of fifteen, who was so mortified when he was told how the object of his adoration had declared that she always treated him as a child, and that her inclination towards him was “truly sisterly.” Goethe took “dreadfully ill” over this business; Berlioz went and consoled himself with another love affair.

This time it was a Mlle. M—. She was a frivolous and unscrupulous Parisian beauty, and she drained his none too well filled purse very freely, much as the Signora Polzelli of Count Esterhazy’s musical establishment drained the purse of bandmaster Haydn. Berlioz had to leave his lady behind when he went to Italy, and his absence made her fonder of somebody else. In fact she was now going to be married. The news reached Hector in Rome, just as he was thinking of packing up and returning leisurely to Paris. It should have gladdened his heart, but instead of that it set up a spirit of revenge, and he hurried off with pistols in his pockets, not even waiting for passports. He attempted to cross the frontier in woman’s clothes, and was arrested. Ultimately he got to the capital after a variety of little adventures, but by that time his wrath had cooled down and he found no use for his pistols. This was one of the most characteristic episodes in Berlioz’s career. Berlioz did nothing by halves. As one of his biographers has put it, his finely adjusted mind worked only at high pressure; he either did things or did them not. All through his life he was wildly enthusiastic; and whether he was writing a love-letter or a symphony, whether he presided over the production of his latest opera, or assisted at the exhumation of his wife’s bones, he addressed himself to his task with

a whole heart and with a determination to extract the last flavour from each experience. Every sensation of his existence was a cup to be drained to the dregs, and he smacked his lips almost as heartily over the bitter draught as over the sweet.

Berlioz certainly had some bitter draughts to swallow. I have been speaking of his love affairs. The romantic passion which most influenced his life began when he had reached the comparatively sober age of twenty-seven. He had caught the contagion of an enthusiasm for Shakespeare which, thanks mainly to Victor Hugo, was then raging in Paris. Ophelia and Juliet were his favourite heroines, and Ophelia and Juliet were being impersonated by Harriet Smithson, a pretty Irish actress, over whose charms a good many people at home had lost their wits. Harriet created quite a furore among the excitable Parisians; but while for the most part she was merely admired by other men, she became with Berlioz the object of a perfectly devouring passion. To him she was a celestial divinity, a lovely ideal of art and beauty, a personification of the transcendent genius of Shakespeare himself. To win this angelic being became the chief end of his existence. “Oh, that I could find her!” he exclaims, “the Juliet, the Ophelia that my heart calls to; that I could drink in the intoxication of mingled joy and sadness that only true love knows! Could I but rest in her arms one autumn eve, rocked by the north wind and sleeping my last sleep.” A French philosopher who argues that love is a disease, says no man raves about a woman unless he is a bit “off colour.” Berlioz was very much off colour. But he meant to have the Juliet that his heart called to before he fell into his last sleep.

His first step was to give, at great expense, a concert at which he hoped his Harriet would be present. Unluckily the concert proved a failure, and, worst of all, the adored one was not there—she had not even heard of it. Berlioz was in utter despair. But fortune favours the brave. In course of time the Shakespearean craze began to wane, and Miss Smithson found herself in pecuniary straits. Subsequently she had a fall, broke her leg, and was incapacitated from ever again appearing on the stage. Now was Berlioz's opportunity. His passion burned as fiercely as ever, and presently he was on his knees before the enthralling Harriet, offering to marry her and to pay her debts. She accepted him out of her necessity, and the wedding was celebrated without delay. Thus began a connection that led to the most deplorable results. An old English bishop once remarked that "there is but one shrew in all the world, and every man hath her." Berlioz would have heartily agreed with the bishop. He soon discovered that his divinity was a woman of fretful, imperious temper, jealous of mere shadows, and (like Haydn's wife) caring not whether her husband were an artist or a cobbler, totally lacking in sympathy with his ideals. In course of time her peevish complaints and ungovernable jealousy fairly damped the composer's ardour, and in the end, (again like Haydn) he went his own way, and provided for her living apart. Berlioz came very creditably out of this unfortunate business. One child, a son, was born of the union, and his loss at sea while cruising on a man-of-war was one of the severest blows that he experienced in his sadly embittered existence.

But to return to Berlioz's profes-

sional career. Back in Paris, fresh from his "studies" in Italy, the young artist soon found that he could not live by writing music. He had been unpopular at the Conservatoire; and he was still more unpopular now. His insolence, his eccentricity, his innovations, raised him up a host of enemies; and matters were not improved when he eventually became a musical critic, and scarified hapless conventional musicians and managers with his scathing words. Much has been written about the savage way in which Berlioz was attacked during almost the whole of his professional life. Here is a suggestive extract from *THE EXPERIMENTAL NOVEL* of the late M. Zola. "Since Berlioz's death," says the novelist,

we know what his triumph has been. To-day we bow reverently before his tomb and proclaim him the glory of our modern school. This great man whom they vilified, whom they dragged in the gutter during his life, is applauded in his coffin. All the lies circulated about him, all the odious, ridiculous stories, all the silly attacks, all the efforts of hatred and envy to soil him have disappeared like dust swept away by the wind; and he remains standing alone in his glory. It is London, it is St. Petersburg, it is Berlin, alas! which were right in opposition to Paris. But do you think that this example will cure the crowd of its frivolity and fools of their spite when brought face to face with individual talent? Ah, no! To-morrow an original musician may be born, and he will find exactly the same hisses, the same calumnies and will have to begin exactly the same battle should he desire the same victory. Stupidity and unfairness are eternal.

This is putting it exactly as one might expect from a novelist who has constituted himself special pleader. But it is all an exaggeration. To say nothing of the antipathy aroused by his music, which even now is regarded as sufficiently bizarre, Berlioz only got what he gave by his pen and his

tongue. It is a dangerous thing for a composer to turn professional musical critic even when he is manfully resolved to sink his personal prejudices; it is a still more dangerous thing when, of set purpose, he seeks to estimate the work of others according to his own particular shibboleth. Berlioz had no toleration for anything that did not fit in with his peculiar art theories. The great masters themselves he held in scarcely disguised contempt. "Bach is Bach, just as God is God," said he; "of criticism nobody thinks." He professed to know nothing of Handel; Haydn he laughed to scorn as a pedantic old baby. He had no patience with Mozart, and to the end of his life he could not be persuaded to hear Mendelssohn's *ELIJAH*. In short, his contention seems to have been, in effect, that all new music should supply the quietus for the music that has gone before. Insistence on a doctrine of that kind was hardly likely to conciliate those musicians who, like Cherubini, looked exclusively to the past for musical guidance. But this was a small matter compared with the way in which Berlioz wrote and spoke of living artists. One editor stated it very well when, in returning his manuscript, he wrote: "Your hands are too full of stones, and there are too many glass windows about." Berlioz's hands were always full of stones. He told the truth, or what seemed to him the truth, and never once considered the consequences. Read his letters and you find that he introduced the most cutting things, often in the form of post-scripts—questions with pointed irony which, as someone has said, resembled prussic acid made of bitter almonds.

Nor was it in Paris only that he was detested. Wherever his name was known it excited resentment.

Some called him a monster; others called him a mountebank. Even about his appearance people began to entertain the most absurd ideas. They imagined him to be a kind of ogre, a man who might have been in prison like Stradivarius, or, like Paganini, have tickled his wife to death. The music-seller, Johann Hofmann, of Prague, exhibited in his shop a plaster impression of the well-known bust of Caracalla from the Capitoline Museum. If visitors pointed out this tiger-like face, distorted in demoniacal fury, and asked, shuddering, whom it represented, the waggish Hofmann would say: "It is the portrait of the famous Berlioz." It was the same everywhere. He was abused at home and ignored abroad—"a physician who plays the guitar and fancies himself a composer." No doubt Berlioz did suffer a vast amount of injustice, but his suffering was due at least as much to his own reckless lack of discretion in print and speech as to the daring qualities of his music. "He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare," says the poet. Berlioz had few friends to begin with, and most of the few he converted into enemies before he had travelled far in his strenuous and stormy career.

Of the part of that career still unnoticed, it is not necessary to say much. It was the same thing right on to the end: an indomitable fight with poverty and persistent opposition, one great work after another falling still-born on the public interest. "In all art history," says a writer on the subject, "there is no more masterful, heroic struggle than Berlioz waged for thirty-five years, firm in his belief that some time, if not during his own life, his principles would be triumphant, and his name ranked among the immortals." In the meanwhile he had to solve the problem of

living, and he solved it by continuing his newspaper-writing. We get a vivid idea of his misery from that remarkable book, the *MÉMOIRES DE HECTOR BERLIOZ*, which can be read from cover to cover as one reads the most enthralling romance. "Let me stand all day, baton in hand," he says, "training a chorus, singing their parts myself, and beating the measure until I spit blood, and cramp seizes my arm; let me carry desks, double basses, remove platforms, nail planks like a porter or a carpenter, and then spend the night in rectifying the errors of copyists. That belongs to my musical life, and I bear it without thinking of it, as the hunter bears the thousand fatigues of the chase. But to scribble eternally for a livelihood—!" Here was the bitterness of the situation. The general public, his countrymen and fellow-citizens, would have none of Berlioz the composer, but Berlioz the writer of caustic criticisms, the man whose pen was "ready, aye ready" for the fray—that was the man with whom they laughed as they contemplated the writhing victims of his merciless satire. Just before his death, a lonely, embittered man, old at sixty-five, they began to have some faint glimmerings of his greatness. But what did it matter then? In 1869 he went to his rest. Many eulogies were uttered over his grave, and someone most appropriately quoted from the epitaph of Marshal Trivulce: "Quiet at last, who never was quiet before."

To give anything like an adequate estimate of Berlioz as a composer at the tail-end of a short article is manifestly impossible. His works, never popular in his own day, are not popular now. The general idea is that this is due to the fact that most of them are cast in so gigantic a mould; that they call for orchestral and other resources seldom at the

command of the modern conductor. But this is quite an erroneous idea. Wagner calls for greater resources than Hector Berlioz, and modern orchestras are equal to Wagner at all points. The reason for Berlioz not having made his way to the heart of the general musical public is altogether different. It lies, as a German critic has well phrased it, in the irregularities of his compositions, in the forcible transgression of the ever-immovable boundary of the beautiful and true, in the repulsive passages which cannot be balanced by the beautiful parts that often stand close to them. Berlioz knew no other regulator for his music than poetical intention, poetical intention of the widest description, for which he took the material from Shakespeare, Goethe, Byron, and others. His music puffs itself out to appear as great as a Lear, a Faust. The old warning of Æsop does not frighten him. At last the inevitable happens: the inflated creation bursts! Nor is this all. Berlioz was far too fond of the horrible. Like Baudelaire, he would rather evoke the shudder than call up a pleasant sensation. His Faust must be sent to hell, in spite of Goethe's general pardon. "It is more effective so," he said. A single Satan makes ten times the noise of a chorus of angels.

Berlioz has been classed with the Romantics. A Romantic he unquestionably was by temperament; but his music,—all colour, nuance, and brilliancy—is not genuinely romantic in its themes. Compare him with Schumann, for example, and the genuine romanticist kills the virtuoso. Berlioz was in fact a magnified virtuoso. His orchestral technique was supreme, but his music fails to force its way into the soul. As an American critic remarked the other day, it pricks the nerves, it

pleases one's sense of the gigantic, the bizarre, the formless ; but there is something uncanny about it all, as if some huge prehistoric bird were sullenly floating about in a sultry, cream-coloured sky. Heine called him "a colossal nightingale, a lark of eagle size, such as they tell us existed in the primeval world." And Heine, amateur as he was, summed up the qualities of his music better than any one I know. "In general," he said, "Berlioz's music has in it something primeval if not antediluvian to my mind. It makes me think of gigantic species of extinct animals, of fabulous empires full of fabulous sins, of heaped-up impossibilities. His

magical accents call to our minds Babylon, the hanging gardens, the wonders of Nineveh, the daring edifices of Mizraim." Such, in effect, was the style of the man who, in Wagner's words, "lies buried beneath the ruins of his own machines." Whether the centenary celebrations will do anything towards his resuscitation remains to be seen. A four days' festival, a Berlioz album containing special articles by "illustrious musicians," and a new edition of the Berlioz compositions in fifteen folio volumes ought to have some effect in that direction.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

TAMMANY AND THE PURITANS.

It is no heresy to assert that there are spots in the sun. And therefore, while we all agree in admiration for the United States of America (or, as many prefer to say, our blood-brothers across the Atlantic—a kinship which America seldom disdains to acknowledge), while we sing proper pæans to the resourceful commercialism and sublime if somewhat strident efficiency of these highly creditable relatives, it is permissible to remind ourselves that even in America the last perfection of political development has not been attained, and that even efficiency must be paid for at a price. In plainer language, we have it on the word of an intelligent American that in the chief city of America, where all men are *ex hypothesi* free, arbitrary despotism—the rule of an irresponsible individual and his satellites—exists for all citizens who cannot afford a costly legal struggle; and that this oppressive and corrupt officialdom is maintained by the power of those great commercial corporations whose accumulated millions are the inspiration of journalists and the contemporary wonder of the world.

Mr. Alfred Hodder's unusually readable book¹ is primarily an account of the campaign against Tammany Hall and its minions which was conducted by Judge Jerome, first in his judicial capacity, then as a candidate for office. But in its essence it is an answer to the question: Why does an institution

like Tammany exist in a country like the United States? How does it come to be possible that policemen in New York should be deaf to screams for help proceeding from certain houses?

Mr. Hodder, who is like so many people now-a-days self-consciously Anglo-Saxon, but who lacks some of the self-complacency which commonly completes the type, attributes these facts to a racial characteristic. The Anglo-Saxon, he says, is an idealist in profession, but not in practice: that is why foreigners call him a hypocrite. And yet, as Mr. Hodder thinks, the accusation is unjust, because the New England Puritan honestly believes that good is done by enunciating principles which sound well, without any intention of putting them into practice. And, since the most emphatic way of enunciating a principle is framing it into a law, the American statute-books affirm that it shall be criminal to sell drink on Sundays, criminal to keep a gaming-house, criminal to maintain premises for illicit sexual intercourse. States compete with one another in this declaration of virtuous principles; and those which prohibit alcohol altogether simply go beyond the rest in the emphasis with which they assert that drinking whisky is an evil; they do not at all propose to prevent or desist from the drinking of whisky.

Laws of this kind are not framed to become a dead letter; they are designed for what is habitually called (it seems) *liberal enforcement*,—although *frugal* would be the better

¹ A FIGHT FOR THE CITY. By Alfred Hodder. London and New York, 1908.

adjective. The legislators in fact propose to secure for the community a double benefit; first the moral gain that accrues from the emphatic enunciation of a virtuous ordinance; secondly the practical gain of enabling the police to check bad cases—to interfere when the thing becomes a nuisance. Unhappily, no guiding lines can be laid down by the Legislature for intervention, because if you prohibit *in toto* the sale of drink on Sundays, it is impossible to add a rider specifying the conditions under which the sale shall be prohibited. The selection of those who must be made examples therefore rests with the police; and since all persons who sell drink on Sundays are equally criminal before the law, but all cannot be and are not meant to be prosecuted, the policemen have to be guided in their selection by reasons of personal preference, which the drink-sellers are not slow to provide.

It is at this point that the racial cleavage in America begins to show itself. The Anglo-Saxons make the laws, dictate the principles; the Irish and the Germans enforce them. And, as Mr. Hodder points out, if Tammany is a society for the exploitation of vice, it is also up to a certain point an agency for its repression. Vice is penalised, not legally but illegally.

"At present," said Mr. Jerome in one of his public addresses, "the police force and the politicians are no longer content with levying blackmail upon gamblers. They insist upon appointing all the employees of the establishment, except the doorkeeper who is a confidential employee and not subject to civil service rules; and further they insist on nominating a partner in the business who takes from twenty to thirty per cent. Vice is growing almost unprofitable in this community; it is in need of a protective tariff."

In short a system of licensing has been devised not by the law but by its administrators. The choice of examples cannot be made haphazard and it is made on a system convenient to those who select. Publicans and the rest have immunity if they provide Tammany with funds for its political purposes—on which funds a handsome percentage is levied by the collectors of this illicit tax. The fact to note is that neither Mr. Hodder nor Mr. Jerome regards this as an evil arising out of the presence in New York of Irishmen and Germans; they both admit that if the thing was not done by Tammany which is Democrat it would be done by some similar body among the Republicans. The reason why the power of New York actually rests with Tammany, that is, in the main, with the Irish, appears to be that this illegal organisation is in reality a clan, and the Irish have a genius for clannishness. Mr. Hodder is almost disposed to testify on behalf of Tammany.

It has accomplished quietly and effectually for its own innumerable members what has been too often fussily and ineffectually attempted for the community at large. It has supplied in time of need material aid without the intervention of a Charity Organisation and legal aid without the intervention of a Legal Aid Society.

And if we hear more of Tammany than of other agencies for corruption, that is not because its representatives are more corrupt but because they are less plausible. The conscience of New York was shocked not by the actions of Mr. William Devery but by his obiter dicta—by his contemptuous flouting of principles which no one expected him to observe.

Mr. Devery more than any other man seems to have rendered possible the campaign in which Judge Jerome

played so prominent a part. He was Chief of Police in New York and held court weekly on Tuesdays, to the delight and scandal of the city. One of his police was brought before him charged with reckless use of his revolver. "Did you hit your man? No? Fined thirty days' pay for not hittin' him." At last a Committee of Fifteen was appointed unofficially to enquire into the conditions of Mr. Devery's rule, and it was in pursuing these investigations that Judge Jerome first grew notorious or notable. He issued the search warrants on demand, but, instead of handing them to the police to serve, he went in person. The ordinary channels for issuing warning thus being closed, he frequently came upon gambling saloons in full swing, and when he did, he constituted a court there and then. No one was spared, and at last one high public official was obliged to explain in the newspaper that he had only visited the place "to search for his wayward son." In another case a disorderly house was raided, in consequence of frequent and unavailing prayers from the neighbourhood to the police for its suppression. When the raid took place, the police captain was discovered in one of the rooms. Yet, let it be noted, the grand jury refused to indict this credit to the force. Another police officer, who had deserted his wife, was sentenced by Mr. Jerome to three months' detention for failure to support his three children, whom he had allowed to be supported in a charitable institution for four years—during all which time he was in the police-force. On his release he had to appear before Mr. Devery and explain his absence. He simply pleaded that he had been sentenced by Judge Jerome; Mr. Devery at once dismissed the complaint, and gave orders that he should receive his pay for the

three months he had spent in the penitentiary.

It was to combat this kind of thing that the Fusion Ticket was started at the elections of 1901, by which is meant a league of the whole Republican party with all those who stood for decency. Party questions were expressly set aside; the Fusionists made decency their one cry. Mr. Jerome was adopted by the party as candidate for the post of District Attorney, forced on the Republican party by the "Citizens' Union"—the organisation which had set on foot the raids in whose course he had grown so conspicuous. Respectable politicians distrusted him, for there had been a great lack of formality in all his proceedings; he had helped to "rush" barred doors, he had presided in courts constituted as has been described, seated on a gaming table; people had begun to call him "Carrie Nation Jerome," as if he were no less wild a crusader than the temperance lady who set out to smash public house windows and furniture with a hatchet. But from the moment that he appeared on the platform it was evident that his candidature was the popular success of the list. People who groaned under the police tyranny, working men in tenement houses who found that prostitutes were free to carry on their business in the next flat to some industrious and clean living family, realised that this man was in earnest, knew the truth and meant to speak it.

It seems that he undoubtedly did so; and it had all the charm of a novelty. The first danger which threatened his candidature was the proposed advent of fashionable lady helpers from the "brownstone district," or, as we should say, from the west end. Mr. Jerome went up to meet an audience of them and told them "in the name of God to keep

above Fourteenth Street!" The women of the labouring quarter had, he told them, "forgotten more politics than they of his audience would ever learn." They knew nothing; it was too late to learn; there were just two things they could do. First, they could raise money. Secondly, they could "clean their own homes," and see that their own men-kind voted as good citizens should do. It must have been a stimulating occasion, and one would have liked to hear the speech and observe the audience. Meekness is no trait of the American woman.

However, Mr. Jerome did not leave it at that. Instead of letting the rich go and preach duty to the poor, he continued on his part to preach duty to the rich, and especially to rich women, the chief body-guard and buttress of what Mr. Hodder aptly calls "the administrative lie." He explained to them that although laws totally prohibiting prostitution were passed mainly to please them and persons like them, the evil was inevitable and could not be stamped out; that, if openly recognised and admitted as inevitable, the evil could be dealt with "scientifically and coldly," whereas, at present "there is not a man," he said, "can rise on the floor of the Legislature to advocate laws dealing with this problem in sane and sober fashion, without knowing that he will meet political death as he finishes his speech." While this was so, no hope could be entertained of changing the law. And yet while the law stood as it did, he told them, there could be no prospect of a real reform. One set of officials who enjoyed arbitrary power could be removed to make place for another, on whom the possession of arbitrary power would have the same result.

Thus it will be seen that the object of his campaign was to rally the forces

of decency; and in so far as it was a propaganda it was addressed to the respectable rich. The respectable poor were with him. They were quite willing to sacrifice the law which made it a crime to keep a disorderly house in order to secure a regulation by which disorder could be dealt with whenever it became a nuisance; by which the prostitute could at least be restrained from following her trade in crowded tenement houses. It was the respectable rich who needed to be convinced that fine sounding laws meant the immolation of reality on the altar of good appearance; and that the very men who reaped enormous profits out of licensed breaches of the law were the readiest to assist in passing new laws of a still more Draconian aspect, in order to enlarge the field of plunder.

Mr. Jerome did not deal much in the abstract. His principle was simple. Laws which never could be enforced while human nature remained imperfect must be repealed, and replaced by laws admitting of rigorous enforcement, for the execution of which the police could be held strictly answerable. The advantage of such a change he impressed by a hundred instances of things as they were. All are significant but one or two may be quoted. An inspector was appointed in one of the great departments, and the company which supplied the department was allied to Tammany. The inspector passed over a number of extortionate charges, and at last arrived at an item of five dollars for two pounds of sponges. He asked for the sponges; they were produced, put on the scales and weighed four ounces. Next day the company's agent called to enquire if the account was passed. "No," said the inspector, "you must make the sponges right." "The sponges are all

right." "No," said the doctor, "there are no two pounds of sponges here; we put them on the balance and they weighed only four ounces." "Hell," said the inspector, "*did you weigh them dry?*"

Even prettier, perhaps, is the tale of an illustration which Mr. Jerome used to explain the working of corruption in municipal affairs. The case which he imagined was that of a scarcity of lemons in the New York market, which a merchant foresaw. The merchant cabled to his agent on the Mediterranean: "Ship so many thousand lemons by first steamer." When the scarcity grew evident, other shipments followed, but the far-seeing man was first and stood to make a handsome profit. His customs dues were paid, and he was ready to go off triumphant, when an inspector of the Board of Health arrived, and declared that the lemons must be handpicked. This meant the loss of several days, and consequently of the market: the buyer said, "What is it worth?" "Well, two hundred and fifty will do this time," was the inspector's answer, and the blackmail was paid. This was Judge Jerome's hypothetical case, but in the newspapers it was carelessly reported as historic. Next day the judge was visited by an official, who lingered, beat about the bush and finally said he came from the Health department. "Say, Judge, who put you next about these lemons?" The hypothetical case had occurred! For many similar details the reader must be referred to Mr. Hodder's pages. Particularly sympathetic is the institution of picnics organised by leading officials in the police, for which costermongers take tickets at five dollars a head, and so secure by the only safe means a renewal of their licences.

But, after all, if Judge Jerome be right, the petty corruption of the

police and other minor officials, burdensome and unjust though it be to the defenceless, is at worst only a symptom of the deeper-seated evil—the true curse of the United States. The strongest of all powers there is the money-power—"the respectable and criminal rich," to quote one of Judge Jerome's unsparing phrases. If Tammany and the analogues of Tammany exist in any large American city, that is chiefly because the great chiefs of the money-power desire to have venal persons in the places of public trust.

When it began to be clear that the Fusionists would not only win, but if they won might actually reform administration, a new factor made itself felt in the struggle. The head of the Metropolitan street railway, which appears to be one of the greatest corporations in America, departed from his usual attitude of neutrality and declared for Tammany. Mr. Jerome instantly attacked him with the gloves off. The Metropolitan street railway had acquired, he said, virtually as a gift almost every public franchise belonging to the city of New York. It had got without paying for them—except in the form of bribery—privileges whose sale should have eased the burden of the taxpayers. And the money so acquired was used not in the public interest but against it; to debauch boards of aldermen, Legislature, the Supreme Court itself. That was the final issue put nakedly and clearly; and the more audaciously it was put—for Mr. Jerome, though allied with the Republicans, did not hesitate to accuse publicly the chief Republican manager, Senator Platt, of intriguing with the head of the railway—the stronger grew the support. It was primarily a fight for the poor against the rich; a fight against the money power; and so far as the ballot showed, the men who stood for equal

justice won it. The Fusionists were successful; Judge Jerome came in by an overwhelming majority.

They won; and yet in point of fact if their object was Judge Jerome's object—the abolition of the "administrative lie"—it does not seem that matters are much mended. The obvious first line of attack—a reform of the absurd law which prohibits totally the sale of liquor on Sundays—has been abandoned. It is still to receive liberal enforcement; in other words, the publicans are still to pay blackmail to the police for winking, and those who do not pay it are to be made examples of. The law is still that a publican who calls his house a hotel and attaches bedrooms to his premises shall enjoy exceptional facilities; and the result of that law is apparently the same as it was before. Efficiency of administration is still a secondary consideration; the parade of municipal virtue on the statute books comes first. If these things are so, what likelihood is there of any fight with the deeper-seated, stronger, less obvious evil of corruption—with the men who do not take bribes but give them?

The moral which it is worth drawing, for the benefit of the less progressive branch of the Anglo-Saxon

race, seems to be this. Efficiency and enterprise are undoubtedly good things; but if the vast commercial successes of America are inextricably bound up with municipal and political corruption—if a full development of the business faculty means an exceptionally clear perception of the means by which bribery can be made efficacious—then we may perhaps be content with an inferior degree of this development. *Qui festinat ad divitias*. We are accustomed to be told that American political life is corrupt because the ablest men devote themselves to business and neglect politics; but here is the view that corruption is the result of these able men's activity and not of their neglect. Above all there is this to be noted. If the great American speculators continue to embark in English enterprises, traffic exploitation and the like, it will behove this community to watch very carefully lest they import not only their capital and their energy, but also their familiar methods. Not even for the joys of an overhead railway down Piccadilly or the Strand, would we welcome the presence in London of such a power as appears to be wielded by the directors of these concerns in New York.

THE SAINT OF BAALBEC.

THE caravan to Palmyra had reached the province of Syria, the watch was relaxed, and at night the guards proposed to enjoy the rare luxury of sleep. They did not however inform the merchants of their intentions, foreseeing that such a course would entail much useless argument, and possibly loss of pay. If the worthy traders were willing to hire their services when on friendly soil, and to reward them for unnecessary vigil, it appeared only considerate to humour such timorous employers, so that all might enjoy a well earned and undisturbed repose.

So reasoned the captain of the escort. He was a conscientious man, and did not himself turn in to rest till satisfied that no one was awake to reproach him. However he had reckoned too carelessly. True, his convoy had escaped the Bedouin brigands unmolested, and was now well within the confines of civilisation. But civilisation, as he had himself remarked, being somewhat of a philosopher, only suppressed the robber to supply in exchange the thief. In accordance with his own precept he should have redoubled his vigilance, since, as a philosopher, he would have known that fraud is harder to combat than force. But in his capacity of hired servant he was naturally oblivious of all interests but his own. He slept the sleep of the consistent, and no one therefore perceived two men who, approaching from opposite sides of the camp, crept stealthily among the tents.

The marauders lost no time in setting to work. Instinct directed

them to the place where the richest merchandise was stored, and thither each proceeded, in ignorance that he had a partner in his illicit venture. Thus it was that they encountered in the middle of the camp, to their mutual discomfiture, for each supposed the other to be a sentinel. In this belief each flung himself at the throat of his supposed opponent, and falling on the sand they struggled fiercely but silently for a few moments. It is probable that owing to this mischance they might have vindicated the advantages of honesty without outside interference, but Fate, doubtless considering that a merchant was little better than his despoiler, intervened on behalf of the latter. They rolled together into a patch of moonlight, which illumined the face of the undermost.

"Philocles, is it thou?" said the upper combatant, letting go his hold.

"Philemon my brother," exclaimed the other. His tone would have been affectionate, had not the late tussle caused a slight shortness of breath.

They sprang up, looking quickly about. No one had as yet been aroused. So, postponing explanations which could wait, they set about the task they had come to perform, which could not. But fortune did not favour them. They found little of value that was sufficiently portable to be of use. Contenting themselves therefore with a skin of wine, some provisions and a few pieces of jewellery, a set of bracelets and a necklace of pearls, they departed as speedily as possible, this time taking a common direction. They would have extended their

depredations had not they heard the captain of the escort stirring in his tent. That functionary did indeed presently emerge, and he discovered traces of the late visitors. A varied assortment of rags indicated the scene of the scuffle. The captain showed his usual resource in cases of difficulty. The merchandise was not disturbed enough to cause inquiry; a few handfuls of sand buried the proofs of the intrusion, and he retired again with the assurance that he had done his duty in saving his men from a toilsome and profitless pursuit. Next day one merchant complained privately of the loss of some jewels, but was unable to make too much of a disturbance, for his wife was with him, and the trinkets had not been destined for her. The tactful captain assured him that he would not breathe a word to anyone, and the caravan departed in due course for Palmyra.

Meanwhile Philemon had led his brother to an unpretentious but comfortable cave where they breakfasted together. They surveyed each other somewhat ruefully. Unshaven and dust-begrimed, with tattered garments and without either sandals or head-gear, they looked as miserable a couple of scoundrels as any honest citizen could wish to see—at a safe distance. The melancholy effect was heightened by their extraordinary personal resemblance. It was easy to pronounce them twins; in their native town only an unthinking stranger could be induced to wager odds that he would distinguish them at sight. The task would have been easier at present, for, in token of their late encounter, Philocles had two black eyes, while Philemon had only one.

After disposing of the viands they began to discuss their sad plight, Philemon taking the lead. "Since after two years fate has brought us together again we may as well keep

company for the time being. It is a pity we parted."

"Well," said Philocles, "we had to. I could not live in the village after that little episode of thine with the daughter of Macarius. Why, everybody always cut me so as to be on the safe side."

"Was it my fault?" said Philemon dubiously. "I had forgotten. Of course I had to put it to thy account after thy departure," he added by way of apology for his bad memory.

"Thou wast my ruin again," continued Philocles mournfully. "I had become the steward of a rich noble, and was for three years enabled to take twenty-five per cent. from the estate, without anyone suspecting. Suddenly an irate merchant turned up, a Jew with a squint"

"Ah! my old master Simon," cried Philemon, "I was his manager for many months."

"He wished to arrest me," pursued Philocles without comment, "on a charge of embezzlement. I proved an alibi and got witnesses to swear to my having a twin! Canst thou divine then what my employer did?"

Philemon shook his head mournfully as if to suggest that the iniquities of employers baffled even his powers of imagination. Philocles sank his voice to a whisper. "He actually instituted a secret enquiry into my accounts on the supposition that one twin would probably turn out like another—and I only discovered it just in time to escape, nor was I able to take anything of my little perquisites with me."

Philemon extended a sympathetic hand; his twin clasped it with a sigh. No reproaches passed their lips, not even an aphorism on mankind. After a moment's silence Philemon returned to the point. "This then is the end; at twenty-nine we find ourselves pilfering gewgaws from a stray caravan."

"Who now appreciates merit?" exclaimed Philocles.

"If we had been born a century ago, we should have been an oracle," said Philemon, "had it not been for Christianity. To disguise and go around in turn collecting information, and in turn to deliver the same afterwards in one's inspired character—that would have been a life worth living. We have always had twins in our family, and for the purposes of a priest of Apollo that was certainly expedient. But now there are no priests of Apollo I fail to see why our parents should have so inconsiderately continued the custom."

"Still," replied the other, "I think our likeness could be turned to account. Surely in these days of degrading superstition there is some part that we could conjointly fill with profit to ourselves if not with advantage to the world at large, as in the case of our forefathers."

"Christianity has no oracles," said Philemon meditatively, "but why not be a saint."

"A saint?" repeated Philocles in a dubious tone.

"My dear brother, who enjoys such reputation in these parts as a saint? Money is offered them, women adore them. One has only to abstain from soap and water, to eat ostentatiously of unappetising viands, to mumble unintelligible nonsense over a selection of beads, and your reputation as a holy man spreads from Antioch to Pelusium."

"If I could be a saint without these disagreeables . . ." began Philocles.

Philemon anathematised his twin's obtuseness. "I did not say thou and I were to be saints, I said we might be a saint, a saint in the singular number. As it chances we have to hand an opportunity. At Baalbec the chief local attraction for the

past year was a filthy anchorite who stood on a pillar some way outside the city. He never stepped down from his column and was never heard to utter a word. But this eccentric notion, to live on the top of a pillar, was enough to found his fame. Eventually however he vacated this pedestal of virtue and gracefully condescended to marry the richest widow of the vicinity."

"Art thou proposing that I should occupy his pillar?" Philocles asked in some alarm.

"We could occupy it—by turns. The late saint was a silent one; I should like to introduce a new departure. We might do as our fathers did in the case of the oracle. One day thou shouldst stand on the pillar as saint while I, in a different guise, as a camel-driver perhaps, would learn all I could about the people who were to visit it next day. Then in the night we would exchange places. As saint I would respond for my store of information. Thou turning camel-driver shouldst in turn seek out such facts as might be useful when thou next becamest the saint. We should thus support two characters, both humdrum enough, but the daily change would avoid monotony. A small miracle to begin with and then—" Philemon was rising to enthusiasm, but catching his brother's puzzled expression he changed his tone. "To what end, thou wouldst say? Alms, man, the alms they will bring. The more famous a saint the more offerings. Those we should share between us and perhaps in due course we might encompass a widow a-piece, if we managed it cleverly."

"Is it really needful to mount on a pillar?" protested Philocles.

"I allow," replied Philemon, "that the ancestral tripod would have been more respectable not to say more comfortable. There is something ex-

tremely repugnant to my feelings in this new superstition; everything is so public, and its priests actually keep up a pretence of believing in it even before each other! but we cannot afford to be fastidious." Philocles sighed his assent.

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Shortly after the conversation above recorded the citizens of Baalbec were rejoiced to hear that the column near their walls had been occupied by a holy man of venerable appearance and more than usually fantastic attire. His long hair and flowing beard were sufficient guarantees of sanctity; furthermore he seldom, if ever, was seen to eat, and it was rumoured that he possessed in no slight measure the gift of prophecy. In one case a Hebrew trader named Simon had repaired thither out of curiosity, and was thus spontaneously addressed. "Oh man with a squint within two days thou shalt suffer at the hands of one whom thou hast wronged," and on the very next night Simon had been set upon by two men who flogged him soundly. One assailant was masked; in the other he thought he recognised an old manager of his whom he had dismissed a year previously. It was also reported that a certain rich landed proprietor had been warned to dispose of his harvest ere it was too late, and, neglecting the caution as he wished to obtain a better price, discovered one night that his barns were on fire. Even more wonderful was the case of a young camel-driver who had appeared in the city about the same time as the saint. He had lost a valuable knife, and consulted the holy man, leaving a piece of gold by the pillar as alms. Certain directions were given in appropriate phrase, and on these the young camel-driver

acted. He went accompanied by some of the citizens, who wagered on the event. To the confusion of the scoffers the weapon was discovered at the exact spot indicated.

It would be tedious to enumerate the other miraculous prophecies of the saint of Baalbec, Hieronymus Columnæ as he loved to be styled. Suffice it to say that his renown eclipsed that of his predecessor; indeed even the camel-driver aforesaid, a good looking fellow of some twenty-nine years named Stephen, attained much reflected merit owing to the fortunate loss of his dagger. The weapon itself he sold for a large sum to a widow of some wealth named Anna, who had a taste for such curios. People from far and near flocked to see Jerome of the Pillar, who however never encouraged visitors by night; which, he asserted, he desired to spend in meditation and prayer, undisturbed by the visits of the vulgar.

His adorers were still persistent till the saint complained to the Governor, threatening to retire to the neighbouring town of Emissa should his devotions be again interrupted. This caused so much alarm to the innkeepers of Baalbec, who were offering special accommodation for pilgrims, that they backed the saint's protest vigorously. The Governor commended them for such profitable piety and made the required edict, that no one should approach the pillar by night. One exception was made (by special desire of Hieronymus himself) in favour of the camel-driver Stephen, who brought the prophet every evening his modest meal of lentils and water. Certain people who had vainly attempted to induce the holy man to expound to them his doctrinal views as to the comparative demerits of Arians, Valentinians, Sabellians, Nestorians, Jacobites,

Pelagians, and other sects, attempted but without success to spread rumours that Jerome of the Pillar was a hypocrite who spent his nights in luxury and ease; they also impudently enquired as to the use he made of the offerings of gold and silver continually put at his feet by the faithful. But the majority paid no heed to these insinuations and week after week passed to find the saint ever rising in the good opinion of the citizens. His marvellous oracles threatened to become the sole topic of conversation throughout the whole country-side.

Fairly started by now in the double performance of their double profession, Philemon and Philocles could consider most of their difficulties overcome. They worked together harmoniously. The only approach to a dispute had concerned the miraculously recovered knife. Philocles desired to make and sell several replicas, but Philemon had taken a firm line, and, despite ecclesiastical precedent, had declined to duplicate the relic. He maintained it to be a matter of business honesty, and without such risky expedients their profits from free gifts were already large. They might soon hope to realise a modest competence and retire with unimpaired credit.

But one contingency had been forgotten—the possible intrusion of the feminine element. It so happened that Philocles in his character of Stephen the camel-driver encountered one day the daughter of an innkeeper, who lived in the Street of Palms. He soon made the acquaintance of Miraim, the girl, an acquaintance which ripened into something they called friendship. It may be observed that Philocles was no longer the unkempt ruffian of the caravan adventure, while Miraim was undeniably pretty and affectionate by dis-

position. Her father however had high ideas for her marriage, and aimed at nothing less than a baker. As a camel-driver Philocles would have been scorned, and a saint is an unusual suitor. There was also Philemon. So the anomalous condition of friendship had to be officially maintained. It bordered however on the clandestine, and needless to say lost none of its charm thereby in the girl's eyes.

Philemon, as Stephen, patronised a different inn. Philocles therefore could practise reticence with impunity, and contented himself with a visit every other day. But his thoughts of Miraim were not so easily satisfied, which had a prejudicial effect on his oracular discourses; especially as he now spent less of his time in finding out details and scandals concerning the visitors, and generally neglected the detective business which is so important a branch of the art of prophecy.

About the same time the widow Anna, who had purchased the famous dagger from Philemon in his character of Stephen, began to manifest daily an increasing desire to live in the odour of sanctity or as near as possible to it. She was ever the first to approach the pillar; and, seated by the base, she would listen with rapt attention to the least word that escaped the exalted occupant. On the rare occasions when no one else was by, she would murmur of her lonely condition. The saint, if he was Philemon, lent a sympathetic ear. At last, one morning she ventured to inquire if it was the will of Heaven that she should enter for the second time the bonds of holy matrimony. It happened that Philocles was playing the part of Jerome when she summoned up courage to put the question. An idea occurred to him, though he had previously

been inattentive. He replied without the least hesitation that she was destined to be shortly united to a person of distinguished sanctity, whose name however was not revealed to him. (It is a rule of the profession that no prophet prophesies concerning himself; for thus he may avoid becoming the living advertisement of his own miscalculations.) The answer of Jerome was more explicit than the widow had dared to hope. She retired well satisfied, and Philocles forgot, in thinking of Miraim, both her and his happy inspiration.

Philemon appeared that night at the usual hour, ready to relieve his brother. He had many subjects for discussion and more for reproach. There was a feeling about, he averred, that the saint was no longer so trustworthy as of old. This decline in their credit he attributed to Philocles who had violated the very principles of the trade by pronouncing his responses without any of the vagueness of wording so dear to the vulgar mind. Philemon was justly critical, and impressed on his twin that he must in future be somewhat less precise. Some questions he had even answered with plain "ay" or "no." Had Philocles forgotten the old adage concerning the magnificence of the unknown? "Philosophy," Philemon went on, "was called divine in pagan days, for none could understand it. Should not a prophet therefore endeavour to excel in ambiguity a mere philosopher?"

The appeal did not rouse Philocles. His brother considered him critically. He suspected the cause for such apathy to be feminine. "Who is she?" he asked suddenly. There was no reply. Darkness veiled the answer afforded by Philocles's change of colour. Philemon then stated that he himself had found the

means of retrieving their position. He had been fortunate enough to encounter a messenger who was riding to announce the news that the King of Persia, Chosroes Anushirwan, had declared war on the Emperor and was preparing to invade Syria. The courier Philemon had drugged; the news he was going to deliver in his character of Hieronymus Columnæ so soon as a fairly large crowd had assembled round him next morning. It is to be feared that Philocles paid but small attention to the excellent advice of his brother. He exhibited too but little enthusiasm at this happy chance of making a prophecy at once sensational and accurate. Exchanging garments quickly he hurried off to the city, nor did he so much as mention the affair of the widow.

Early next morning Philemon delivered himself of an oracular masterpiece. The records thereof have been destroyed, perhaps fortunately. It is known however that he discoursed for full two hours concerning the ambitions of potentates, the horrors of war and similar matters of universal interest before he thought fit to arrive at the particular application. The belated messenger awoke with a bad headache about noon. He appeared in time to confirm the prophecy; he departed to spread with his tidings the reputation of Jerome.

When the brothers met again Philocles was once more taken to task. "There was that widow Anna here to-day, she plagued me by allusions to something thou hast said to her. These details must not be forgotten. I staved off her curiosity for the time, but thou shouldst have given me the clue. What was it?"

"Merely that she wants to marry us, or rather Jerome of the Pillar,"

replied Philocles, donning the wig and robes. "I hinted that it was possible."

"Merely that she wants to marry us!" said Philemon. "Merely! By our column! What induced thee not to tell it? However if thou desirest her for thyself, take her with my blessing. She has a fortune of some ten thousand pieces of gold—it is thine. We have amassed about twelve thousand; that shall be my share."

"But that is hardly a just division," began Philocles.

"And why not? Surely if thy passion for her has prevented thee from even prophesying successfully, thou wilt not complain at having a little the less in money when thou obtainest as well so excellent a wife. She is perchance mature, and I should have thought thou wouldst have preferred something of more slender build, judging by my own tastes. Nevertheless I will not stand between thee and thy happiness. My half share in her is thine."

Philocles remembered Miraim. He turned the conversation by asking when Philemon intended them to leave Baalbec, and to give up playing this double life for good and all.

"I perceive thou art longing to settle down as a respectable married man," said his brother ironically. "I have marked thy preoccupation, and I suspected a woman. That it should be Anna!" He laughed shortly, but continued in his business manner. "However the Persians are likely to be here in a few weeks. They are not over partial to saints, whom they prefer flayed and stuffed. We had best retire with honour while we can. In two days' time, thou knowest, there is the festival of St. Anonymus. That should bring a fair sum in the way of offerings. After, we depart. So for the present

I wish thee joy of the pillar. I have an appointment in the Street of Palms. We can discuss our shares in the widow to-morrow night." So saying he hurried away.

Philocles was left to unpleasant reverie. His brother meant him to espouse Anna, he meant to wed the pretty Miraim. Also she lived in the Street of Palms, where Philemon was going that night; the two might meet. It was a disconcerting idea, for he would have to explain his silence to his brother, and a deferred explanation is seldom convincing. He had already resolved on escape from all explanation provided the encounter he feared did not occur. As day drew on he had matured his plan of action. He was to meet Miraim by the pool outside the walls that very evening, so soon as he should vacate the pillar. It was an old trysting place of theirs, and she would not fail. He determined that he would dig up the saint's hoard and elope with her in the night. Philemon would spend the next day as Hieronymus Columnæ and could not pursue till too late. He would then marry the widow Anna. Ever since her consulting Jerome about a second marriage Philocles had dallied with the idea of this arrangement. It would provide for all parties, including his brother.

But, alas, the twins had not always led so blameless an existence as their present career of sanctity. While Philocles as Jerome of the Pillar was unselfishly devoting Anna to his brother, Philemon had to his supreme disgust encountered his old master, the Jew Simon, on whom he had taken vengeance in the early days of his career at Baalbec. They met face to face in the city gate; Simon's nearer eye appeared to be contemplating a paper of accounts. Philemon slipped by, thinking himself

undetected. He bore no malice, but was not so sure about the Jew. But Simon had seen and suspected the seeming camel-driver. His squint had deceived Philemon. The Jew followed cautiously in the shadow. If he could hear Stephen speak doubt would be certainty.

Yet another encounter was in store for Philemon. Miraim met him, and as no one was by, she affectionately addressed him as her "dearest Stephen." This time Philemon was not surprised. He had been looking out for the cause of his brother's aberrations. This was evidently the she. He embraced her promptly. It appeared that she expected as much, which sufficiently indicated how far Philocles had progressed in friendship. Simon approached. He slipped behind an adjacent palm and listened. Philemon speedily discovered that there was a rendezvous for the next night at the pool a mile from the pillar; it had been arranged for an hour after the time at which he usually relieved Philocles from his day duty as Jerome. Simon heard the appointment with interest. Philemon took the liberty of making the time an hour earlier. Miraim promised to be punctual; then after a parting salute they went their several ways. The girl had not thought to see her lover that evening, and returned happily home. Philemon went on his rounds in a glow of righteous indignation. His twin's duplicity pained him. He must mark his disapproval severely. Yet, he reflected, Philocles had his uses. The labour and anxieties of courtship had been the deceivers; the deceit itself suggested its fitting punishment. Philemon smiled thereat. He forgot Simon the Jew, who also was meditating on the fitness of things.

During the morning and afternoon that followed Philocles delivered

numberless prophecies of the most startling nature. He timed their fulfilment within twenty-four hours in the more effective cases, as he thought that his brother would like to have his last day as a saint fully employed. By the evening there was only one admirer left, the widow Anna. To her he prophesied that she would be married within a week. With a rapt expression he threw out various utterances, seemingly at random, concerning the husband she would obtain, drawing thereby a lifelike portrait of Jerome of the Pillar; at least so she imagined. Inspiration or ingenuity at last failing he dismissed her with a promise that the name should be disclosed on the morrow. Alone at last he waited impatiently for Philemon.

But Philemon did not come. Philocles had calculated on spending some little time on his usual discussion with his brother. However the margin he had given himself was rapidly vanishing. The hour, the moment when he should meet Miraim drew nigh. Philocles stamped angrily on the column. The moon rising behind revealed him to the sentry at a postern, who was, contrary to the regulations, letting a girl pass out. The soldier crossed himself, piously concluding that the Pride of Baalbec was having a combat with the Devil.

The moon rose higher. Still there was no sign of Philemon. Seldom have any of the saints been subjected to such a temptation. St. Antony, it is recorded, found it hard to resist the pertinacity of young women with whom he was not previously acquainted. Had that notorious ascetic been left dinnerless on a pillar, knowing that a mile away his lady-love was eagerly expecting him, it is open to doubt whether he would not have acted in the same way as the present Jerome. Philocles could

endure no longer. He descended from his lofty position, leaving behind the wig, beard and tattered cloak, which constituted the most indispensable parts of the outfit of Hieronymus. In a condition between saint and sinner Miraim's lover hurried towards the place appointed, trusting that the darkness of the night would conceal the deficiencies of his attire.

Philemon meantime had been also anxiously awaiting the girl's arrival at the pool. Not knowing her so well as his brother he had failed to make allowances for unpunctuality. As it grew late he too became afraid that Philocles might do something rash when he found himself deserted. But he considered that his brother would certainly go first to the cave where they buried their treasure. This Philemon had himself removed that day, or rather eleven thousand pieces of the twelve. Anna's fortune was ten thousand. He had thus acted with a scrupulous fairness that Philocles would take some time to appreciate. Ere the point of the thousand only being left had dawned on his deceptive twin, the girl would surely come. But he calculated without considering the vagaries of a lover. Philocles had descended from his column and was fast approaching the pool.

Miraim did indeed arrive first. She imagined herself to have eluded all observers except the sentry at the postern whom Philocles, as Stephen, was wont to bribe. Here she was mistaken; she had an escort. No less than five men were silently following her footsteps! Simon the Jew merchant had heard enough to satisfy himself that Stephen the camel-driver was his old manager, and that it would only be necessary to watch where the girl went next evening to find him. He could have had Philemon arrested before, but he thought

of his unmerited chastisement. He would enjoy his revenge to the full. To drag the pretended Stephen from the arms of his beloved to the city gaol promised well for a beginning. With this intent he approached the Governor, who owed him a considerable sum. The arrest was irregular and risky, but it was the whim of a creditor. The Governor had proved sympathetic. Hence it was that four of the police tracked Miraim, Simon himself making a fifth.

Philemon had hardly performed the usual duties of a lover in the way of a greeting when he was startled to find himself suddenly pulled backwards by a half-clad ruffian who abused him as a traitor. At Philocles's voice Miraim started. Philemon released her and advanced threateningly on his brother. On their part recognition was mutual, but the discussion was none the less heated. Ere they had actually come to blows the cause thought it best to make a diversion. She fainted. Philemon and Philocles, dropping their private differences, turned to assist her. They were carrying her to the neighbouring pool when Simon and his party arrived on the scene of action. The Jew and the four officers of police had seen all that passed. The incident seemed to require explanation. To obtain that it was only necessary to arrest all parties concerned. Surprised when in the act of kneeling beside the still unconscious Miraim the twins were easily secured, gagged and bound. Philemon was identified by his garb. Philocles no one heeded; his scanty attire was enough to argue guilt. The girl was without the city at night, in itself a breach of law. All were therefore removed to the Baalbec prison.

In the morning the Governor had Philemon brought before him to

answer the charge of his old employer the Jew merchant. The opening inquiry was to be private and informal; it should only have occupied a few minutes. But the defence turned out to be decidedly original. Philemon asserted that the other captive of last night was the Jew's defaulting steward. He confessed to being the culprit's brother, and said his name was Philocles. As the landlord whom the real Philocles had defrauded was away on a long journey Philemon felt he could exchange names with confidence. He went on to state that he did indeed arrange the appointment with Miraim, whom his brother, a confirmed vagabond, had attempted to rob.

Miraim who was now called in, easily identified Philemon as the camel-driver Stephen, which name Philemon said he had adopted owing to the bad repute of his twin, whom he wished to disown. The Governor, becoming confused, ordered in the maligned Philocles. It was at once seen that Simon with all the ill-will in the world could not decide which of the two he should prosecute for defalcation. Philemon seeing their perplexity urged that both should be released, saying that they had a cousin also called Philemon who greatly resembled them and that Simon had probably encountered this third person rather than himself or his brother.

He might have even succeeded in completely mystifying the Governor and the Jew had not Philocles, burning with all the righteous indignation of a man who finds himself anticipated in meanness by his intended victim, promptly asseverated that he was himself, to wit the innocent Philocles, and his brother the guilty Philemon. He added that it was himself who had taken on the

character of Stephen the camel-driver; the reasons he gave being the same as Philemon's. What was more to the purpose he recalled several incidents in his courtship with Miraim that went far to prove his statements.

The Governor after an hour or so of ingenious lying by Philemon, heated refutation by Philocles, contradictory convictions by Miraim and by Simon, exclaimed, coming nearer to the truth than he suspected: "It would seem that both these men have been Stephen the camel-driver, perhaps both were thy manager."

At this moment there arose a great uproar in the city. A deputation of innkeepers and reliemongers demanded to see the Governor. The saint had disappeared. The widow Anna, going early to the pillar had discovered certain relics, which had led her to think the holy man had been abducted. She ran back sobbing to spread the news. The Governor ordered the widow to be brought before him. After which he addressed the deputation promising to set the police on the track of the city's idol.

The Governor had been glad of an interruption. When adjured by Simon to proceed with the case in hand, he refused, till he should have spoken with the widow Anna, who had information to bring to him concerning a matter of much greater importance. He was ordering the removal of the twins to separate dungeons when Anna entered the audience-chamber. She had come to the Palace at the heels of the deputation, and thus anticipated the summons. Flinging herself at the Governor's feet, she produced a bundle, which when opened, proved to contain the well known cloak of Hieronymus Columnæ, and two still more personal items, his wig and beard. To her tale the Governor paid little attention. But he examined with

sarcastic interest these evidences of the saint's real character. He looked at the scantily clad Philocles, and the connection dawned on him. Without a crowd had gathered and howled for their beloved Jerome.

Philemon scenting discovery declared the truth. He explained how Philocles and himself had played the parts of Jerome and Stephen alternately, suggesting that unless Baalbec and its authorities were to become the laughing stock of the whole Empire it would be best to hush the matter up. He promised that he would compensate Simon if the latter desired an amicable settlement. But he still claimed to be innocent of his misdeeds as manager, denying that he had ever seen the Jew before. Herein he lapsed from accuracy; he had been long a prophet. The Governor went on to his balcony, assured the people who were still ignorant of the imposture, that the saint had withdrawn awhile to meditate and pray in seclusion, and that he would soon return to his disconsolate flock. Coming back to the disputants he declared himself amenable to Philemon's suggestion.

But new difficulties now arose. Anna, by no means unwilling to accept a young husband instead of an aged anchorite, as the price of silence insisted on marrying one of the twins. Miraim also demanded her lover, though when pressed to make her choice she found selection difficult. Both twins were politely unanimous as concerning Miraim, both resolute on the subject of Anna. Simon clamoured for justice, refusing any idea of compromise, but was not able to settle on a victim. Finally the perplexed Governor locked up the whole five in separate cells. It was an arbitrary act, but he hoped for preferment, and remembered Philemon's caution against an exposure.

The more the Governor reflected over the problem the further he got from a solution. It even came as a relief to him that within a few days Baalbec was summoned to surrender by the Sovereign of Persia, whose army was now over-running Syria. The Governor knew that Chosroes had lately assumed for himself the title of *Just*. This seemed to suggest a way out of the difficulty. When conducting the negotiations for the surrender, the Governor promised to hand over the town at once if the King would undertake to arrange equitably a certain disputed case. Chosroes, much flattered, rashly consented.

The five prisoners were accordingly conveyed to the Persian camp; in a private audience they explained their several grievances. All of them wished to proceed against the Governor for illegal detention. But after hearing them state their complaints against each other, which occupied some hours, the King exculpated the ruler of Baalbec from all real blame. Anushirwan was wont to say that abstract right is superior to forms of law, and in the present instance he held that the Governor had acted in the defence of his own sanity. Then to the delight of that politic official he excused him from further attendance, till judgement should be finally delivered.

Some days afterwards he sent for the Governor and announced the result of his deliberations. It was observed that the monarch seemed tired and grave, nevertheless he pronounced himself firmly: "It appears that of these two brethren one or both has defrauded Simon the Jew, and that both have appeared to the citizens of Baalbec in the character of Hieronymus Columnæ. Thus they are each part saint, and part thief, or if one indeed be no thief yet in

intent he is the imitator of his twin. In such a case if reward were merited it should be the same for both, if punishment, again the same. Furthermore it has been written concerning the good men of your faith that they should not let their right hand know what their left hand doeth. Also the punishment of a thief is to lose his right hand. Therefore We have in Our mercy ordained that the right hands of these twain shall be severed from their wrists. And in this there can be no occasion for cavil, seeing that if one of them claims to be guiltless as a thief he will yet gain by the loss of his right hand, thus becoming more perfect as a saint.

"With regard to the widow and the maid, We have ordained that since both cannot be wed to both, as the promises of these twins implied, neither must marry either. But, since it ill becomes Our dignity to rob women of the chance of husbands, the widow Anna shall presently be made the wife of Simon the Jew as his compensation and her consolation, and the maid Miraim whose innocence has thus been beguiled shall be rewarded by union with Our Integrity and Imperial Majesty, being enrolled as the fifty-first of the number of Consorts that We have taken to Ourselves since Our arrival in this Our newly conquered province of Syria.

"Furthermore We have ordained that silence be imposed on all parties under pain of death, since it is not just to publish overmuch the wiles of

impostors lest the minds of the young be corrupted, and the simplicity of the deceived be turned to ridicule. We have said."

To this sentence all parties professed agreement, saving only the twins. The King entered that city, but he, at no distant date, abandoned his conquests and made peace. The duty of judging the complicated lawsuits arising from the rival ingenuities of the Greeks and Jews that occupied the district lost its charm for the Just King. Possibly he feared to invalidate his title. The Governor, since his town had held out longer than any other, contrived to pose as the devoted leader of a heroic resistance, and was accordingly promoted.

Simon and Anna made a tolerably happy couple; of Miraim nothing more is known. It is said that six months after the date of these events two twins possessed of one hand apiece arrived at Alexandria. They boasted a modest fortune of about six thousand pieces of gold each, and despite sundry rumours based on the loss of their right hands soon made themselves respected by their decorous behaviour and simple way of living. Eventually they married the two daughters of a neighbouring merchant and during the placid autumn of their lives formed one united household, for, as the brothers observed, they had only been unfortunate when divided in interests.

Baalbec is still looking for her saint.

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JOHN MAXWELL'S MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XXV.

JOHN MAXWELL'S horse again toiled with labouring quarters up the side of Slieve Alt, and jogged down again the long slope to Douros. His rider had finished the errand that took him to Ireland. Go where he might, he saw nothing but the same military spirit among the people that had set all the children playing at soldiers; he heard nothing but the same determination of the country to defend itself, the same confidence in its ability to do so. Whether it was noisy talk in a taproom, or the shrewd discourse of lawyers and educated county magnates, the purport was always the same: that Ireland, having proved her ability to defend herself when England was forced to leave her to her own resources, was no longer in the position of a dependent colony, but had an infeasible claim to equal privileges with the sister kingdom. Hostility to England he found none; but open war had been declared upon the monopolist English trade. It was the story of America over again; but would England a second time repeat her folly, when confronted with a force incomparably better prepared for a struggle than any that had existed in the colonies? "Time must show," he said to himself; "the one thing clear now is that a French

landing would merely give the chance to all these warriors, who are already spoiling for a fight."

And, therefore, there was no doubt what he should report. He might sail on the morrow, so far as his mission was concerned. It was the wisest course, for already he was aware that his comings and goings occasioned comment. At Castle Carrig, no doubt, he was out of sight and out of mind. Yet at Castle Carrig there was always the other danger of recognition, and he had once or twice noticed peasants from the Douros side of the water stare after him in a puzzled way. And there was some talk of Alec Hamilton—now a member of parliament and a colonel of volunteers—returning for the summer to the house whence he and Maxwell had set out on their ill-omened journey on the morning of the wedding, nineteen years ago.

All the signs, therefore, pointed to a prompt departure, but Maxwell was loth to draw the conclusion. He had thought again and again over his interview with Mary, and yet had reached no clear decision. Or, rather, though it was plain to him that he must do as Mary wished and disclose his identity to the girl, the moment was one that he could not bring himself to contemplate.

He had never, since his departure from Ireland, really spoken of the

occurrences of his marriage to any living soul. One or two of his friends had known the story in vague outline. But the memory of it all, when it recurred to him, filled him with a mental nausea; the part he had played seemed to him revolting and contemptible. And this was what he had to own to his child—to a girl who could not even be told frankly the palliations.

Nervous and unhappy, yet eager for a sight of the faces that now filled his heart, he pushed on. As he reached the hill above Lanan bridge, he saw a boy start from the ditch, look hard in his direction, then run into the wood. Maxwell's backwoods life had quickened his senses, and he rode on, alert to every sound. He passed the plantation with the consciousness of being watched, and at the top of the rise where the road emerged, he halted sharply and looked back. There was a rustle of twigs, and his eye caught a stir in the bracken. Fully roused now, he pressed on at a sharp trot, turned down the lane, and was crossing the ford, when to his surprise three tall and wild-looking mountain lads stepped across the bridle-path in front of him, with blackthorns in their hands. He pulled up and looked at them in astonishment.

"What'll be your name, plase?" said the oldest of them.

For a moment Maxwell hesitated; then he reflected that these had no air of being agents of government. "Macnamara," he said.

To his relief it acted like a spell. All three were voluble in Gaelic and English mixed. "Oh then, pass on, your honour, and a hundred welcomes before you."

Up at the castle-yard the rider found himself greeted with unusual effusiveness. Neddy, descendant of old Neddy and Bride Gallagher, and

now handy man to the establishment, rushed out to take the horse. Maxwell questioned him.

"Did they stop you, then?" cried Neddy. "Sure not a one of us knew you would be coming the day. 'Tis the guard Mr. Hugh bid them put out, for fear some of them blackguards of Lambert's would be scheming to carry off Miss Grace. An' so now, Mr. Macnamara, sir, you might speak with the mistress, and tell her she has no call to be going to ould Martin at Letterward. Divil a fut will one of them set in Castle Carrig. Haven't we the ould cannon up there, and half a pound of good powder in her, and she rammed up with slugs?"

"Ach, hould your whisht," said Kate, who had come out to see the arrival, "it would take more nor Lambert to frighten the mistress. Come in, Mr. Macnamara, they'll be quare and pleased to see you. There wasn't an hour of the day but they were wishing for you. An' Master Hugh was away looking for you, to bring you back."

Guessing roughly at what had happened, Maxwell followed Kate into the drawing-room, when Grace and Mary ran forward to meet him.

"Well," he said, as he shook hands; "so you are raising a volunteer force of your own. Tell me all about it."

"Did you not see Hugh in Derry, then? Did he not come with you?" asked Mary.

"No; I changed my plans. There was no need for going to Derry, so I came straight here from Enniskillen. I only know from what Kate and Neddy told me that Sir Garrett Lambert had been threatening to carry off Grace here. It seems to me he won't find it so easy."

"Oh, if it was only that," said Mary, with a fine contempt. Then she told him the story, while the girl watched the two intently. "And so

I wrote to Martin at once," Mary concluded. "But he sent a messenger to say that he would do nothing till he had written to Isabella, and heard from her direct. So I suppose we must stay where we are for the present. But I do not like it."

Maxwell's face had taken on the expressionless aspect common to those who are thinking hard and swiftly. "May I see the letter?" he asked.

Mary fetched it from her *escritoire*. He looked at it with a curious emotion. It was the first time that he had seen his wife's writing.

Grace drew nearer to him as he read, watching him close. "Tell me what you think of that letter," she said, in a strained husky voice, when he folded the paper to return it. The tension of her words moved him with pity and confusion.

"I do not think it is a kind letter," he said, with some hesitation. "But, then, many people express themselves when they write in a way that gives a wrong impression."

"You think that?" cried the girl eagerly. "You do not think she is really like that—not hard and cruel."

"I should be very sorry to think it," he replied, less and less willing to hurt her.

"She may have thought I was being made to do things. That man may have told her—oh, all sorts of falsehoods."

"Probably he did," answered her father, with sincere conviction. Then taking the girl's hand gently he said, "This is all very serious and very sad, Grace. Will you go away and let me talk it over with your aunt? There is something I want to discuss with her before I tell you of it. Do you mind? And I am quite sure that if your mother knew the truth, she would not have written as she has done."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," said the girl, her big eyes swimming.

Maxwell closed the door after her.

"It is all very well for you to say that," said Mary to him as he came back to his seat. "But, Jack, I am sorry to say the truth is that these young people have suddenly caught fire—and I cannot tell Isabella that she has no grounds for her suspicions of me. I am very angry with Hugh."

Maxwell looked at her with half-closed eyes, round which a smile played. "Dreadful young people!" he said. "Mary, my dear, I never heard of anything at all like this. And so that is why my young lady looked different. I thought it was only because she had been crying. Well now, Mary, I will just tell you this. If my daughter wants the moon, she shall have it; and if your Hugh happens to be the moon, I give you fair warning."

"Oh, Jack, Jack, be reasonable," said Mary, half frightened at his evident elation. "Can't you see it is impossible?"

"No, Mary, I cannot," he said, and the triumph was unconcealed in his voice. "I can see that this settles everything. If I can arrange Grace's love affairs for her, she will forgive me at once for being her father. While you were settled happily here, I did not like to disturb you, though I am sure I should have ended by proposing it. Now you are adrift on the world, and what you must do is plain. You must come with me, all three of you, to America. No, don't stop me"—for the woman started and cried out. "You won't be rich, but you won't starve, and Hugh shall have as much glory as he pleases; and I, my dear—I shall decline gradually towards the grave in the midst of a happy family. My dear Mary—for the first time in my life, I regret to say—I am grateful to your sister."

"Jack, Jack," answered Mary,

"this is all so sudden. It sounds well certainly. But—but—"

He broke in upon her with swift excited speech, broken with laughter. "Buts are for the middle-aged, Mary. When you were young, you were capable of sudden decisions. Permit me again to remind you of that. Now, if you please, youth again has to decide. If my daughter will not come, there is an end of it. I go off—well, we will not talk about going off. Send me my daughter. Hugh will be on my side even if she hesitates. Will you or will you not, Mary?"

And half laughing, wholly agitated, he caught her arm and hurried her to the door. "Go and fetch me my daughter," he said. "But do not tell her she has to meet her father."

CHAPTER XXVI.

WAITING by himself for the girl to appear, Maxwell felt his confidence and his elation steal from him. His end was in view, but the means by which he must reach it seemed to him none the more desirable as it came nearer. Impossible, he thought, to break such an announcement suddenly on the child; he must go warily to work. And so when she came in, with eyes strained and anxious, he met her with the most reassuring manner he could compass.

"So, Grace," he said, with a soft smile about his eyes—for, indeed, a great tenderness took possession of him at the sight of the girl—"your Aunt Mary has been scolding Hugh. Is she not a hard-hearted woman? Who would think she had ever been young herself?" Then, for the girl only blushed and looked down, he came over and took her hand. "My dear, I am glad to be the first to wish you joy."

Grace's eyes swam, and the iris was

tear-dimmed as she raised them to him. "Oh, Mr. Macnamara, how kind! But I am so miserable about all this."

"I know," he said. "Sit down and let us talk. You think you are bringing trouble on your aunt."

"But I am," she said, and her voice was small and tearful. "Only, how can I help it?"

"Of course you can't," he answered. "But you can help me to persuade her to a scheme that will make everything right, I hope."

"How can that be possible?" asked the girl sadly, but with quickening eyes.

Her father hesitated for a moment, debating how much he should say. He balked at the difficulty like a horse at an ugly leap; paused; pondered; then decided on a way round.

"You see, Grace," he said, "I have had to keep some things from you. I am an American citizen, and I have been in arms against the king. So, you see, I had to be careful."

"But what brought you here then—where you are in danger?" Grace asked impulsively.

Again Maxwell hesitated. "I will tell you that another time. But, at all events, I am an American, and I have some influence there. If you are driven out here, I want you to come and make your home near me. Over there Hugh will have a fair field. I know it sounds a great break up of all your life, but it is the only way I can see. And for me, Grace," he said with emphasis, "it would make all the difference. I have found ties here that I wish to strengthen, not to break."

He watched the effect of his words, waiting for a reply that should lead naturally where he desired. But the girl's eyes were far away now, and her face was the field where emotions

struggled. It hardly seemed as if she heard. Then thought appeared to define itself in her mind, and she looked at him now with sharp scrutiny. "You want me to help to persuade Aunt Mary," she said. "Then she does not want to go."

"For Hugh's sake I hope she will be glad to go," he answered quickly.

"Ah!" cried the girl, "if she wanted to go for some other reason! But for Hugh's sake and my sake—no, it is too much. Don't you see, Mr. Macnamara, I used to think that perhaps—perhaps you and she cared about each other more than anything in the world. But I know, I know now that what Aunt Mary loves is really this place and her life here. She is happy here. She will never be happy away from it. She never wanted to go out and see the world; she just went because she was in love with Hugh's father. And I tell you I cannot bear to drag her away. And besides—" She stopped short.

"Besides?" asked her father. "Go on, child."

"You will think me silly and romantic, but you know what you said. A person's letters are not always like the person. I have always stood up for my mother, and I do not want to give up now just because she has written an unkind letter. I want to be sure that she knows; I want to go to her myself." The girl suddenly rose into passion as she spoke. Springing up, she came and stood before him, her eyes shining. "I want to say to her, 'I am your daughter; you do not know me, you do not know how I have always loved the thought of you, you do not know how I hate to believe that you can be unjust. Here I am. I will not marry this man, and you may punish me if you like for disobedience; but do not punish the people who were kind to

me.' Do you see? I cannot let my mother—she is my mother, my mother—do a thing like this. If I were to do what you wish—oh, you must not think me ungrateful—but if I did, would it not be just as if I said to her, 'Very well, be as unjust as you like, it is no matter to me.' Surely people can do cruel things without understanding that they are cruel. I do not believe she understands."

Her father listened to her with a strange obedience to her power. It seemed as if she spoke out of his own heart, but with a fresher voice, a more uncompromising logic. And how, if *she* felt bound to this mother whom he had given her, should *he* escape a far stronger obligation? His own wishes and plans vanished into air before this so strangely-embodied conscience, and he looked with pride at the eloquent face, flushed in its pleading. For a while he paused; then, "Grace," he said, with his ambiguous smile, "when you hear me accused of a crime, will you promise to defend me?"

She looked at him, perplexed. "I do not understand," she said. Then her face changed. "You think I am talking nonsense. You are laughing at me."

But he shook his head, and his smile reassured her. "My dear, no. If I laugh, it is only because you have nearly made me cry. I should like to have some one who would defend me like that."

The girl looked at him with an expression that made his heart rise in joy. There was gratitude in it, and trust and affection. "You will never need to be defended," she said. "But," she added, with the sudden turn to laughter so like his own, "you have defended my father to me so often, it is only right that I should defend my mother to you."

"She has a terrible gift for the

random shaft," he thought, as he winced under it. His opening was given him now, yet still he fenced. "You do not know," he said. "I may need your charity more than you think. Promise me you will give it."

But she, concentrated on her single purpose, caught nothing of the drift of his words. "I will promise anything," she said eagerly, "if you will help me to see my mother and to persuade her."

Her eagerness wrought upon his indecision and plunged him into a new resolve. "I will try," he said, greatly moved. "And, my dear, you have a wise heart. I think we owe it both to you and to your mother to try and reconcile you."

Grace caught his hands in hers and clasped them hard. "You are the kindest person in all the world," she said.

"Am I, indeed?" he answered, with his queer laugh of self-derision. "Well, we shall see. Now I am going to look for your aunt and discuss the situation. Only, remember—there is always America to fall back on."

"We shan't need it," said the girl gleefully. "I am sure you will be able to settle everything, and then we shall all live happy ever after."

Again a wry smile twisted Maxwell's face. "All" could scarcely include a gentleman who, by the laws of the land, was qualified to adorn the nearest gibbet. However, what use, he thought, in suggesting his own side of the matter? "Well, we shall see about that," was all that he said, and he went to look for Mary.

She saw his face drolly disconsolate. "You have told her," she cried.

"Not I. On the contrary, I have promised to reconcile her to her mother. That is the moon that she wants, it appears."

"But, Jack," said Mary, bewildered, "what does this mean?"

"It means, my dear Mary, that I have a certain gift of persuasion, which has been of use to me in life, and which my daughter has inherited. She has just exercised it upon me, and I in my turn am going to try it on her mother." Then changing his tone, "Honestly," he said, "I think the girl is right; the facts of the case ought to be put before your sister. And I am going to put them."

Mary gasped. "Are you going to tell her who you are?"

"Not if I can help it. That is the last card."

"But she will know you at once."

"Will she?" he said. "I don't see why. To tell the truth, Mary, I doubt if I should know her from Adam or from Eve if I met her, and I can't see why she should be clearer in her recollection. However, there is no use in talking. The girl has asked me to do this, and I am going to do it."

Mary shook her head. "You don't know Isabella."

"Neither do you, my dear Mary. And in these matters I trust to divination of the heart. Grace takes the most generous construction, and I have noticed that it is often the right one. People are very much as you take them. Listen to me, Mary. There was once a young girl I knew, and I put an ungenerous construction on a certain action of hers that affected me. Can you guess who that was?"

"Jack, Jack, will you never be done casting up these old stories to me?" she remonstrated.

"I am casting them up to myself, Mary," he said. "Suppose I had put the generous construction, why, then—what a number of things would have been different!"

"Indeed, yes," said Mary pathetically.

"Ah, well," said Maxwell, pursuing his train of thought, till it ended in his customary laugh; "then there would have been no Grace. What would Hugh say to that? Mary, is it not amusing to be getting old and to watch life unrolling?"

"Is this what you are going to say to Isabella?" Mary answered, with her gentle smile.

Maxwell shook his head. "No, indeed. I wish I knew more about her life. I wish I could talk to Martin. But that is one of the impossibilities. And by the way, Mary, Alec Hamilton is in Derry with his battalion; that is why I avoided the place. I believe you could get a commission for Hugh out of him if you applied. But you had better let me get out of the way first, if I am to depart alone after all."

"Jack," said Mary, "I don't understand you. You seem to be as set on this new idea as you were on taking us to America. Suppose you manage it, won't you be sorry? Is it not too great a sacrifice?"

Maxwell knitted his brows in thought. "No, candidly, Mary, I think not. It is the thing I want to do. I did a thing long ago that you all thought was a self-sacrifice. It was not. I have never been sorry for doing it. If I had not done it, I should have felt like a maimed creature. What was that proverb Neddy told me the other day?—'A man's will is the life of him, if it was to sit down in a puddle.'"

"I remember," said Mary. "He said it when you insisted on rowing the curragh that blazing day."

"Very well. I told Neddy he was a philosopher. And I declare to you that I shall find this a most agreeable puddle."

Mary suddenly turned on him with

a new seriousness. "Jack, perhaps you are right. But why do things by halves? Had you not better make it up with Isabella?"

But he shook his head with a grimace. "Thank you, Mary. It is against my bond. And, in strict confidence, there are sacrifices of which I am not capable. I don't think your sister and I would hit it off for five minutes in that capacity."

CHAPTER XXVII.

In the last days of the month that had seen so many happenings at Douros, Maxwell set out on the road to Belfast which he had travelled nineteen years before to his voluntary expatriation. Now, exile was again in front of him, for America had become his country; but he had found in Ireland a home unlooked for, and his present mission was, in effect, to establish, if possible, that home by a reconciliation which must lead to his own exclusion. Yet, just as in youth he had travelled with rising spirit to the fulfilment of a purpose and the adventure of new chances, so now in middle age he went on his way with no heavy heart, thinking of the immediate end to be gained, and dropping from view the remoter consequence. No gambler on the cards, this man had in all other ways gladly courted the flushed goddess of hazard. He had gone through his life like a player in a game, taking decisions with shrewdness, with dexterity, with promptitude, but without a grain of caution. And now as he rode, exhilaration, if not actual pleasure, was the tone of his mind, while he planned out in characteristic detail the means to accomplish his end. It was true that the world at this moment offered nothing which seemed to him so desirable as to give his daughter what she wanted. He put the truth

whimsically in saying farewell to his confidant. "Good-bye, Mary; if it is anyhow possible, I will bring back the moon in my pocket."

His way lay through Belfast, for he carefully avoided Dublin where he might still be known. And within twelve days after his setting out, the mail-coach from Bristol landed a passenger giving his name as Macnamara at the King's Head in Bath. The gay little town sweltered in a blue haze under a July sun, and his landlord informed him that he came late for the gaieties; the company was thinning fast. But Mrs. Maxwell, to whom Mr. Macnamara had brought a letter of introduction, was, he believed, still at her house. A lady of the first fashion, he could assure Mr. Macnamara; he was fortunate in such an acquaintance. It was true that Mrs. Maxwell had for some time past been less prominent than was her wont—some said from chagrin at heavy losses over the card-table. Yes, certainly, to one particular opponent; a gentleman who had been a guest at that very hostelry—Sir Garrett Lambert; a member, he believed, of the Irish Parliament; a most honourable person. He had himself ventured to congratulate Sir Garrett on his good fortune, and the gentleman had assured him with his own lips that it gave him no pleasure to win so heavily of a lady; that she had insisted on her revenge, and that fortune had been constant to him.

"Yes, sir," the prattling landlord ran on, "I remember his very words to me in this room where we are standing. 'A most unfortunate business, Meakin,' he says, 'but those who will play at bowls must expect rubbers. And she won't be inconvenienced in any way, I will answer for it. 'Settle if you insist, madam, but settle at your convenience,' I said

to her, Meakin; 'any time in the next six months,' I said. 'I'm in no need of money.' A very well-to-do gentleman, indeed—not like most that come here from his country."

Maxwell's face darkened as he listened to the voluble gossip. He had half conjectured some money transaction which had given Lambert a hold over Isabella. The reality, as he heard it suggested irresistibly by this story, was uglier than he guessed. History in this family repeated itself with a vengeance; the mother, sold herself by her father, was now selling her child.

"*Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco*," he quoted to himself as he turned from the landlord, and went up-stairs to make a careful toilette. "No, truly: Tacitus, not Virgil, is the philosopher. *Eo immittior quia toleraverat*. Cruelty breeds cruelty in those who suffer it."

And yet, though this reasoning might explain, it could not excuse. He thought fiercely of all the sums that had come to Isabella through his estate. In Donegal his conscience had been smitten to hear of the tenants who were suffering by the consequence of his act of folly and of reparation. Now a limit must be set. He had given her his tenants to deal with as she would, to grind and oppress; but she should not make her market of his daughter. His first instinct was to avow himself, to tax her with her cruelty, to meet the bitter words that she would surely heap on him with words more bitter.

And yet, he remembered, this was not the purpose for which he came. Suddenly there flashed upon him the thought of his daughter. This, at least—this explanation of her mother's conduct—must be kept from her. Isabella must be shamed out of her resolve at all costs; the whole transaction must be buried in silence.

Thinking over the cards that were in his hand to play, in a game where he knew all and his opponent nothing, Maxwell grew all but confident. If he were not recognised, failure was hardly possible; and at all events, should he fail, a woman so shameless as to persist in such a transaction deserved, he thought, no less than exposure.

He had provided himself with a letter of introduction from Isabella's agent, Martin (using a good deal of strategy to avoid a meeting with the old lawyer), which would be the sure means to an interview; and he now despatched a formal note requesting Isabella to receive him, mentioning merely his introduction, and hinting at business. He chuckled grimly as he reflected that, from what he had gathered, Isabella would almost certainly expect a possible mortgagee.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ISABELLA'S reply came promptly. She would await Mr. Macnamara at seven o'clock that evening. And so, whilst sunset was already red and reeking over the hills towards Bristol, Maxwell passed up through the Circus, along the spacious symmetry of the Crescent, and, crossing the road, knocked at his wife's door. The importance of the house, the importance of the footman who answered his knock, impressed him. "At least," he reflected as he mounted the stair, "there have been compensations." He was in no sentimental humour.

At the first sight of her, as he entered the room and she rose to greet him, Maxwell was suddenly reassured. Here at least was no chance of recognition. Fantastically unlike his recollection of the beautiful dishevelled creature, first cowering, then wild in rage, was this elaborate, hand-

some, and essentially commonplace fine lady. It was impossible to associate the two, and the effect was to make him feel that, of all strangers in the world, this stranger was the most remote and alien. Nor was there in her face the least hint of that bewilderment which so often comes in the eyes of those whose memory is obscurely touched by some trick of attitude or feature. She greeted him with a touch of condescension, yet graciously, as one greets an intending purchaser. "Pray be seated, sir," she said. "So you know my agent, Mr. Martin?"

Maxwell drew out the letter and handed it to her with a ceremonious bow. "This will explain to you, madam," he answered, "the reason why I have troubled you with this visit."

He seated himself and watched her closely as she read it, all his faculties alive and trenchant. His eye noted unsparingly the touch of cosmetics; it noted the slack and somewhat languid curves of the face, counteracted by the fold of obstinacy at the corners of the mouth. Reckoning the possibilities of the countenance, he saw indolence, and he saw principally pride, which, unless enlisted as an ally, would be invincible if joined to the displeasure that was rising in her face as she read.

The letter, which had been confided to him open, ran thus:—

DEAR MADAM,—I take the opportunity of Mr. Macnamara's journey to England to entrust him with this, and to beg that you will listen to his representations. Mrs. McSwiney forwarded to me a letter from you in favour of Sir Garrett Lambert's pretensions to Miss Maxwell's hand, and requested me to undertake the care of Miss Maxwell at once, in accordance with your wishes. I must respectfully inform you that in this matter I have awaited your further and more explicit commands. I feel myself quite unable to

put constraint upon your daughter, or indeed upon any young lady for whom I might have the least regard, to induce her to accept Sir Garrett Lambert as a husband. Before taking upon me such a charge as you desire, if indeed I can ever undertake it, I must ask you to define and limit precisely the nature and extent of my responsibility. And I am bound to add that, to the best of my judgement, there is no guardian, except yourself, so proper or so desirable as Mrs. McSwiney. Mr. Macnamara, who has been of late a visitor at Castle Carrig, and enjoys your sister's confidence, will be ready to assure you that neither your sister nor the young lady has acted in any spirit of disobedience to you.—I am, dear madam, your most obedient servant,

THOMAS MARTIN.

Isabella read the letter to the end, and, as she read, the corners of her mouth drew down.

"And pray, Mr. Macnamara," she asked, "to what do I owe the interference of a total stranger in my private affairs?"

Maxwell saw the gathering of an obdurate stubbornness on her brow, heard it in the tone of a voice which filled him with dislike, and he determined to strike her out of it by a sheer surprise.

"Madam," he said, "I am no stranger to your name. I knew your husband intimately."

The effect of astonishment on which he counted did not fail him. Isabella started, reddened; he saw the grip of her hands tighten on the arms of her chair. Then her face assumed an air of pre-determined severity, like that of one who looks to hear excuses. "Do you come, sir, as his messenger," she said, "in spite of a solemn promise made to the contrary?"

"You are mistaken, madam. I do not come on his errand," her husband answered with a calculated coldness.

Again Isabella was evidently surprised and mystified. "Then be so good as to explain," she said sharply.

"As you know, probably, if he told you the story—"

"I know the story fully, madam," he interrupted.

"Then you know," she went on, words coming from her with the readiness of one who recites an ancient grievance, "that he left me without a word, arranged for his own freedom without even the courtesy of consulting me, and that since then I have not so much as been informed if he is still living. You can tell me that at least, I suppose," she added abruptly.

A grim sense of amusement was awakened in the man by this version of his behaviour. But after all, was it to be expected, he thought, that a woman who had so dealt with her daughter should show any retrospective generosity? "I can only tell you this, madam," he answered, still deliberately framing his tone and words to rouse her curiosity, "that, in the days I speak of, he had made arrangements, if he should die, to have the fact communicated to you. But you will understand that in a wild country such arrangements are uncertain, and the manner of his disappearance was sudden and ambiguous."

"Tell me what you know then, at least," said Isabella, her natural interest so stimulated by his reticence that she half forgot her anger, "even though it appears that you can do nothing to make my position less embarrassing than it has been through all these years."

Maxwell bowed. It was impossible, he thought, for a woman to be more frankly selfish, and yet somehow he must touch her feelings if success were to be possible. "At the time when I knew your husband," he said, and paused—"or I should rather say the man whose name you bear, since I understand that you are free in law . . ."

"I have never considered myself so, sir," Isabella broke in. "Other women might have been less scrupulous. Your friend would not have found many to act as I have done under such circumstances."

There was a faint tinge of irony in his tone as he answered, "I can well believe it." But with a growing earnestness he continued: "And I may tell you this, that nothing moved your husband more than the thought of such attractions and such beauty, placed at so sad a disadvantage in life."

"Attractions!" said Isabella indignantly. "Mr. Maxwell certainly did not behave as if there were any attractions for him. Why should he suppose that others were not as ready to fly from the sight of me?"

He made a gesture of deprecation. "Pardon me, but perhaps you do not understand his feelings. They were well known to me, and I can answer for it that the greatness of your beauty seemed to him to render his offence the more unpardonable."

There was a gleam in Maxwell's eye as he administered his dose of flattery in the guise of a bald explanation. Yet his conscience smote him a little. He was speaking the truth indeed, but with the deliberate intent to cajole, if not to deceive. Still, dexterity was his only weapon, and if he used it against a woman, he used it against the oppressor of his child. "But," he continued, "I have to tell you of facts, not of sentiments. John Maxwell, at the time I speak of, was teaching a school in Kentucky. I was similarly occupied not far off. He was much given to long solitary excursions, and one day, about fifteen years ago, he went on one of these rambles and disappeared. The common opinion was that a party of Indian trappers who passed at that time had somehow made away with

him—perhaps had scalped him, and thrown the body into some hole or river."

As he dwelt on these gruesome suggestions Maxwell noticed an involuntary shudder, and he laughed inwardly at his memory of the sudden freak which had made of him a wanderer among savages for two changes of the seasons. He hastened to tone down the picture, adding: "But nothing certain was ever known in that place, beyond the fact that I have told you, and the man may be living yet. America is large."

"He may be among these rascally rebels," said Isabella, who was prodigiously loyal.

"He may," her husband assented gravely, with the same inward thrill of laughter. "But I have no ground for believing that he is with the American army. At all events, in the reports that have reached this country, his name has never come to my eye. But, madam," said he, abruptly sheering off from a discussion which could only lead to awkward inquiries, "I can answer for one thing, and that is that if John Maxwell had known he had a child, his conduct would have been very different. He would have felt himself bound to care for it." There was a weighty, almost an angry emphasis on the last words.

"And who says the child has not been cared for?" asked Isabella indignantly, yet wincing. "The girl is healthy, I am told, and her education has been such as could be got in the place."

Her husband permitted himself to smile. "Madam, you speak to me of your daughter—whom, pardon me for saying it, you do not know. I come from seeing her, from talking with her. And, believe me, I need not be told that no fault can be found with her upbringing. It is not to

be wondered at that your daughter should be beautiful—and yet the resemblance is in figure rather than in feature; she is,” he added, bowing, “as one might say, not the copy but rather the natural foil or complement to you.” He paused for an instant, to let the flattery take effect, before he approached the purpose that was full in view as he continued. “And the cultivation of her mind is by far more than ordinary; indeed, on seeing her and conversing with her one would hardly guess that there had been a lack in her life. Yet, madam,” he continued, intently watching Isabella, on whose countenance there were visible signs of relenting anger and of gratified vanity, “there has been a lack that perhaps you will hardly understand. You may not guess how an imaginative girl will build up regrets and hopes about a mother who is known to her only by the distant rumour of her beauty and her distinction. The more beautiful the mother, the harder for a child who reflects is the thought that natural affection is replaced by aversion and repugnance.”

“Sir, sir,” struck in Isabella, “if Mr. Maxwell told you the truth, you would know that I could only regard his child with aversion.”

Maxwell's face twitched a little, and his whole body stirred under these direct words. “I recognise that fully, madam,” he said with a sombre intonation. “But I wish to impress upon you only this,” he added earnestly, “that had he known of the child's birth, he would, I believe, have perceived instantly that on him, not on you, devolved the responsibility; that he, and he only, should have endeavoured to make up to the child for the unhappiness of its birth by taking thought for the happiness of its life. And therefore, I, as his friend, come to you and plead for the girl, as

strongly as I believe he would have pleaded. But I do not speak in his name,” he added, changing his tone to one of more passion. “I speak for your daughter, who insisted that an appeal should be made to her mother. She would have come hither in person with her aunt, but neither wished to disobey your orders, which were peremptory, and, madam, if you will pardon me, a little hard.”

Isabella's face flushed. She saw no way to justify her conduct, and this advocacy, which lacked nothing of heat, had moved her. She therefore parried the attack—anxious at the same time to gratify her curiosity concerning a stranger who was in no way displeasing to her.

“But, Mr. Macnamara,” she said, “however severe the order, it has been disregarded, if not actually disobeyed. And I have not yet learnt how you came to be concerned in this business.”

“That is easily told,” said her husband, and he launched into a prepared evasion. “In the days I spoke of, before your husband disappeared, there was some prospect of my going to France, and it was his wish that in such a case I should seek out your sister and gain tidings of her for him.”

“Ah,” cried Isabella angrily, “this is too much. His wife might fare as she pleased; but he still thought of the girl who had jilted him.”

“Heavens!” thought Maxwell, “I had not counted with the *spretæ injuria formæ*.” But his answer was swift and ready. “You forget that he was debarred by his own promise from any communication with his wife—a pledge that he would never have wantonly violated. And as for Mrs. McSwiney, I was able to tell her how he had always rejoiced that she at least had escaped the fate of an enforced and hateful marriage.” Then

—seeing that Isabella's attention was fully won, and her mind drawn out of its attitude of dogged refusal—quick as a flash, before she could speak again, he unmasked his battery. "Madam, will you tell me what is your reason for desiring that my friend's daughter should marry Sir Garrett Lambert?"

The shot struck full. Isabella paused, caught her breath. How much, she wondered, did this man know? Angrily she stood on the defensive. "I refuse to allow, sir, that you have any right to ask me that question."

But quick, supple, persuasive, he met her with fresh argument. "Oh, madam, I do not ask as a right. I come here as a petitioner. When I saw your daughter first, she seemed to me in need of nothing. I found a home of happy people—the one regret in it, that of which I have told you—a sorrow at which I should not have guessed, but which I came to learn from your daughter herself. You can understand that I spoke to her of her father, and that led us to speak of you. For, madam, I endeavoured, according to my ability, to defend him, and only then I found how deeply he was to blame. What could I say when his child told me how she must regard the thought of one who had been no father to her, and, worse than that, had deprived her of a mother? Oh, believe me, it would have touched you could you have heard that young girl speak of her envy for those who had a mother, of the bitterness that it was to be the daughter of a mother whom any daughter would claim with pride—for, madam, believe me, your beauty has lost nothing in your daughter's picture of you—and yet to be to that mother no less than a taint, an ineradicable stain. This, madam, when I first saw your daughter, was the only sorrow

of her life; but when I came to understand, it seemed to me a great sorrow."

Maxwell's pleading was none the less earnest because it was adroit. And he could see that the woman was moved. Yet she answered stubbornly, "Sir, I believe you are sincere, and I may seem to you unnatural. Yet I must think that you attach too much importance to a girl's fancies."

"And not for the world," he answered, "would I ask you to do violence to your feelings merely on that account. Only, madam, the case is changed now. I came back after a short absence; in the meantime your message had arrived. It was a terrible blow, and all the harder because it was uncomprehended. And now," he said, his eyes riveted on her, "I only ask you the question which you forbid them to ask. Why should you order your daughter to accept a husband who is unsuited to her in age and in character, and whom she regards with a passionate aversion? What is the reason?" Then, pausing, he added, "There was at least a reason, madam, for your own marriage."

He spoke the last words with emphasis, yet ambiguously; and he saw the flush mount in Isabella's face and the same look of uncertainty hover in her eyes. She shrank from the avowal, and answered to his words, not to the hint in them. "Surely, sir, there is good reason enough. Sir Garrett is a man of wealth and position."

"Acquired by dishonourable means, and accompanied by an infamous reputation," her husband retorted. "Madam, your own misfortune was not so great as would be that of a marriage between your daughter and such a man."

"You are wrong," said Isabella with a new spirit, feeling herself at

last justified. "At least she would be married to a man who has chosen her and who is willing to give her a man's love and protection."

It was his turn to wince now. For the first time Isabella roused in him compassion. For the first time he realised how her pride had rankled under a fancied slight; and when he spoke, he spoke with a new softness, and a new candour. "Forgive me, madam. I was so used to my friend's aspect of the story that I have never guessed at the other. He thought to have made some reparation by removing from you what he felt to be the insult of his presence. I can see now that he was wrong: that he sought to make an atonement with money which should have been made by long devotion. And yet, madam, I speak to you for my friend, who was no common friend of mine, and I entreat you for his daughter. Your own happiness was cruelly sacrificed to free a parent from a debt. Do not repeat the error in another generation."

"Sir," said Isabella angrily, "you have been prying into my affairs." And yet in her resentment there was perceptible a softening of tone.

"There was no need to pry," he answered earnestly. "Your losses to this man, as you must know, are the talk of the town. I merely formed a conjecture, as any one would do, on the circumstances. And yet, madam, I cannot believe that you will sell your daughter to pay a gaming-debt."

The room was growing dusk, and Isabella sat with her back to the light, yet her husband could discern the deep flush that spread itself over those regular features. "You have no right to say such things," she said; but there was a weakening, almost a hesitation in her voice.

"And yet, madam," he pursued quickly, feeling his advantage, "I

only say to you now what the world will say. This Sir Garrett Lambert has talked glibly of your indebtedness, and of his own generosity. You cannot deny that he has used the indebtedness as a lever to move you to consent. Can you without shame consent to such a transaction? Will you give me your word, that I may give it to your daughter, that you are thinking of your daughter's welfare? You cannot."

"Sir," she retorted sullenly, "I have given my pledge, and I cannot break it."

His answer came swift as a rapier-thrust. "Your father said that once, I believe, and yet he was never honoured for his constancy to a pledge given for his own advantage." He paused emphatically; then, "Madam, this has been a strange meeting," he said, suddenly changing his tone. "Bands have drawn us together from the ends of the earth; your husband, my friend, in America, your daughter yonder in Donegal. I have learned much. I have learned that a man may give all he has to pay for a transgression, and yet never find nor deserve forgiveness. But I stand here for my friend to prevent, if it may be, this last and worst consequence of his error. I appeal to you, for your own sake and for your daughter, to let me help. I have money; my friend's daughter is very dear to me. What is this debt, that I may assist you to meet it?"

It is perhaps a common trait of the habitually indebted, and certainly of the gambler, to be a little regardless as to the sources from which money comes. Isabella had scarcely reached the point of absolute laxity in these matters, yet the proposal was less repugnant to her than a woman of other habits would have found it. And, moreover, she had been genuinely wrought upon in a number of ways.

For the first time in her life she desired to see her daughter; and it was evident that the meeting could be agreeable to neither if she insisted on this marriage. Then Sir Garrett's taunts still rankled; she felt herself in his power, and loathed the feeling; it would be no small pleasure to disappoint him. And, lastly, the man himself who pleaded was not a man whom she found it easy to refuse.

"My husband was fortunate, at least, in his friend," she answered, with the first smile that he had seen on her lips. "And, sir, since, as you say, we are so strangely brought together, I will not resent what might be taken as presumption."

"Oh, believe me, madam—"

But she cut him short with a gesture. "No, you need not protest. We will talk as friends. And I will not deny that it is odious to me to owe money to this man. But I owe it, and, though it may seem strange to you, I cannot pay it. My miserable Irish tenants are dishonest, every man of them; there is no getting their rent, and things go from bad to worse till the land is nearly worthless. Indeed I find myself so impoverished, through no fault of mine, that it is impossible for me merely to keep up the way of life I am used to here."

Strange comparisons shaped themselves in her husband's mind as he listened to this sincere denunciation of the dishonesty that had brought her to this terrible pinch, and thought of her barefoot tenants crouching in their cabins. But nothing of his anger showed in his tone as he asked, "And what is the amount of this debt that so distresses you?"

"A mere three thousand pounds," answered Isabella, reddening. "At any time but this it would have been easy to raise twice the sum on a mortgage. The estate is a good deal encumbered, no doubt, but still—"

"My dear madam," he broke in, "say no more. If you will put an end to this debt I will provide the money, and you shall give me what security you choose."

Isabella started. She was not prepared for so sudden a way of deliverance. "But really, Mr. Macnamara, this offer from a stranger—"

"If you insist upon treating me as a stranger, consider it as a business proposal," he said. "I have three thousand pounds which I am ready to invest. The terms shall be usurious if you desire. But, madam, I entreat you, do not look at it merely in that light. It is hateful to me to see John Maxwell's daughter" (he hesitated a little at the name) "promised to a man unworthy of her. It is hateful to me to see a lady of your position made a tool of by this fellow for his own ends. And more hateful to me than all is the irreparable mischief that must be done if you persist in urging this marriage. Your daughter has learned to cherish you in her heart; motherless as she is, she has contented herself with a dream of her mother. Will you take out from a young girl's heart the picture of yourself that is there, and set up in its stead an image of incarnate injustice? Madam, I entreat of you, be kind, be generous. Treat me as a friend of your husband and your daughter, if not of your own, and take the help that I offer. Pay this man his debt, and send him about his business."

Prompt decisions were not in Isabella's slow-moving nature, and more from the force of habit than from any uncertainty she sought a postponement. "Mr. Macnamara," she said, rising, "I recognise your sincerity. But it is a matter of importance. Will you come to me to-morrow for my answer?"

(To be continued.)

THE FISCAL QUESTION: HISTORY'S ARGUMENT.

THE great Fiscal Question that is now before the country may be discussed in two ways; either by arguments drawn from political economy, or by an appeal to history. You may either upon abstract grounds infer the effects that are likely to follow from the adoption of a particular policy, or you may by historical examination endeavour to discover the effects which have actually ensued from the policies adopted in the past. The first, or deductive method, is the one more commonly employed; the second, which, in so far as it is based on observation, is inductive, is less popular, but has advantages of its own. For the past, it has been well said, is the best prophet of the future; and if history may be rightly styled a science, it is precisely for the reason that historical knowledge has the potentialities of prophecy. He, at any rate, who would solve the problems of the present, must read the human story, with its infinite past and its indefinite futurity, *sub specie perennitatis*—under the aspect of the eternal. His outlook should be large, his conceptions spacious. A retrospective presentment of the past may, therefore, help to throw some light upon the great issue that the nation is now called on to determine.

The history of British commercial policy affords one of the most striking illustrations of the fallibility of human judgements. A brief examination of the principles of government adopted and of their manifest consequences will unroll a singular chapter in the history of mistaken beliefs and erroneous processes of reasoning.

When out of the ruins of the mediæval world nations began to take the place of the earlier city-states, then nationalism became the basis of industrial life, and the pursuit of national power the grand object of legislative action. In England, where a strong sense of corporate life was developed comparatively early, the idea was carried out with great strength and persistency of purpose. The conception of the nation as a compact and organised being, self-contained and exclusive, was the basis of a great series of regulative enactments which touched social and industrial life at every point. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth alone something like a hundred Acts of Parliament of the *regimentation* character, to use a serviceable word, were passed. The whole period right up to the beginning of the nineteenth century was one of state regulation, restriction and protection, and it was from this point of view that all questions of trade, whether foreign or domestic, were regarded. The first claim for protection came from the agricultural interest. It was argued that the land and its products were, if not the sole, at all events the most important part of national wealth; a proposition, indeed, which before the rise of manufactures, was demonstrably true. To keep up, therefore, the prices of agricultural products and the value of rents, was one of the main objects of the government and of legislation. It was with this aim that the system of the corn laws, long regarded as the acme of political wisdom, was constructed. Then by a similar process

of reasoning the same policy was applied to domestic manufactures, especially those which, like the woollen industry, were closely connected with the agricultural interest for their supply of raw material. In a word, to exclude and injure the foreigner, to encourage home industries, was long thought to be the very foundation of political philosophy and the last word of the wisdom of the statesman.

The result was an organised system of rigorous protection. Carried out, as it was, with logical consistency, it naturally produced some amazing legislation. The woollen trade, which was thought to be the most important, affords some remarkable examples. Not only was the exportation of wool stringently prohibited, but also that of the sheep who carried the wool upon their backs. It was even forbidden to shear sheep within five miles of the coast. So rigorous was the law that the penalties for exporting wool were laid upon the inhabitants of the district from which it was shipped; and it is related that the principal inhabitants of New Romney, where the illicit trade was largely carried on, were forced to leave the place. There was one law ordering all persons of six years of age and upwards to wear woollen caps of home manufacture upon Sundays and holy days; there was another directing all corpses to be buried in woollen shrouds. Scarcely less remarkable was some of the legislation for the encouragement of fisheries. By a statute of Queen Elizabeth Wednesday was added to the fast days; but it was provided that persons might obtain licenses to eat flesh, if they contributed six and eightpence a year for the relief of the poor; and that any one who dared to assert that the law had any spiritual significance should be prosecuted for spreading false news! More

recently bounties were given to the herring and whale fisheries; but when it was found that boats were fitted out to catch, not fish, but the bounties, the plan was abandoned on account of the national loss that was incurred. The silk trade was scarcely less an object of government care than the woollen. Not only was the importation of foreign silks absolutely prohibited, but eastern fabrics were only allowed to be brought in to be re-exported. A company (the Royal Lustring) was founded with the special object of fostering the domestic manufacture. In the year 1696 the Spitalfields weavers, with their wives and families, marched in a body to Westminster, in order to petition Parliament to exclude all eastern silks and cotton goods. Such an unprecedented attempt to terrorise the legislators caused a profound consternation, which was increased when the offices of the East India Company and the house of its deputy-governor were attacked. In the end the weavers succeeded in getting what they wanted. The leather and button manufactures were benefited by restrictions upon imports; shipping was protected by the navigation laws; it was a misdemeanour for an artisan to go abroad and carry with him a knowledge of his mystery or craft; alien immigrants, when admitted at all, came subject to religious tests and payments of duties; naturalisation was only grudgingly conceded; aliens were permitted only to work in certain places at specified trades, and to employ apprentices under certain regulations. Parliament in the reign of Charles the Second actually petitioned him to wear no clothes made of foreign manufactured stuffs, and to discountenance their use by all who came to court. Nor was protection enforced only in a negative way by simple prohibition;

for it took the aggravated form of bounties which were given upon exports of corn, silk, linen and cotton goods. To encourage dyeing a duty was imposed upon white woollen cloths exported. Ireland was placed upon the same footing as a foreign nation; her cattle were not allowed to be imported; and her woollen trade was totally suppressed. Imports were generally discouraged as much as possible, except in the case of the precious metals, of which it was supposed that national wealth in the main existed.

It must not however be supposed that during all this time there was no advocacy of free trade doctrines, or no attempt to put them into practice. Such efforts as there were, too feeble and intermittent to be effective, do at any rate throw interesting side-lights upon the commercial history of the time. It might have been antecedently supposed either that over the essential questions of national economy party faction would have been stilled, or that, if such was not the case, free trade would have been pre-eminently the doctrine of the party of liberalism, or the Whigs. Both conclusions would have been wrong.

The history of the development and eventual triumph of the principles of free trade shows that party prejudices and tactics were very influential factors; and that the first advocates of commercial freedom were seventeenth-century Tories, such as Sir Josiah Child, the chairman of the East India Company, and Sir Dudley North, a London merchant who reached the highest civic honours. The economic views of both were in advance of the age in which they lived. What better statement, for instance, could there be of the elemental principles of free trade than that contained in these wise

and pregnant sayings of Sir Dudley North? "A nation in the world, as to trade, is in all respects like a city in a Kingdom, or a family in a city. . . . Laws to hamper trade, whether foreign or domestic, relating to money or other merchandise, are not the means to make a people rich and abounding in money and stock. . . . The whole world, as to trade, is but one nation or people, and therein nations are as persons."

But in the maelstrom of parties truth, however nobly stated, was overwhelmed. In fact the Tories were free traders and the Whigs were protectionists, not because they took different abstract views of foreign trade, but because they took party views of the national relations with France. For while toryism meant a French alliance and freedom of exchange, whiggism expressed detestation of that alliance and impediments upon the import of French goods. At this time the foreign trade of England was in the main a trade with France, and it is very curious to observe how the British attitude towards French imports varied with the rise and fall of parties. In 1678 these imports were forbidden altogether; on the accession of James the Second a heavy tariff was substituted for prohibition; in 1688 the prohibition was renewed, only to be replaced by a new tariff in 1696; again in 1706 the prohibition was imposed, and continued till the Peace of Utrecht in 1713. It was a Tory ministry that then for the first time endeavoured to negotiate a commercial treaty with France. This, indeed, was a step in the right direction, but it raised such a storm of indignation that it had to be abandoned. The whole question was perverted by an exaggerated display of party feeling. It ran so high that the Whigs wore bits of wool as badges in their hats

to show their zeal for the woollen manufacturers of whose interests they claimed to be the champions. Even Bolingbroke, who declared that he tried to negotiate the treaty "more in the character of a statesman than a merchant," confessed that he hoped that, when the people had tasted the sweets of free exchange with France, "the artifices of whiggism would have less effect among them." So that even his attempt, though in itself a great one and worthy of a better fate, was stained with baser party motives. It is noteworthy that the next movement in the direction of free trade came also from the Tory side. Lord Shelburne, it is true, an advanced Whig, held very liberal views on international exchange, thanks to the teaching of Adam Smith and Turgot. But Pitt was no less their disciple, and it was under their inspiration that he negotiated the commercial treaty with France in 1786. But his enlightened views exposed him to contemporary satire.

Stiff from old Turgot and his rigid
school,
He never deviates from his wholesome
rule.
Left to themselves, all find their level
price,
Potatoes, verses, turnips, Greek and
rice.

It will be within the memory of every one that though it was the Radicals who led the assault upon the corn laws, it was a Tory, Sir Robert Peel, who abolished them. The protectionists in the end, to use Disraeli's humorous illustration, were, like the Saxons, "converted in battalions and baptised in platoons. It was utterly impossible to bring these individuals from a state of reprobation to a state of grace with a celerity sufficiently quick." The whole story of the corn law agitation exemplifies the fact that fiscal problems, however abstract in

their nature, can rarely in practice be kept above the plane of party conflict.

It is important to observe in their totality the significance of the events that have been briefly enumerated and described. Now it is manifest that the protectionist or regimentation system failed almost entirely to achieve the objects which its projectors fondly hoped they would attain, thus affording an additional illustration of the fact that legislation is often either futile or produces mischievous and unexpected consequences. Protectionism did not secure plenty; the people, in fact, were never so nearly upon the verge of starvation as they were when the corn laws were in force. Things sometimes came to such a pass that philanthropic persons agreed to eat no bread in order to eke out the supply. It did not avoid distress among the workers; the Spitalfields weavers, for example, were a continuous source of trouble and solicitude. It did not ensure the production of well-manufactured articles; for though the silk industry was, as Huskisson said, "nursed and dandled," the finished stuffs were found to be inferior to those imported from abroad. It did not even protect home industries from foreign competition; for though the penalties were severe (witness the case of the lady who in 1766 was fined at the Guildhall the sum of £200 for wearing a cambric pocket handkerchief) smuggling was lucrative and widely carried on. Disraeli, speaking of his own early life, said in one of his speeches that the Dorsetshire peasants never worked after three o'clock in the afternoon, because they, and the farmers' horses, were engaged during the night in landing smuggled goods. The belief that home products were protected was, as Sir Robert Peel himself declared, simply a delusion, the very

judges on the bench sometimes wearing cambric bands in contravention of the statutes.

In like manner the system did not prevent complaints being made of the competition of underpaid foreign labour. In the year 1677, for instance, language was used in the House of Commons bearing a very strong resemblance to that which is now occasionally heard. "You encourage trade," said Colonel Birch, "with heathens, who work for a penny a day, and destroy Christians; and the French, who scarce eat flesh four times a year, and wear linen breeches and wooden shoes, destroy your trade by underworking you." Again, it did not secure what was then thought to be a favourable trade balance; for in spite of all devices, imports, except the precious metals—of which enough could never be obtained—persistently flowed into the country. During the reign of Charles the Second, a commission appointed to inquire into the balance of trade with France reported that the English loss amounted to about one million pounds a year. The dismay was profound, and the common council of the City of London solemnly petitioned the King to protect trade from the "depredations of the French." A more amazing instance of perverse reasoning can hardly be imagined. Hardly less foolish was the treatment of the alien immigrants. Their presence was disliked, but they came in all the same; and England was then, as it has been since, to use Defoe's expression, "The eternal refuge of the vagabond." It was not perceived how much the country was indebted to its immigrants; it was at any rate easy to forget that the Flemings and the Huguenots founded the flannel and silk industries respectively. There is a suggestive and interesting story of the

way in which the sail-cloth industry was introduced from France. In the year 1681 a proposal was made to Sir Leoline Jenkins, the Secretary of State, that a number of French refugees, possessing a knowledge of sail-cloth making, should be naturalised. Shortly afterwards Lord Halifax introduced one Bonhomme, a French linen-draper to Sir Leoline, and under his direction an industry of great importance to a maritime country was founded successfully at Ipswich. Yet advantages of this kind the protectionists, if they had been able, would have lost. Nor, lastly, did the system in the least mitigate commercial rivalry abroad. How bitterly the English resented the competition of the Dutch may be learned from Dryden's vigorous lines :

In thriving arts long since had Holland
grown,
Crouching at home, and cruel when
abroad;
Scarce leaving us the means to claim
our own,
Our King they courted and our
merchants awed.

Trade, which like blood should cir-
cularly flow,
Stopped in their channels, found its
freedom lost:
Thither the wealth of all the world did
go,
And seemed but shipwrecked on so
base a coast.

In the eyes of the English merchant Holland then filled pretty much the same position that Germany fills to-day.

Such in brief outline was the character of British trade policy and of its results prior to our present fiscal system, which was instituted some fifty years ago by Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone and founded upon a revision of tariffs on a basis of free trade.

What then during all this time was the character of British colonial policy, and what were its results? British colonial policy has, to put it briefly, gone through several stages. The original notion of a colony, or plantation, to use the older word, was that it was to be mainly "a dumping-ground" for British goods; or, to use the more elegant language of Sir George Cornwall Lewis, a means of "raising up a people of customers." Sometimes indeed, as when the growing of tobacco in England and Ireland was forbidden in order to encourage its production in Virginia, the interests of the colonies were considered; but the prevailing idea was that expressed by Chatham, when he said that he would not permit the colonists to make so much as a hobnail for themselves. They were, so to speak, *tied* to the British shop exclusively, to buy there all the goods they wanted and to sell there all the produce that the mother-country could be induced to take. But though there was no commercial freedom, there was in practice a large measure of political independence, and though perhaps it would be an exaggeration to say with Sir William Molesworth, that "originally there was strictly speaking no colonial polity," yet the home government hardly ever interfered. If it was bad economically, it was, from a political point of view, a tolerable system. Interference, at any rate, soon led to the loss of the colonies altogether. The second stage was marked by an absolute reversal of the policy of the first. "We abandoned," to use Sir William Molesworth's words, "the old system of chartered colonies and adopted the new one of Crown colonies. . . . We exchanged our ancient and successful system of colonising, that of allowing to the colony a large share of local self-government. . . . We have pursued the Spanish

system of governing in all things from a distance by a council of the Indies in Downing Street." But, as it were by way of compensation for the loss of liberty, the mother-country in a fit of penitential remorse proceeded to inflict a serious loss upon herself under a system of preferential tariffs in favour of the colonies. The subsidies paid in this way on sugar and timber alone at one time amounted to six million pounds a year.

This was a plan that was bad from any point of view. The trouble began when after the declaration of American independence the West Indian colonies were cut off from their trade with the United States. In consequence the navigation laws were about 1794 suspended in the case of Jamaica, and, somewhat later, in that of the other West Indian islands and Newfoundland. In 1825-6 this system of suspension as between the colonies and the United States was made permanent. The preferential tariffs still remained, and were not finally abolished until 1846. But they did a good deal of mischief while they lasted. First, they caused endless irritation. When, for instance, in 1843, a preference was given to Canadian corn, the result, which no one had foreseen, was exceedingly unwelcome; for it was found that corn from the United States flowed through Canada to England at a lower duty than if it had come direct. Secondly, they proved really injurious to the colonies, by giving an artificial direction to industry, by sapping their power of self-reliance, and by creating vested interests, which afterwards could only be painfully uprooted. Such, for example, was the interest of the Canadian flour-mills, upon which the abolition of the preferential corn tariff fell with much severity.

The mistaken treatment of the

colonies was certainly responsible for the once widely-spread belief that they were merely a source of weakness and a burden. Even about the middle of the eighteenth century, the well-known economist Dr. Tucker, dean of Gloucester, asserted that the total separation of the American colonies would be "one of the happiest events that has ever happened in Great Britain." Long after that event had actually occurred the denunciation of colonial possessions was the constant theme of a certain school of politicians. When Bentham said that there was no necessity "for governing or possessing an island in order that we may sell merchandise there," he was the exponent not so much of a sentiment but of what was thought by many to be an indisputable conclusion. It was not indeed until nearly the middle of the nineteenth century that the imminent danger of the loss of the colonies was averted by abolishing a system that Sir William Molesworth not untruly described as the government of a negligent Colonial Office responsible only to an ignorant Parliament. It is to that far-seeing statesman that the inauguration of a better state of things must chiefly be ascribed. For, as he said, "the use of colonies does not consist, as was formerly supposed, in governing them as subjects, but in *trading with them as equals*." The common-sense view at last prevailed of allowing the mother-country and the self-governing colonies to frame their own tariffs according to their own peculiar needs ; and it was generally recognised that though free trade might be good, there was something better still—that is to say, liberty itself.

What then are the lessons to be drawn from these events? They are not far to seek or in any way recondite. It cannot be too clearly

understood at the outset what the precise question is that the nation is called upon to consider, for the minds of many persons are bewildered and confused. Mr. Chamberlain has an end in view and he puts forth a proposal as a means for the attainment of that end. His end is the unity of the Empire and his means commercial union with the colonies. The question of retaliatory tariffs, or fair trade, is quite a separate one, and is in no sense an essential (though it may be a subsidiary) part of his proposal. This is a distinction that cannot be too clearly borne in mind, for it is upon commercial union with the colonies that Mr. Chamberlain's scheme must stand or fall. What conditions then does this scheme involve?

Mr. Chamberlain's ideal of an exclusive and self-sufficing empire—a "great Leviathan" such as Hobbes never dreamed of—is plainly a reversion to the old protectionist system. For Britain substitute the British Empire ; the underlying conception is identical ; the difference is one only of degree. Commercial union of the Empire, or imperial Zollverein, call it by such high-sounding phrases as we may, has protection blazoned on the front of it—protection of colonial raw products on the one hand and of British manufactured goods upon the other. For the scheme is in fact one of discrimination within the Empire in favour of its own members and against all outsiders. This is not the place to argue the question of free trade or protection, but it is idle to suppose that a protective system or one of preferential tariffs can be adopted without certain consequences following. It is unthinkable indeed that some of the old and absurd regulations and restrictions should ever be re-enacted, but it is well-known what fruits the old policies

produced. After a "grand inquest of the nation," they were deliberately abandoned, but it is to them that the country is now being invited to return. "Things are what they are," said Bishop Butler, "and the consequences of things will be what they will be. Why then should we wish to be deceived?" An unnecessary question, were it not that men's power of self-deception is so extraordinarily great. The belief that a commercial policy can be adopted without its natural consequences following recalls the definition of marriage — the triumph of hope over experience.

Mr. Chamberlain's ardent patriotism and immense services cannot be questioned, and all will join in his wishes for the inseparable unity of the Empire. But whether he has chosen the best means may well be doubted. The notion of an empire based on a "cash nexus," to use Carlyle's phrase, is surely not a sound one; for imperial greatness is something very different from a matter of ledgers and accounts. Sir William Molesworth, though a Radical of the Manchester school, did more for the Empire than almost any man of his time, and he perceived the true relations of colonial affairs with a rare lucidity. "It is evident," he said, speaking in 1848, "however, that with the abandonment of colonial monopoly, the arguments in favour of colonial dominion, which were derived from that monopoly, must likewise be abandoned.

Therefore as far as trade is concerned, the Colonies have become virtually independent states." The only benefit, he went on to remark, so far as trade is concerned, of colonial dominion is the power of "averting the possibilities of the colonies enacting hostile tariffs against our produce and manufactures." And even that benefit since Sir William

Molesworth's time has vanished. It probably required some courage on his part to say, "We do not, therefore, require colonial dominion in order to buy from them; and in fact we do not really require colonial dominion even to sell to them." But the statement was logical and consistent. He went too far, no doubt, in saying that the United States were still "properly speaking colonies of this country," and in calling them our "independent colonies," but his remarks on the trade relations of the Empire are unquestionably sound. So far as trade is concerned, the mother-country and the colonies have entirely diverse interests, and from this point of view they naturally require fiscal independence. Even the saying that trade follows the flag is only partly true; for, as Adam Smith put it, there is a Scotchman inside everybody, and in the long run the instinct to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market will override the sentiment of race.

It has been no part of the object of this essay to discuss free trade or protection upon purely economic grounds; still less to try to exalt free trade into the position of a dogma beyond the reach of critical examination. It is probable, indeed, that there is no trade policy whatever that is equally suitable for all countries at all times in all conceivable circumstances. An attempt, however, has been made to show that in the British Empire protection and preferential tariffs have been tried and that experience has condemned them. That splendid heritage is worth some sacrifices; but that it can only be preserved by fiscal union has certainly not been shown. The onus lies upon Mr. Chamberlain and his followers to prove it.

C. B. ROYLANCE KENT.

MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S LUTE.

It hangs on the wall in the corner where the low sun just touches it, outlining it against the shadow and turning the rich bronze of its curving ribs to gold. It is very beautiful in its slender swelling fullness, very perfect in colour; polished with age till the play of light upon its shining surfaces is a thing rather to see than to describe. Also it has a strange perverse charm of unexpectedness, almost of deformity; for, in place of the short sharply-flexed lute-head, its slender neck stretches into the long straight finger-board of a guitar. "A lute with a history, I imagine," was the comment of one who knows much of these things, when it was taken to him to be restored. And he touched it with lingering fingers. "A fine piece, too, as I have seen; very old, and what a shape! Of course, that neck spoils it; but if it were mine, it should not be altered. I am sure it has a history."

Yes, and I, too, would not have it altered, I, who know that history, or as much of it as has been told to their daughters by the women who have played on it during more than two hundred years. In that time much may come to pass, and my lute has many stories, but there is only one that I can never forget, that, when I look at it, I remember always.

When first it came to me I found a scrap of ribbon hanging from the ivory stud at the lower end, a thin gauzy string of blue with a white edge of open work, such as our grandmothers wore nearly a hundred years ago. But underneath there was still another fragment of crumbling silk,

almost colourless with age, but still perceptibly tricolor in its folds; a fragment that had been sheltered and preserved by the later ribbon wrapped about it. And on the face of the lute, where the player's hand rests, there are curious stains, I think of blood. It has been restored at least twice within the last hundred years, and again there are fine cracks seaming its ancient face; yet in spite of its great age the tone of it is extraordinarily full and sweet, with a peculiar soft resonance in it that is difficult to describe. It has always been my fancy that there are voices in it, the very distant voices of children and the far echo of a song; but that is because I think always of the story I am going to tell as it has been told to me. Perhaps I should scarcely call it a story. There is so very much that we do not know; it is rather a series of glimpses into the past, told without cohesion, at long intervals, and pieced together by the loving ears that heard them.

For my grandmother out of her own memories could add and interpret much. She remembered living in the bare comfortless rooms of the old family house, in a poverty that was the bleaker from its setting. She had seen the sword-slashed tapestry and loved its faded blood-stained pictures; she knew the secret hiding-place whence her grandfather had been dragged on his way to the guillotine, and had helped to tend the grandmother who came out of the prisons as out of the grave, who to her life's end was always a helpless shadow of the older France, alien and

bewildered in the new. She remembered that she and her sister were in their childhood dressed as boys, and called by the names of their dead brothers, to please their father's morbid fancy; and she recalled too that never had her mother used those names, never had they heard them cross her lips. And later they had travelled to a cold grey land in the north, where my grandmother was to make a much dearer home than she had ever known in France, but a home in which her mother lived to the end of her long life, an alien and a stranger to the last, never speaking the tongue of those about her, knowing little more of the country she lived in than she could see from her window. She was always very quiet, very still in her ways and chary of words, seeming often to be far absent in her thoughts; it was only towards the end, when her husband had long been dead, that she sometimes talked to her daughters and told them a little—a very little—of the past. And from what she told them, and from what they themselves remembered, and from some old papers that came ultimately to their keeping, they pieced together all that we shall ever know of the story of Suzanne Duval and her lute.

And the story begins, as it seems to me, with a song.

Je me fus dans le jardin
Parmi les rosiers;
J'ai vu mon bien-aimé
Qui par là passait.
Il m'envoyait un baiser
Gai! mon cœur, gai!
Les roses sont fleuries,
Les roses de Mai!

J'ai perdu mon bien-aimé;
Il s'en est allé;
Il a pris la Mort
Pour sa fiancée.
Il m'a quitté,
Gai, mon cœur, gai;
Les roses sont fanées,
Les roses de Mai.

One hundred and fifteen years ago there stood an ancient and stately house in the silk-weavers' quarter of Lyons. It stands there, indeed, still, though sorely changed and debased; the carved lintels and mouldings chipped, the pilasters and garlands broken away. The window-panes are cracked; the high roof sags and bulges; and the rubbish-littered square on which it looks is casually a market and always a playground for innumerable children.

Yet it is not so long since the Maison Duval stood in sober stateliness amid its fellows, the houses of the great silk-merchants of the city, who lived here near their looms and workshops on the low ground between river and hill. They formed almost a class to themselves, these silk-weavers and dressers; brilliant, wealthy, singularly independent, they lived in great luxury and as much comfort as the time understood, and with their common interests and constant inter-marriage, formed a society curiously associate and compact. And in this society, a hundred and ten or twenty years ago, a prominent place was held by Joseph Duval, the great satin-dresser, who held in his hands the practical monopoly of the trade. He had travelled to England to study improvements in machinery, he had invented, perfected, elaborated, simplified, the methods and material he had found in use, till there were in France no *donneurs d'eau*, as they were technically termed, who could compete with the Ateliers Duval. In consequence, he had become very rich; his house was one of the finest in the quarter; he was important, respected and envied. He had a wife who was called the wittiest woman in Lyons, and had once been the loveliest; and he had a daughter who was now all that her mother had been. And

that daughter, in all her seventeen years, had never known a hard word, or been stinted in anything she desired. Her childhood was joy.

. . . To-night was the betrothal of Suzanne Duval, and the old house was at its gayest. There were lights everywhere, and many servants, and guests swarming up the great double stairs and crowding the salons; for everyone in Lyons, everyone of any importance, was here to do homage to Suzanne and to criticise her *futur*. The marriage was one that had been talked of, and not always with approval. Gaston La Derive was an "outsider," not of their class or city, not of their profession, not even wealthy or specially high-born. He had happened to please old Joseph Duval, who praised his clear head and quick judgement in affairs; here was a son-in-law fit to succeed him, he declared, and as to money, he himself was surely rich enough to do as he liked. It was not customary to consider in any way the opinion of the bride; but there were those who knew Suzanne well who wondered if this cold and formal young man were a well-chosen husband for Duval's petted daughter.

She was standing just now beside her mother at the end of the long salon, waiting for her father to lead up to her the man that was to be her husband, and thinking, surely, of many things; but neither then, nor at any time, do we know her thoughts. We have to be satisfied with impressions: a slight little figure resplendent in satin and lace, a small head held high, a curiously direct regard that looks out of her miniature to-day as it must have looked down the long salon at her father and the man who advanced beside him on the night of her betrothal.

"My daughter, I present to you M. Gaston La Derive. . ." Joseph

Duval's voice rolled on in the customary platitudes, and his chosen son-in-law duly made his salutations. He was good-looking and well-built, with a pretty leg and a fine manner; a little formal, with eyes somewhat close together, and a supercilious air that appeared distinguished. Suzanne knew nothing of him, but she had no active objection to him as her fiancé. He pleased her eye, and, spoilt child though she was, it had never occurred to her that she might choose her own husband. She accepted alike the flowers he presented to her and his declaration of devotion with a curtsy to the ground, and expressed her obedience to her father in phrases demurely, unhesitatingly gracious. Then she gave him her finger-tips, and together they walked through the salon to receive the congratulations of the guests. It was all very fine, very moving, very brilliant. A sudden intoxication bewildered Suzanne, who preserved in her memory the impression of many lights above and about her, of lights reflected in mirrors and shining silks, of lights flashing and sparkling from innumerable jewels. The rest was uncertain; she seemed to tread on air through a mist of light, conscious always of the young man beside her. Curtseying, smiling, responding, somehow she fulfilled her part but remembered none of it: the confusion only lifted as she found herself with her lute in her hands (the lute that had no guitar-head then) and her mother whispering to her as she settled the ribbons on her shoulder.

"Sing your best, *ma fille* . . . but not the foolish little airs you sing to us, dear one. Something serious . . . you understand? . . . He detests childishness . . . and I fear he thinks you very young. . ."

Suzanne lifted her head high, at

the first criticism she had ever known, and looked up to meet, in silence, an unemotional regard. Then her hand fell sharply on the strings and she began to sing.

I walked in my garden,
Where roses grow. . .

Gaston turned away. I think the lights went out then, for Suzanne, and were never lit again.

It was night, again, in Lyons. Above the lights of the city, above its spires and roofs, the sky lifted itself into the placidity of darkness; there was no wind, there were no clouds, there were few stars, only the deep and lovely silence of wide sky, undisturbed, profound. It was below, in the city, that no peace was.

In the level between the river and the hill, where the silk-factories lay, the streets were filled with an unusual turmoil. Here, at this hour, there should have been peace; for the day was long, and the nights too short for a man to get his full rest in. From dawn to twilight the looms worked with their ceaseless thud and clatter, pausing only when light failed; darkness brought silence, and the sleep of wearied men. But to-night there was neither silence nor sleep. The narrow ill-lit streets were thronged by a crowd of singular incohesion, that pressed itself into groups only to drift apart again; that gathered round a knot of speakers, and scattered when a voice lifted into domination. There was constant movement without progression, an excitement that checked itself into hesitation. The noise rose and fell, passing from the scuffling stamp of a crowd and sudden bursts of speech to quick silences when men eyed each other side-long and a voice left audible quavered and was hushed;

only to rise again into the roar of movement, the security of noise, of companionship, of being each in the confusion unmarked. They had done nothing—yet; they were waiting, as a mob always waits, for the impulse that drives it. And a courier from the north, with death in his budget, was riding hot-foot into Lyons. . .

In her own room Suzanne paced up and down with her boy in her arms. He was a wakeful rogue, and growing heavy; her back ached and her arms were stiff; sometimes her thoughts wandered. Unconsciously, as she walked up and down, she listened to the sounds of the night; somewhere, below, her husband and father were closeted together; somewhere her mother, perhaps, was wakeful too. There was a roar that came intermittently, like wind afar off on the plain; she forgot to sing, in listening to it. It was coming nearer; the wind. . . . was it wind? . . . was growing deeper and more certain. There was something terrible in it; surely a storm was at hand. . . .

Théodore cried and opened wide his eyes. "Oh! . . . rogue! . . ."

I walked in my garden,
But flowers there were none. . .
I looked for my true love. . . .

The storm was at hand, indeed.

Suzanne was alone in Lyons, but she was in the old grey house no longer. Her husband had fled and she knew not where he was; she herself had been in no fit state to attempt escape. Her father and mother were in one or other of the over-flowing prisons, if indeed they were still alive; he had been hidden during five weeks in his own house, and Suzanne had stood by when they dragged him from the narrow shelf where he had lain so

long, and had wept for his cramped and helpless limbs and the black hair turned to snowy white. It was the last time she had cried. It was years before she learned to weep wholesome tears again. Friends, kinsfolk, even acquaintance, were gone; some had escaped, many were in the prisons, more were dead. She was alone, save for Théodore, and little Sébastien who had been born in the midst of the siege and seemed to have thriven on the trouble about him. She had found a refuge in a miserable attic lent to her by a compassionate stranger, a bare rafted place high in the steepness of the roof, with nothing in it save a table and a couple of broken chairs, and a heap of straw thrown onto the built-in ledge that served as bed. But it had a window that looked up at nothing save the sky overhead, and Suzanne thanked God daily for it; so much the less had she been forced to see of the horrors about her. She went out very rarely. A woman in the house, who knew her helplessness, brought her bread and water and such miserable food as she could obtain. Here Sébastien was born; and Suzanne, altogether alone with him and little Théodore, untended, almost unfed, throve as she had not done in the luxury of her own home. When the sun shone down through the window and there was blue sky overhead, she played with her lute and her babies and forgot to be anything less than content. For she had kept the lute with her, the lute that seemed to hold for her every memory of her happy youth, and that sang to her in the voices she loved, the lute that was her children's joy and in some curious way her own comforter.

It happened one night that when she had wrapped the little ones in her cloak and laid them on the straw in the box-bed, there came a tap to the

door, a little scratching tap, the sound made by one who is in danger; and before Suzanne could reach it, a scrap of paper was pushed in by the crevice beneath. When she looked out on the ladder-like stair that climbed into the roof, there was no one to be seen; there was nothing to tell whose hand had brought her this, the first word she had had from her husband. She smoothed out the paper, almost too startled and bewildered to make out the small fine writing; reading and re-reading the few sentences with a dull sense of amazement as if at one dead returned to life. She had been so long alone, and so many had gone, and not come back; she had never questioned but that he was dead. And now he was alive, and safe, and had even thought of her. ". . . In Italy: . . . have found work here, Genoa. . . . you had better join me at once. . . ." Suzanne gasped again. He gave her neither direction nor help, he did not tell her how, or where, to go; and above all, he sent her no money. How could she go without money? And how could he suppose she would have any? He had left her so little, and it had lasted already so many, many months; she put her hand to her breast where she hid her wedding-ring and the little packet of *assignats*, and did not need to count them, she knew too well how few there were left. And. . . . when these were done? . . .

A little voice called to her from the bed where the children lay, and a pair of imperious arms were stretched out towards her. "Not asleep, *p'tite maman*. Come to Théodore and sing the darkness away!"

She sank on her knees beside him and forgot to be afraid. "Oh, we will go," she whispered, soothingly: "darlings, we will go somehow. I do not know how, yet, but I will take you. . . . and you shall be safe.

Only you must sleep, little rogues, you must sleep and be strong. . . .” And she took the lute that lay beside them, and sang the little song that had been hers, and now was theirs, the song that always sang them to sleep.

I looked for my true love,
But my true love is gone !
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.
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So they left Lyons.

They started on a Wednesday in January, it must have been in 1793 ; on a cold dark day, with a wind blowing that Suzanne remembered to the day of her death. The lute was slung at her back, Sébastien was in her arms, and Théodore trotted at her side. Her dress was of a common cotton stuff with a crossed tippet of thin wool, and she wore wooden shoes and a kerchief knotted over her hair. It was partly a disguise, for it was not likely that such a poor peasant woman and her children would be interfered with ; but she had been forced to sell her wedding-ring in order to go even so miserably clad. It was bitterly cold and she had not a single warm garment on her ; for her own cloak had been cut down into clothes for the little ones. Tied about her neck were the few poor *assignats* that were all she had left, and in her tippet she had thrust some bread. So she started for Italy, in mid-winter, by roads unknown, almost penniless, with a child at her breast and another, not long able to walk, running at her side.

They passed the gates safely, by means of the forged papers that had cost Suzanne a share of the wedding-ring, and got out into the country that she knew so well, passing by ruined and deserted houses where she had once been a guest. Her thoughts must have been bitter ; she must have

realised intensely that there was no one she could turn to for help . . . That night she lay in a cottage, where the woman eyed her askance and gave her no food till she showed that she could pay for it, the next night in a barn, among straw, where the children slept sweetly, and she watched to shield them from the rats. And so they went on, slowly, very slowly, measuring their journey by Théodore's weary legs, hungry, cold, but more hopeful with every mile that lay between them and Lyons, not unhappy when the weather was kind, at the worst, always together. It was not till her poor store of money gave out that their agony began.

Henceforward Suzanne's story is fitful and disconnected. It is but a picture here, or there, against the darkness ; what she told is so much less than what must be guessed at. The veil was never wholly lifted by her from the tortured creature that had been herself. . . . We know, only, that those were the darkest days of the Terror, when hand was against hand, and every man feared his neighbour. Suzanne found no help and dared look for none, as she passed through some of the most fiercely revolutionary parts of France. She once showed her daughters a faded tricolor cocarde. “But for that,” she said,—“and how I hated it!—they would have torn us to pieces.” She must have struggled from town to village, in hopeless beggary, asking at house-doors for crusts for her children and often refused. Such food as was given to her was thrown like refuse to a famished dog, and more than once she was driven from shelter with kicks and curses. We do not know how, or where, she slept ; of all these weeks we know nothing. But the season was long remembered for its continuous cold.

At last it appears that she arrived

at a large village that lay on a hill-side, and the drifting snow had whitened the upper half of every house and left the bare black lower walls turned gloomily towards the road that climbed up to them. It was late in the livid twilight; Suzanne had been long on the road, forced to rest under hedges, sometimes carrying both the children, and she was weak and faint from lack of food. Sébastien was dozing in her arms; he slept much now. Théodore could barely drag himself beside her. The houses round the dark marketplace seemed to be closed for the night. And they remained closed. Staggering from house to house, almost falling at each step, she knocked, and knocked, her hand too numb to feel the contact, when she beat it despairingly against the wood. And from the only door that opened she was cursed, and driven away. It was snowing again, and the white flakes dazed her; perhaps she fell. . . . And then, after what seemed a long, long time, she found herself stumbling through an open door and meeting a clamour of drunken voices and a suffocating waft of fetid air. There were many men drinking, and certain women. She tried to rise from the floor where she had fallen beside the hearth; but the agony of weariness tortured her, and her wooden shoes were shiny with the blood from her wounded feet. And Sébastien was awake and not wailing as he had done these latter days; the women had taken him and Théodore and were warming them at the fire. . . . Suzanne struggled to her feet. But the men had discovered her lute and swore she should sing to them, and one of them, more drunken than the rest, jeered at her foully and tried to kiss her. And she saw that the women were feeding the children with bread sopped in wine. . . .

She caught up her lute and held it as a barrier between herself and the drunken men in front of her. She sang all they asked for, the MARSEILLAISE, the CARMAGNOLE, the wild street songs that wrung her heart with pain and horror, even, as they grew quieter, the little French *chansons* that are so droll and gay. She sang till they had drunk themselves into harmlessness, and the children were asleep too in the arms of those women whom Suzanne blessed. And then her voice broke, and she fainted.

After this, she sought the towns where she could sing in the streets and gain a few poor *sous*. It was little that she made, but it kept her just this side of starvation. So she sang to her lute wherever she went, sang all that they asked of her, the songs of the Revolution, the many airs of the old gay France that the Revolution had killed, all that she knew or could learn, save only one—the song that was her children's. And the child in her arms grew lighter day by day, and the little feet beside her lagged always more heavily; slowly, surely, the darkness closed in about her. One day, as she struggled along a wind-swept road, the burden at her breast grew so cold that she shuddered, and of a sudden she missed the wailing that was sweeter to her than silence. She could not stop; Théodore was dragging himself beside her, and the next town was far ahead; she must go on, on, on. And when they reached it, she must sing in the streets till a *sou* or two were flung to her—with that burden ice-cold at her breast.

It was a little place, very grey, beside a grey river, with a dark church wrecked and desecrated, and a grave-yard defiled. It was there that she left Sébastien.

Again she went on. Often she carried Théodore now, for her arms

were so empty, and he was always so tired; she would find him often with the silent tears running down his face. She herself was never tired now, every fibre in her body seemed to have turned to steel, and she pressed on, on, conscious that Italy came nearer every day, and that hope lay just beyond the encompassing hills. Her voice was hoarse and broken but she sang still, without caring that men jeered at her, caring only for the pence that staved off starvation; she sang even at night to Théodore, as he lay sleepless and weeping in the dark. And presently she crossed the frontier and found herself in Italy. There was a poor village amid the mountains, huddled among fallen rocks, shut in by rocky walls; and there was water that ran brawling over rocks, with a sound like sobbing in the night. Suzanne lay there many nights and heard it sobbing always; and when she went on . . . alone . . . the sound of it travelled with her, sobbing still. I think for a while she was maddened with it and with the emptiness of her arms, for she

fell to carrying her lute as if it were a baby, and talking to it as if it could understand her whispered babble. . . .

We know no more. How she made her way to Genoa she never told; it may be that she did not know herself. But there, a few weeks later, her husband walking on the quays heard behind him a familiar song.

The winter it is here,
And the roses are dead. . . .

When he looked on her, he did not know her. He had left her young, and this was an old woman, bent and grey-haired, hobbling on sore feet, with a hoarse, rough voice that muttered his name. "Here," she said, holding out the lute, and letting it fall from her cramped hands, "Gaston, here are your sons. . . ."

The lute handle was broken. And long years after, when it was restored, she had the guitar-head fixed in its place. "It must not be the same," she said, "not quite the same."

THE VALLEY OF SHADES.

Love, take my hand, and look not with sad eyes
 Through valley shades ; for us the mountains rise ;
 Beneath the cold, blue-cleaving peaks of snow
 Like flame the April-blossomed almonds blow—
 Spring grace and winter glory intertwined
 Within the glittering web that colour weaves.
 “ Yet, who are they who troop so close behind
 With raiment rustling like frost-withered leaves
 That burden winter winds with ever-restless sighs ? ”

Love, look not back nor hearken any more
 To murmuring shades ; for us the river-shore
 Is lit with dew-hung daffodils, that gleam
 On either side the tawny, foaming stream
 That bears through April with triumphal song
 Dissolving winter to the brimming sea.
 “ Yet, who are they who, ever-whispering, throng,
 With lean, grey lips that shudder piteously,
 As if from some bright fruit of bitter-tasting core ? ”

Nay, look not back, for, lo, in tranced light,
 Love stays awhile his world-encircling flight
 To wait our coming from the valley-ways.
 See, where, a hovering fire amid the blaze,
 He pants aflame, with irised plumes unfurled
 Above the utmost pinnacle of noon !
 “ Yet, who are they who wander through the world
 Like weary clouds about a winter moon,
 With wan, bewildered brows that bear eternal night ? ”

Love, look not back, nor fill thy heart with woe
 Of old sad loves that perished long ago ;
 For ever after living lovers tread
 Pale, yearning ghosts of all earth's lovers dead.
 A little while with life we lead the train
 Ere we too follow, cold, some breathing love.
 “ I fear their fevered eyes and hands that strain
 To snatch our joy that flutters bright above,
 To shadow with grey death its ruddy, pulsing glow.”

Love, look not back in this life-crowning hour
When all our love breaks into perfect flower
Beneath the kindling heights of frozen time.
Come, love, that we with happy haste may climb
Beyond the valley, and may chance to see
Some unknown star that cleaves unfading skies.
"Old sorrow saps my strength ; I may not flee
The flame of passionate hunger in their eyes ;
Beseeching, shade on shade, they hold me in their power."

Love, look not back, for, all too brief, our day
In wilder glories flameth fast away.
Lo, even now, the northern snow-ridge glows—
With purple shadowed—from pale gold to rose
That shivers white beneath stars dawning cold.
Lift up thine eyes ere all the colour fades !
"O rainbow-plumèd Love, in airs of gold,
Too late I turn, a shade among the shades,
To follow, death-enthralled, thy flight through ages grey."

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

THE CLOUD IN THE FAR EAST.

WHEN the world-history of the nineteenth century is at last written in full by men of a generation to which distance has lent a true appreciation of the perspective, the proportions and the relative values of the events of that eventful period, the sudden rise of Japan will assume, it is probable, a mighty significance. Through her victory over China she emerged in a moment from the obscurity in which she had so long been enveloped, and took the position of a power with which other powers were bound to reckon. Europeans, flattered into the belief by their facile triumphs in Asia extending over nearly three centuries, had learned to regard the East as dead. It fell to the lot of Japan to make them understand that part of the East, at any rate, was only sleeping. The illusion of the white men was excusable enough. The filibusters of Portugal—pirates and sea-rovers every man of them, from Albuquerque, the masterful Captain General, to Mendez Pinto, the mercenary and adventurer,—had battered mercilessly on the face of the East, and had done so with impunity and success, despite the gigantic odds against which they strove. The East India companies of England and Holland, improving somewhat on the manners and methods of their predecessors, had begun a system of friendly commerce which, little by little, step by step, had led on to the possession by Great Britain and Holland of oriental empires whose subjects far outnumbered the inhabitants of these conquering countries. Even when, in the terrible year, India

made her desperate effort to throw off the yoke of her alien rulers, a handful of British troops and the space of only a few months were needed to reduce her once more to cowed submission. Fraction by fraction the whole of Burma had been annexed by England, in 1826, in 1852, in 1885; France had made herself mistress of immense areas in Indo-China, from the borders of Siam to those of the Celestial empire; the Philippines were in the keeping of white men; and the Malayan archipelago had been divided up between Holland, Great Britain and Spain. There remained, therefore, in all eastern Asia only three lands which had escaped submersion by the rising tide of European aggression—Siam, China and Japan.

The first of these, Siam, seemed to be in a fair way to be pinched out of existence altogether by the encroachments of her neighbours, for Great Britain had drawn near of late years, northward up the Malay Peninsula and eastward to the Mekong through the Burmese Shan States, while France regarded the boundary set her by that great river with scant satisfaction, and was already in occupation of Chantabun and Batambang. The best that Siam could hope for, therefore, was that a qualified integrity might be secured to her, not by reason of her own strength, fitness to govern, or national vitality, but through the jealousies of Great Britain and France. China, through the sheer weight lent to her by her immensity, her antiquity and her mystery, still bulked big in the imaginations of Europeans. Jointly and severally the

British and the French had beaten her ignominiously in more than one campaign; her capital had been entered by the troops of the "foreign devils"; the palace of her emperor had been looted. She had been driven to make concession after concession, but by none of the lessons taught to her in so ruthless a fashion had she profited at all. These things were mere pin-pricks which had no power to goad her out of her ponderous inertia. Her pachydermatous self-complacency was proof against every humiliation, and their sheer inability to really move her had ended by impressing the white nations with a belief in her latent might. Her contempt for the foreigners increased with each defeat that she suffered at their hands, and men realising this began to think that there must in truth be something behind her imperturbable conviction of her own superiority. People fell to talking of the "yellow peril" (which is far more likely to assume a commercial than a military character), and when Japan in 1894 formally declared war upon her, public opinion in Europe was at first sure that the result would be a triumph for Peking. The campaign which followed was a piece of veritable *opéra bouffe*, at once pitiful and ludicrous, and by it, to quote Mr. Henry Norman's phrase, "Japan pricked the bubble of the *awakening* of China, and exhibited the Chinese Government as the imposture it really is."

This was Japan's opportunity—the opportunity for which she had long been educating, training, preparing herself — and she seized it in triumphant fashion. She felt herself to be playing to the gallery of the western nations, as no people of the Orient had been able to do since first the West and the East came into acute collision, and on the whole she

acquitted herself manfully in circumstances of provocation which were frequently acute. One or two "regrettable incidents" occurred, but after the memorable march of the allies to the relief of the legations in Peking no European nation whose troops took part in that distressing business dares now for very shame pass criticisms upon her conduct. When all alike were tried in the same fire the peoples of Europe learned to their humiliation that the largest measure of restraint was exercised, not by white men, but by the soldiers of an oriental power.

On April 17th, 1895, a treaty of peace was signed by the late Li Hung Chang and Li Ching Fong, on behalf of China, and by Marquis Ito, the premier, and Count Mutsu, the minister of Foreign Affairs, representing Japan, at Shimonoseki. The provisions of this treaty declared the complete independence of Korea; ceded to Japan the portion of Manchuria lying to the southward of a line traced from the mouth of the An-ping river, via Feng-hwan, Hai-cheng and Ying-kau, to the mouth of the Liao-ho, and also the islands of Formosa and the Pescadores; arranged for the payment of a war-indemnity by China amounting to 200,000,000 taels, and for the occupation of Wei-hai-wei by Japanese troops pending the discharge of this liability; and further provided for additional commercial privileges and for a commercial treaty similar to those concluded by China with European powers. It was the conclusion of this agreement, which was subsequently ratified by the Emperors of China and Japan, that first brought home to the understanding of the western nations the fact that the East, which had seemed so dead, held at least one kingdom possessed of abounding vitality, instinct with new-

born ambitions, a nation which, having borrowed its weapons from the armouries of Europe, had learnt how to use them with skill and effect.

This revelation, breaking suddenly upon the world, was not altogether pleasing to those most closely concerned with the affairs of China. Russia, who was then busy with her trans-continental railway, viewed the intrusion of Japan into Manchuria with great uneasiness. France was at once anxious to befriend her ally and to eliminate from the Chinese problem the new factor which threatened to complicate the situation. Germany, whose schemes of world-policy were hatched somewhat late, and whose occupation in recent years has been that of the roaming lion in a region not over-full of supplies, had learned to look upon China as a possible larder into which she had no desire to see too many hungry people win an entrance. Great Britain alone, with her qualified ambitions anent a sphere of influence in the Yang-tze valley, saw no great peril in the establishment of the Japanese in Manchuria, and so held aloof. The other three powers, however, lost no time in presenting a joint note to Tokio suggesting that she should forego her claim to the territory ceded to her on the mainland, since its retention would not make for the lasting peace of the far East.

The receipt of this polite but plainly worded document was a severe blow to Japan. She had fought a good fight and had emerged from it the victor in the face of the prophecies of the West, and now Europe compelled her to disgorge the largest of the concessions which her prowess had won for her. This was, in a sense, the most crucial test to which her fitness to claim equality with the white nations of the world could have

been put. She was flushed with recent triumph. She had drunk deep of the intoxicating cup of victory. Had she been less great, had her qualities been less sterling, less stable, she might at this juncture have easily lost her head. Instead she acted with quite extraordinary wisdom and self-restraint. Her rulers knew how great was her exhaustion after the war with China, and they felt that time was needed for recuperation. Resisting the temptation (so overwhelming to most orientals) to procrastinate even where eventual submission is inevitable, they acted promptly and with dignity. An imperial rescript was published, simultaneously with the ratified treaty, in which the Mikado, proclaiming his desire to do all that in him lay to serve the cause of peace, "yielded to the dictates of magnanimity, and accepted the advice of the three powers." It was well done, and done withal in a fashion little customary in Asiatic courts, but the Japanese would have been more than human had they not, from that moment, found the ancient hatred of the East for the West springing up in their hearts with something of its old, intense force. Japan had established her right to be regarded as a power on an equality with those of Europe. She alone among the nations of the East had given proof of her ability to govern herself and to adapt European methods to her own use with no diminution of their efficiency. Yet at the very outset of her career her ambitions had been thwarted by Asia's hereditary enemies. It was now that the larger ambition was born which whispered to her that it was her destiny to be the champion of the down-trodden peoples of the East against the white nations who had imposed upon them an alien yoke. The growing influence of Japan in

Siam, the results of which cannot even yet be predicted, is one of the first fruits of the policy which sprang from her resentment at the European protest against the provisions of the treaty of Shimonoseki.

It has been necessary to glance at these events of almost ancient history because unless they be recalled to mind a complete understanding of the existing situation in the far East is apt to prove illusive. Since Japan withdrew from Manchuria much water has passed under the bridges, and Russian invasion, more slow-moving than any tide, but like the tide seemingly irresistible, has lapped forward, covering the very area which Japan was forced to relinquish. If the powers which joined Russia in her protest in 1895 had known as much concerning her intentions as they know to-day, it is possible that they would not have associated themselves with her action, but the deed was done past recall, and now even Great Britain, to use Lord Cranborne's delightful euphemism, "knows full well that Russia occupies rather a *special* position in Manchuria." In other words, as everyone knows, and as everyone, with the sole exception of Great Britain, practically recognises, Manchuria has become and will remain a Russian province. True Russia reiterates her intention of withdrawing at the earliest opportunity, but did we not make similar protestations year after year concerning Egypt, and is not Lord Cromer more firmly seated at the head of affairs in Cairo than ever he was? Such declarations are the veriest commonplaces of international intercourse, and past experience of Russia, at any rate, should surely by now have taught the world the true value which should attach to them. Russia is in Manchuria: Russia will stay there. The province is, as the

oriental proverb has it, "sugar-cane which has passed into the elephant's mouth," and Japan has long ceased to hope that it will be disgorged. None the less the absorption by Russia of the province from which she was ousted appears to her as an injustice which hurts shrewdly, and no whit the less because the humiliation was inflicted upon her by the other European powers who failed to combine with equal effect when Russia, and not Japan, was the aggressor.

Her philosophy, however, is prepared to accept the accomplished fact, but she is bent upon restricting the Russian advance to Manchuria. After the war with China Korea was for a period to all intents and purposes a Japanese protectorate, ruled under Japanese auspices much as the great native states of India are ruled by the "advice" of British residents. The innate difference which seemingly distinguishes Japan from the other nations of the East has never been more signally displayed than in her ability to exercise over alien races the same sort of influence as that possessed by the English among the brown populations which they rule. Her experiment in colonisation and administration in Formosa has so far been eminently successful, and has been marked by a wisdom, a moderation, an altruism and an amount of sympathy with the governed that find no parallel in the past records of the ascendancy of one oriental nation over another. Similarly, so long as Japan remained predominant at Seoul, reform after reform was instituted, whereby the old oppressive absolutism of the king and the tyranny of the nobles were sensibly fettered, and a new era of hope was made to dawn for the plebeian portion of the population. In a community, however, where the aristocratic feeling, fostered by

centuries of usage, runs strong, the reformer cannot fail to make uncounted enemies among men of the only class that counts—the class which hitherto has wielded power, which has everything to lose by reforms, and which the peasants will follow from sheer in-born instinct and force of habit. To this law Japan was no exception, and the end of the eighteen months, during which she was busy reconstructing the government on modern lines, found her an object of hate for most of the influential men in Korea. Realising this, and seeing, as the administrators of other native states have done, that it was necessary to have a puppet of her own upon the throne, she aided the father of the present king in an attempt to possess himself of the supreme power. In October, 1895, the palace was captured by a *coup de main*, the queen was killed, the king was made prisoner, and the ascendancy of Japan in Korea appeared for the moment to be assured. Russia, however, had kept a careful eye fixed upon Korea, and had a very able representative at Seoul in the person of M. Rosen. With the persistency of Mr. Codlin this officer reiterated the assurance that "Russia's the friend, not Japan," and when early in 1896 the king succeeded in making his escape, it was in the Russian legation that he sought refuge. Here he was hospitably received, and continued to reside until the spring of 1897, by which time the Nissi-Rosen treaty had been signed between Japan and Russia whereby the independence and integrity of Korea were jointly guaranteed. The king then came back to his own again, assumed the title of emperor, and set himself the pleasing task of driving as many coaches-and-four as might be through the constitution which had been devised for the control of himself and his nobles by the ingenuity of

Japanese statecraft. The agreements of the Japanese advisers were not renewed; Korea ceased to be governed by Japanese influence and through Japanese agents, and found comfort in playing off Russia against Japan and Japan against Russia after the manner of an accomplished flirt courted by rival lovers. Once more Japan's ambitions had been thwarted: once more a European nation had interfered with her plans and had filched from her the fruits of her victory over China.

The conclusion of the treaty of alliance with Great Britain in 1902, a treaty which was based upon a guarantee of the independence of Korea, had for a time the effect of strengthening Japan's position at Seoul, the Russian minister shortly afterwards notifying to Tokio that so far as his government was concerned Japan was at liberty to have a free hand in Korean affairs. Even so, the predominance which had been hers prior to 1896 was never recovered, for the dislike of the Koreans for the Japanese was ineffaceable, and the emperor and his nobles had learned that Russia could be used as a rampart behind which they might on occasion seek shelter. During the years that her influence was at its height, however, Japan had made good use of her opportunities. At every port declared to be open to foreign trade she had established substantial Japanese quarters; valuable concessions, far in excess of those secured by other foreigners, had been granted to Japanese subjects; a large proportion of the shipping, the banking and the business of Korea was in Japanese hands; the railway from Seoul to Chemulpo had been built under the auspices of Japanese advisers, and a concession for a line to Fu-san from Seoul had also been obtained by the Japanese. Some

twenty-five thousand Japanese subjects were settled in Korea; the fishing industry was almost entirely in their hands; and the country was regarded as of the first importance to the well-being of Japan, not only as an outlet for her surplus population, but also because from it was drawn a large proportion of the food-stuffs imported into the island kingdom. Accordingly, at the present moment, Japan has in Korea far bigger interests than any that can be claimed by other nations, and after the Japanese the Americans, it is probable, with their important mining concession in Phyong-an Do, hold the next largest foreign stake. The Russians, the Germans and the British, however, have also obtained concessions of varying value in Korea, and it is the Russian timber concession on the Ya-lu river which is immediately responsible for the anxiety to which affairs in the far East are once more giving rise.

This concession occupies an area adjoining Manchuria, but during the years which immediately followed that in which it was granted its owners were content to hold it without making any great use of the privileges which it conferred upon them. Russia has always proved herself to possess an unlimited stock of patience, and to believe firmly in the proverb which teaches that slow is sure. Seven years ago her position in Manchuria was not quite as *special* as it has since become, wherefore the time for activity on the Ya-lu was not yet. What she has done in the direction of the Korean border may best be told in the words of Dr. Morrison.

The Russian garrison at Liau-yang has been increased, and the road through Feng-whang-chenn to the Ya-lu river has been put in order. Russia holds the telegraphs throughout the province and

at the Ya-lu At the mouth of the Ya-lu, on the Korean side, is a Russian settlement; permanent buildings and sawmills are being erected for a timber depôt, and a narrow-gauge line three miles long is being laid to the brick kilns and stone quarries. The settlement occupies the best possible site, having a frontage of one mile to the river, with deep water close, and an embankment. When it was visited the other day by a British officer eighty Cossack reservists were encamped there under a cavalry officer. The Russian lumber company, whose operations attract such attention, is purely military in direction and control. Its Korean concession is claimed under an alleged grant dated 1896, the year when the King of Korea took refuge in the Russian Legation at Seoul. On the Chinese side of the mouth of the Ya-lu is the town of Ta-tung-kau, with five thousand inhabitants, the head station for the collection of the *likin* duties on timber Thirty miles up stream is the more important port of An-tung-hsien, with seven thousand inhabitants, near the terminus of the road from Liau-yang. Russian troops are in military occupation of An-tung-hsien. They pay nothing for quarters and requisition carts and fodder, compelling the magistrate to provide them at arbitrary prices. The number of Russians varies. There are usually two hundred, but their numbers can quickly be increased, as only eight marches away is an important military station on the Manchurian railway. Ten miles distant from An-tung-hsien, on the Korean side, is Wi-ju.

Russia, it will be seen from this, has actually thrown an advance-post of a military character across the Ya-lu river, and taught by past experience Japan sees in the act the first step towards the bloodless invasion of Korea. Other signs are not wanting to confirm this uncomfortable suspicion. Great Britain recently endeavoured to induce the Korean government to declare Wi-ju an open port, and Japan is now trying her hardest to secure a like declaration. The British negotiations, however, were successfully frustrated by the Russian minister at Seoul, and in spite of the professed willingness of

Russia to allow Japan a free hand at the Korean capital, it seems probable that the Japanese demand for the opening of Wi-ju to foreign trade will meet with a similar lack of success and from a like cause. Why, it is naturally asked, does Russia oppose the demand for the opening of Wi-ju put forward by both Great Britain and Japan? The answer is obvious. Russia has ear-marked Wi-ju, a port, not in Manchurian, but in Korean territory, for her own purposes, and this in spite of her treaty pledges anent the integrity and the independence of that kingdom. With the events of recent Manchurian history in her mind, the worth of Russian protestations does not greatly impress Japan, and in Russia's action with regard to Wi-ju, and in the establishment of her settlement at the mouth of the Ya-lu river in Korean territory, Tokio sees a menace of an unmistakable import threatening what she regards as her most vital interests.

Not content with building extensively and with permanent material at the mouth of the Ya-lu, Russia attempted further to make good her claim to territorial rights by the construction of a telegraph-line in Korean territory, but the local authorities put a stop to this by the simple expedient of removing the posts as quickly as they were set up. This summary procedure caused intense irritation and annoyance to M. Pavloff, who declares that the timber-concession carries with it the right to construct railways and telegraphs, and threatens to claim compensation for the damage done to the line, deducting the amount, if necessary, from the royalty payable to the Korean government by the lumber company. Japan on the other hand, claims that the express authority of the Korean government is necessary before railways or telegraphs can be constructed in the

country, that such sanction has always been obtained in the past before any works of the kind were begun, and that the Russians in this matter are exceeding their legal rights. Similarly objections have been raised to Russian subjects acquiring land in Korea, as they have done on a considerable scale at Yong-am-pho, and the pliable Korean government has now legalised this by giving the lumber company a lease for twenty years for three hundred and fifty acres at that place, together with the right to purchase all timber rafts floated down the Ya-lu by Korean subjects, a privilege which confers a monopoly of lumber, and gives to Russia the command of the estuary and free access to the valley. This last is an exclusive Russian right, for she has successfully resisted the opening of Wi-ju to foreigners.

All these things are mere matters of detail: their importance lies in the fact that similar occurrences have become familiar to observers in the far East and are now recognised as the earliest symptoms of the contemplated absorption of a district by Russia. As such they are extremely alarming to Japan, who believes the integrity of Korea to be a necessity of her own existence, and the interesting question now arises as to what Japan will do. Were we to judge solely by her press, war with Russia would seem to be inevitable. Nothing can be more belligerent than her newspapers have shown themselves during the past two months, and the quotations from them which filter through to Europe are garnered only from the more sane and more restrained journals. It is doubtful, however, to what extent the public opinion of a country like Japan, in which the peasantry and the uneducated classes are far more inarticulate than those of Europe, is truly mirrored

by her press, and we may rest assured that Japanese statesmen, whose sense of responsibility must necessarily be much heavier than that of the journalists, are little likely to be carried off their feet by the clamouring of the newspapers. Marquis Ito has won himself a deservedly high place in the chancelleries of the world, and Japan's dignified action, when she submitted to the powers in the very moment of victory, also inspires confidence in the prudence and the wisdom of her rulers. Before war is declared, therefore—(and it is safe to aver that Russia will not be the first to attack, since she is quite content with her own slow and insidious methods)—we may feel sure that the *pros* and *cons* will be very carefully weighed despite the outcries of an angry press and the dull resentment of an ignorant Russophobe population.

What these *pros* and *cons* are may be stated briefly. The fight, if in truth it comes to fighting, is pretty certain to be a duel. England can only be drawn into it if a second power allies herself with Russia against Japan, and France, the only power which might take such action, is hardly likely to fight for Russian dominion over Korea even were not her present temper little inclined to war with England. The war, then, would in all probability be fought out between Russia and Japan, and in the first instance the struggle would be between the two fleets of the rival nations. The Russian fleet on the China station (and steps are at the moment being taken to strengthen it) is stronger than our own, and superior to any squadron with the sole exception of Japan. The Japanese fleet has been increased very considerably of recent years, and its efficiency is believed to be remarkable, wherefore it is certain that the great naval

combat, which would be one of the first events of the war, would be the biggest thing of its kind in modern times. On the whole it appears to be likely that Japan would come off the victor, though doubtless at heavy cost to herself, and, the command of the sea thus secured to her, the land fight would begin. Russia has at the present time a force of something like one hundred thousand men in Manchuria, and while the command of the sea remained in dispute she would have had time greatly to augment this number. The opinion of European experts who saw the Japanese troops at work during the march on Peking was most favourable to the quality, the morale, and the discipline of the men, while all who have had the handling of native soldiers know how greatly the simplicity and frugality of their diet facilitate commissariat and transport arrangements. Japan's close proximity to her base would also prove an immense advantage, and her enterprise would probably be equal to frequent destructive raids upon the railway which would be Russia's only means of supply. Recent experience in South Africa has shown us how vulnerable a railway line is, and the Siberian railway with its huge bridges, its inadequate protection, and its immense extent would be far more open to attack than were our lines across the veld.

Japan would, therefore, appear to have many of the odds in her favour at the outset of a campaign, but there is one factor in the problem which should not be overlooked. The Japanese have proved themselves to differ from other orientals in a variety of respects, but they are none the less Asiatics. It remains to be seen whether when brought face to face with European troops they would be affected, as in the past all other

oriental soldiers have been affected, by the moral superiority which white men believe themselves to possess over Asiatics. That is a question to which the future alone can supply an authoritative answer, but the very natural desire of Japan to be recognised as being on an absolute equality with the powers of the West, and to prove her ability to stand even this crucial test, must be regarded as one of the elements that make war a possibility. None the less, however matters might go at first, and no matter how splendidly the soldiers of Japan might acquit themselves of the task entrusted to them—the task of vindicating their own reputation and that of their race—it is almost inconceivable that Russia would or could allow herself to accept ultimate defeat. When France and England banded against her in the Crimea she could make peace without any great loss of prestige, but to be beaten in a struggle with an Asiatic nation, no matter what its standard of civilisation, would be a death-blow to her ambitions. Rather than submit to this she would spend her last coin, and pour out the blood of her last regiment, and it is not to be supposed that the resources or the credit of Japan would be equal to the task of waging a war with Russia which the latter would prolong endlessly until such time as she emerged the victor.

Colour-prejudice is less pronounced in Russia than in many other European countries, but it is there none the less, and, so long as colour-prejudice exists, so long will white men die rather than own to having been beaten by folk of a lesser breed.

To sum up, then, it must be confessed that war between Russia and Japan is possible, and might break out this autumn or next spring. The end of such a war would necessarily be a victory for Russia, no matter at what cost that victory might be bought, and the real danger lies in the possibility of this fact being overlooked by Japan, whose people are at once vain, self-respecting and courageous. On the whole, however (and perhaps the wish is father to the thought), it seems probable that the moderation and self-restraint, of which Japanese statesmen have already given ample proof, will suffice to avert the catastrophe, and that sooner or later Japan will make the best of a bad business and will become resigned to the partial absorption of western Korea by the power which has already possessed itself of Manchuria. The trouble is that such a policy might force Japan to accept a position among the nations of only the second rank such as, up to the present, she has evinced no disposition to occupy.

OLD DAYS IN A WESSEX VILLAGE.

How good to be down here, far away from towns of a thousand streets, from the black counties of industry, and those new cities by the sea which charm not. For here in the deep leafy lanes, in the villages which lie amid orchards twinkling with cider apples, streaked and ruddy, and in the spangled gardens of the grey old mullioned granges, the hand of change has been laid but lightly and the age of hurry is yet unknown. How often are we face to face with the England of a hundred years ago, and now and then how easy to reach out our hands and touch the days of William the Dutchman and of good Queen Anne.

Is it because of our simple life? Here indeed, we live with nature who is older than us all, if young again with every day. Nothing here cuts in twain the whole arc of heaven or blackens the green field with grime or stains the clear brook with modern chemical. The life of the farm and the cottage begins and ends at much the same hours as it began and ended under the early Georges—or the early Edwards, for the matter of that. Sunrise and sunset have not changed and they who live with nature mark her clock. The day which runs its length in eight hours is simply unintelligible to him who milks the cows at daybreak and knows that it will fare ill with them if they are not milked again ere sundown. The oldest of all the arts of life has changed the least; for seedtime and harvest do not fail.

Yet there has come a certain change over the remotest village. It

is the change which is made by little things—the things that are intimate and daily. Our higher civilisation orders it so that the home life of the cottage has been turned into a new thing of quarter-pounds and penny-worths. It is no longer the life of the housewife who grows and makes and bakes and brews the greater part of all she needs; it is rather that of the housekeeper who distributes her money between packets of this and tins of that. There is nothing now that my neighbour Betty cannot buy at our village shop, in the fractions permitted by the week's wage—whether it be bread, eggs, pickles, potatoes, bacon or herbs—all of which she formerly "grew" herself. Bonnets, dresses and gew-gaws for Sunday and Shroton Fair she used to make well enough if unready; now they can be easily bought, all stark and stiff with newness, at the little shop with the bow-window and white curtains, and paid for on a three months' purchase system. But it is not all loss. There are things she used to go without and happily now can obtain in a few minutes in bulk proportioned to her economy and with a mere trifle of expenditure—things good for the soul as well as the body, such as coffee, tea and cocoa, as oil, matches and soap, as meat and soup in tins which are more convenient than beautiful.

After all, life in the villages of old was a handicap. Rough pleasures there were in plenty, and perhaps hearts were lighter in those days that were so much less full; but for the delicate and weak each day brought

its burden. Women had evil times often enough and the life held little for the helpless, for it was a hard and a high wall against which the weak were pushed. Yet the past had its recompense, and to this day we delight in talking about it and reviving old memories, if only we may reach a truer idea of how it shaped and grew, flourished and decayed.

And now, as I linger in the garden of this flower-kirtled grange, with its good grey walls gilded not a little with embroidery of lichen, and look over the purpling roofs of the village lying so snug on the sunny side of the hill, there seems so much about me still belonging to those days that it is easy enough to cross the interval between this harvest time and that of a hundred and fifty years ago. Timbered house and tithe-barn, the upping-stocks at the door here, the wooden conduit leading from the hill, the very fashion of the stiles, to say nothing of the ancient church with its mantle of feathered ivy and the God's acre where the familiar names of to-day are seen to be, after all, the names of a century ago, the quaint customs which help out the manners of the place, even the very furniture which is so intimate, and much else that helps, unnoticed, to complexion life—they all date from those earlier days, and keep us close to the forefathers who sleep the long sleep in the shadow of the tower.

Yet there is a change in the spirit of our life in this old Wessex village. It is a subtle change, more inward than outward in its working. Let me take an instance or two. Of the church, which for centuries has stood by us from baptism to funeral, we hear now-a-days enough criticism; but what bishop's wife would now take £10 from a parson "to speak to her lord for him"? Yet this is what the wife of our diocesan, a hundred

and fifty years ago, did not hesitate to do. What borough, in all its modern municipalism and with a pomp of correctitude far above the beadle's, would now pass the tippling accounts of its members "for to drink with" certain persons and discuss the latest proclamation with them? Yet our great and overshadowing neighbour, the borough two miles westward, did this as a matter of course in those days. And what of this for the work of a former squire? Brought by high play and a fastidious taste in horse-flesh to the verge of ruin he held a great sale, and instituted a lottery for the purchase of his old acres. By a mere trick, he contrived that a young gentlewoman, a poor relation, should win the prize, intending by compulsion and the great authority of chieftainship to force her to sell it back to him for a bagatelle. Unhappily for our squire, this "she-slip of loyal blood" had not worn lilac breast-knots in vain, and, unknown to her rich relative, possessed the homage of a gallant from some Inn of Court. And so well did her lover advise that she not only made good her claim to the estate but eventually sold it to another Wessex gentleman. But our squire, high-handed as they were in those apoplectic days and maddened by the ill turn of fortune's wheel, stoutly refused to surrender the estate or leave the manor, and so brought about a suit which was a godsend to many lawyers and eventually deposited him and his daughters in Dorchester gaol, where indeed they ultimately died!

In these days, too, we have gone back to the old county and parish limits which threatened to be merged in central government, and here in this village we still have our special local prejudices. But it is a far cry to the time when our farmers were not allowed to sell butter to the men

of Devon unless they first went to the justices at petty sessions and got from them a sort of special license which strictly limited the amount they might sell at any one time and the occasions of each sale. "Old Dosset" was then held to be too good a thing to go haphazard or by any loose freedom of trade to Devon or Somerset, part of our fair Wessex though they be. Church questions are still troublesome and on the "growing indifference" they sound a loud note at conferences of clergy; but we never hear now of our squires at the petty sessions sitting in judgment on a woman who does not happen to go to church some fine Sunday morning. Yet in this village, not a hundred and fifty years ago, the great-great-grandmother of our sexton (who by the way, has a strain of cynicism in him, though whether it come from heredity or his trade, I cannot say) was fined half-a-crown for the offence "and in default of paying she was ordered to be set in stocks." And not only in this village did that thing happen.

So, too, the public whipping of women lingered late. The accounts of the constables of Wessex boroughs are largely filled with charges for whipping. Thus, in the records of our neighbouring borough, which I may at once say has borne at times an indifferent character and aped too much, I fancy, the modish ways of the great city, you can read of this:—"For whipping Agnes Abbott *twice* [poor Agnes!] 2/4; paid to whipping four women 4/-", probably a reduction on taking a quantity. The women were stripped to the waist and flogged down the chief streets and about the market-place until the red blood flowed. The average price for whipping such was a shilling, but, though man will do much for reward, it was sometimes difficult to find a

parishioner who would flog a neighbour; we are clanny in the west, you know. And for that reason, perhaps, there was no love lost between clan and clan; the next parish was only too ready to supply a whipster for our sinners. So local, indeed, were we that roguish men and women from a distance, whom we called "foreigners," were quickly dealt with and so little esteemed that we whipped them at a cheaper rate. Again, we are to-day rightly tender to the sick; but in the old days in Wessex we confined persons with infectious diseases in the lock-up, and whipping was held to be good for them. Should the sick be loud in lament, 'at which now I do not wonder, the watchman kept them quiet by this popular discipline, and our rich neighbour the borough, which kept its records as if it were proud of them, once "paid T. Hawkins for whipping two people that had the small pox, 8d." Yes, the spirit of this age is different from that.

But to pass to such of the material side of things as we of to-day have from them of yesterday. Let us walk down this quiet street as it winds in slow keeping with our pace and with ever so gentle a curve. On either hand are our Wessex homes, cottages with purple roofs splashed with the green of moss and starred with the pink of wild convolvulus. Some have mere "lights" for windows and some the long low casements pillared with mullions of our good golden sandstone. Few are there without a jungle of sweet Williams, stocks, hollyhocks, lavender, larkspurs, sweet-briars and roses between house and garden-wall, and through the latticed gate we see how clumps of bloom beset the narrow path. But putting aside this annual pageant of the summer, we shall note that the houses

are little changed in their main points from what they were a hundred and fifty years ago. The walls are not often built of stone; oak was too plentiful and cheap before the wars with France swept the country of it for our ships. I know great expanses of land about here which to-day are bare of trees or have been planted in modern times with firs or strange new pines from the world below the sea, but which bore then good broad oaks in great number. The village builders would use the local stone as a foundation and then above it they raised walls which were either made of what we in the west country call *cob*—that is to say, marl or mud mixed up with chopped straw—or of oak-timbers filled in with mud plaster which they used to spread on reeds of spear-grass, and not on laths, as the journeymen do now. Then there was no ceiling to any but a very superior house—such as would hold the ladies who heightened their hoods and widened their hoops according to the passing mode. In all other houses the flooring of the room above and the beams on which it rested formed the ceiling of the chief rooms and they all—beams, joists, and flooring—were of oak, whitewashed. The roof itself was of good oak, overlaid with “healing stones”; hundreds of houses in Wessex still carry such a roof and sound as a bell it rings, though two or three centuries old. All this oak framework (good to last and only less slow to burn than elm) cost little. That of the vicarage of our borough, which was burnt in the disorders nearly two centuries back, cost but twelve pounds to replace. And this reminds me that one of the badges of our Wessex aldermen was a large hook with a leather thong. It was a badge of civic duty, seeing that it was intended for nothing else than pulling down

the beams and tronpieces of a house when it caught fire, which it did more often than enough.

This brings me to our Wessex chimney-places, so wide and welcome. They did not develope suddenly, for chimneys at first were seldom to be found and stone chimneys still more rarely. Two hundred years ago most of our people here heaped their fire against the wall of the living room, made a hole in the outside wall, and over the fire built the deep projecting fireplace, which was roomy enough to catch the smoke and hold the chilly inmates. This fireplace was just built of mud, plaster and wood, and often became a danger to the house. Indeed, our people were constantly being fined for not “amending their mantells.” Why mantells? I wonder; though I do not know unless the old custom of fixing pegs all round this spacious fireplace, on which the wet cloaks were hung to dry, stood sponsor for the name. There are hundreds of such early fireplaces in Wessex to-day, but three or four generations ago a half-chimney was built up outside, from the hole upwards, as a concession to the times that were even then advancing. And, of course, most of our houses had ovens. A public baker was an almost unknown person, and to this day there are large villages round us where he has not yet been found. Those dear old Dryasdusts (whom we love for their patience and their pride in Wessex) tell us that querns (hand mills for grinding corn) are associated with the prehistoric Briton; but all the time we know that querns were used in the west until quite recently. In the century before the one just gone the lord of our manor often fined those of us who were his tenants for using these querns instead of bringing their corn to be ground at his mill.

It is strange, seeing the intimate terms on which we live with our furniture, how seldom it reflects in knob or twist our local bias or our racial egoisms. Even Chippendale, when he had done borrowing from the French, went so far afield as China for his models. But here in Wessex, we can easily go back beyond the days of the earlier style of Chippendale. In all the better houses round about us, there is much of that good oak furniture which was wrought by honest workmen during the century preceding Chippendale and whose history is still unwritten. Few of us suspect that in these out-of-the-way places a great collection may easily be made of oak chairs, tables, settles, bureaux and dressers, simple and symmetrical and so honest and consistent as to be worthy to rank as a "school" of such woodcraft. There was no great variety, it is true, in the furniture of our farmhouses. There were no carpets, and the curtains were mere flounces along the windows. Until quite lately plaited rushes were strewed upon the floor and oak shutters kept out night and unduly curious persons. Oaken, too, was the furniture, nor was it upholstered. Chairs, tables, chests, dressers, settles (what a power of harmony rests in a settle and how redolent is it of the tales of our forefathers), stools, hanging cupboards and four-posted bedsteads exhaust the list; but everything was good and sound and the whole was enough. You can still see it all—here and to-day. But I think the housewife made cushions and that she stuffed them with wool of her own carding and spinning—arts in which our women excelled; and I am sure there were one or two featherbeds about, though most people, it is true, slept on straw pallets. This may seem a bare inventory, but it was a great advance on earlier days.

For, some considerable time before this, when people were taxed on the gross value of every article they owned, the tax-gatherer in our district, even with that keen scent common to his class, failed to discover in our blacksmith's house anything more than two stools, a trestle table, a basin and ewer, and and irons in his living room; in his chamber, two beds—not bedsteads—and two towels; and in his kitchen a pot, a trivet and two saucepans! But in the more recent days furniture was ample of its kind and sound withal, and from the point of view of health the absence of upholstery was preferable to that preponderance of it which afflicts us now.

I do not think that Wessex breeds cooks easily. Those of us who are not too Keltic are at any rate too Saxon to achieve kickshaws. The fine art of cooking comes by nature and, in western Europe at least, is monopolised by the Latin peoples. But what we had of food we had in plenty, and, although distress spread wide, and quickly became acute when harvest failed, as a general rule even the poorest in our west country had enough to eat. Beef, mutton, pork, fish (for Wessex lies between two seas and we are a seafaring people), cabbage and bread formed the staple of the prospering poor, while the more fortunate added venison, capons, chickens and wild fowl to this diet. For the last two hundred years, a loin of mutton stewed and served in a thick broth has been a favourite west country dish. I am afraid we habitually over-ate (and over-drank) ourselves, but we loved plenty and our hands were open. When some Wessex lord kept high festival, the scene was Gargantuan. At a great junketing which was held one hundred and fifty years ago at Ford House, not far from here, this was the provision for the guests: One

hundred and forty partridges, seventy-one turkeys, one hundred and twelve chickens, two hundred and fifty-eight larks, three deer, six oxen, five sheep and "two and a half calves." It is quite worth pointing out that this feast was as remarkable for the variety as for the abundance of the provender. For in addition to the foregoing there were also cooked and eaten mallards, plovers, sea-larks, pea-hens, gulls and curlews. And shell-fish was much accounted of in those days, for our neighbouring borough provided for the judges, as they passed through on circuit, what they then called "a treat," one which surely must have been remembered, seeing that it consisted of thirty lobsters, as many crabs, a hundred scallops, three hundred oysters and—fifty oranges.

The men of Wessex have long been credited with a particular capacity for liquor, which with the mead they still drink in some of our villages I think they inherit from the earliest was-sailing times. Of all drinks, of course the cheapest and most plentiful were cider and beer. Then came ale, not the mild "dinner beverage" of to-day, but good strong old beer, which was drunk out of long wine-glasses by the rich for many years after. Such glasses are still to be met with in our houses and old inns, and sometimes, but with increasing rareness, the old-fashioned ale. We did not traffic much in wine, though canary, malaga, claret and sack had each their vogue and were not expensive. In the days of our grandfathers' great-grandfathers canary was two shillings and claret a shilling a quart, and at any entertainment the cost of wine bore a proportion to the whole bill very different from that it bears now. Sherry, by the way, was scarcely known with us till the middle of the eighteenth century, and just

before then, too, punch begins to figure in the old bills.

But cider and small beer were then, as now, the great drink of the west country. To-day I can go into the villages of our beautiful Wessex and behind many a cottage and farmhouse find the old cider-house of those days and, still standing within it, the massive oak cider-press and "vollyer" and troughs. Now as then, those heaps of streaked and ruddy apples which are lying out in the orchard, under the grey trunks and limbs of the trees, twinkling brightly on the tufted grass, are carefully gathered up by willing hands and turned into hogsheads of sweet cider. The village ale-houses hereabout have few spirit-livences between them—that trade is chiefly with the passer-by who belongs elsewhere. "A mug o' zoider" is the constant call; "a pot o' beer" ranks next to it—*pot*, because at one time they were literally stone pots and, I regret to say, even then "made in Germany." Elsewhere in England beer was the chief, almost the only beverage of the country people, and later, in the eighteenth century, Dorset beer became famous and popular, if strong; for a great philosopher of that time, who came a journey into our west country, somewhat unwisely (but for our amusement) recorded in his diary its influence on him: "I found the effect of last night's drinking that foolish Dorset, which was pleasant enough, but did not at all agree with me, for it made me very stupid all day." But during the last two centuries and even to-day in our more western villages, cider has been and remains supreme. So far back as the days of the merry Charles cider was needed to keep pace with the rebound in temperament and so came to the front. And when that unhappy son of Lucy Walters, the Duke of Mon-

mouth, staked his all and lost it at Sedgemoor, which is a day's ride from here, the farmers from everywhere round sent countless hogsheads to the King's forces as welcome gifts. Up to that time the apples had been so carelessly grown that the cider was called "mordicant," and sharp indeed it must have been, if we can realise that the sharp cider we make to-day is sweet beside it. But greater pride in the local liquor made our forefathers excel in its making, and it began to be so popular amongst the Wessex squires that it came to the dignity of being bottled. So great indeed grew the demand that in a village which lies apparently asleep on the side of a hill that drops for two long miles down to the vale of Blackmore, no fewer than ten thousand hogsheads have been brewed in one year. Nor is cider quite the mild drink some people imagine it to be. Many a brawny giant of Wessex succumbs to its too potent charm, though now and again you may chance upon a seasoned veteran who, as he lifts the blue mug which is here sacred to cider, will tell you with a sly twinkle in his round grey eyes, "Lor, bless 'ee, zurr, Oi do-ant drinky vor drunky; Oi do-a drinky vor dry."

It is not until well on in "the tea-cup times of hood and hoop" that I discover "corphee" in the West Country, when it was on sale at Dorchester, though some of the richer people probably had it earlier. Of course it took time for new fashions to travel down from London, for Wessex was a wild country and far and the road between us worse than bad. But "the China drink, called by the Chineans Teha, by other nations tay alias tee," came to us before coffee, and was drunk in our great houses soon after the Restoration.

At this time our peasants ate their

food off "treene" or wooden trenchers or platters, which were generally made of beech. In the days of good Queen Anne these could be bought at Ilminster Fair (and many another) for eightpence a dozen and you might have your choice of the round shape or the square. But undoubtedly then pewter had found its way into all our farmhouses and the homes of people above peasant rank. And most admirable it was. You can find to-day in west country homes these pewter services certainly more than a hundred years old and as good as ever. Brilliantly polished, such a service of plate looks handsome indeed on the old oak dressers that still survive with it. As to knives, we had them from the earliest times, but the death of Elizabeth and the introduction of the fork into Wessex coincided; and I do not think our peasants used forks before the days of Queen Anne, if then. Each person helped himself at meals and would take hold of the end of the joint and cut off what he wanted—hence the somewhat later idea of tying paper or a cloth round the end of the joint for the sake of cleanliness, a custom which survives in the paper frill with which some ornament the knuckle-bones of ham and cold mutton. It was in Queen Anne's days, too, that silver forks became the vogue in polite circles, but we did not know much about this in the west country.

Ill health is a bad thing at any time; a hundred and fifty years ago our friends made it terrible for us. Blood-letting, of course, was a very simple affair: everybody was bled twice a year, in the spring and in autumn, and people lived so grossly that I am sure it did them good. Throughout Wessex the peasants were bled on Sunday mornings—at sixpence each. The barbers were the surgeons and were much more plenti-

ful in the country than now. Like wise men (and their successors the doctors) they adapted their prices to their patients. A gentleman who so indulged himself as to go to bed to be bled was charged half-a-crown, and his fine lady half-a-sovereign. Certain days were unlucky for blood-letting and nothing would induce the barbers to operate on these occasions. As to serious diseases, they seem to have been beyond the medical skill of the day. Our villages and towns simply drove out the infected from their midst. In the accounts of our neighbour, the borough, I find that the mayor sometimes paid a handsome sum to a man with the leprosy or the small-pox "to rid him"—to induce him to come on to us! I read, too, of men being paid to watch a neighbour whose son had the small-pox and prevent him from bringing the boy into the town. On the other hand the fame of quacks spread far, and even our local authorities were not above believing in them and would often pay for a patient to go to such an one—a lad went from the next parish to a quack in Ireland to be cured of lameness.

Amongst our remedies herbs of course played a great part. "For salves," runs an old note-book which had a great vogue, "the country parson's wife seeks not the city, but prefers her garden and fields before all outlandish gums." Sage was held a very great medicine: it was even asked (though in Latin, I admit) "Why should anyone die who has sage in his garden?" If anyone had a disease of the mouth, the eighth psalm should be read for three days, seven times on each day. As a remedy it was "sovereign." For insanity or fits we prescribed whipping. Little wonder that mortality was great—which reminds me that a coffin was not often seen in the west country before the eighteenth century. Our

poor were buried simply in their shrouds; that is why those who died of the plague were thought to infect the ground. There is a large mound in our churchyard where those who died of the plague were buried in a great pit. Even to this day, you cannot find a man in the village who will dig a new grave in that spot.

In the days I recall the art of writing was not generally practised. Professional scribes undertook for the public the little they needed in this way. We have a strange old legal document here with ninety signatures, of which seven only are autographs. The remainder are marks—a bird, a dog, a wheel, an axe or mere hieroglyphics or impenetrable cyphers. But every generation was becoming more literate than the last. The time of horn-books arrived: the universal dominion of the tally or notched stick (though sometimes used to this day in Wessex) began to be invaded by arithmetic on paper. Even the hour-glass became less needed as parish clocks increased in number. So village and grammar schools multiplied and were patronised, though their curriculum was often a quaint mixture of mental instruction and manual work—to my thinking, no bad mixture either. Yet one Mrs. Roche, wife of the then parson of our next parish, lost her suit when it was shown that a child, who had been summarily removed from her care, had been placed with her "to be bred up and taught the needle" and not to be utilised as a handmaid.

On the other hand there was great laxity, as we should say, in some directions. Cock-fighting was a recognised school-game; and the masters used to defray the cost of the birds and add the items to their account against the parents. Several schools in our county and in those adjacent kept packs of hounds, and

a holiday to enable the boys to see a man hanged was granted as a matter of course. And here are one or two items from a bill delivered by the mistress of a girls' school of the period. They are those of a young Wessex lady who went to a boarding school in Surrey. She was charged nineteen shillings and sixpence for "firing" during the winter half: among other things, she had to purchase a bolt for her door, soap and starch, calico to *line* her stockings, a basin, toothpicks and pattens. The materials, including the parchment, for her sampler cost three and sixpence. The sampler, of course, was the great achievement she took home at the end of the half year to demonstrate the inestimable benefit of the education she was receiving.

But in days when the patch was worn, and in spite of much that went to their discomfort, the Wessex ladies were not wanting in spirit or beauty. Let me close these reminiscences of the west country by telling the story of a Wessex gentlewoman who was as rich as she was beautiful. Being an heiress, she had a prescriptive right to be whimsical; but she had been besieged so hotly by the modish Cupid of that day and had refused so many offers for her person and her possessions, that the amorous and spend-thrift gallants, finding that to bedizen arm and leg with love-knots availed them nothing, declared her invulnerable. But at last it chanced that being present at a great marriage at the county town she met a gentleman, a briefless member of the Temple, to whom fell the fortune of "filling her eye."

Wessex beauties, however, hold views of their own on courtship. So she conveyed by a trusty messenger a challenge to this stranger to

fight a duel to the death in what was really her own demesne. Without knowing whence the challenge came or wherefore—the times were feckless—the stranger kept the appointment; but can we conceive his astonishment when he discovered his opponent to be a masked lady of whom, of course, he knew absolutely nothing. The lady, with much pretty braggadocio and mouthing, we may be sure, peremptorily challenged him to fight her—or marry her! The amazed Templar was dumbfounded, as our people say; but at last regained wit enough to suggest that she should first unmask. Not a bit of it; the lady would neither unmask nor declare her name; she merely stamped her high heels on the grass and drew her rapier. But there is an advantage in being bred to the law, and the barrister, at length, seems to have reckoned up with some discernment the evidence before him. The extent of the park, the stately lines of the red brick house in the distance, the rich attire, the spirit and the high bearing of the lady—all seemed to hang together as a chain of evidence in a very intimate way. So the man of law, drawing a deep breath to sustain him, I doubt not, stoutly declared that he would rather wed the gentlewoman than court her skill; and in as short a time as it could be managed in those days (and that was very short indeed) he wedded beautiful Mistress Joyce and entered into possession of the glories of Walton.

And, at least, this may serve to show that our Wessex gentlewomen have a fine spirited way of getting what they want. But dare I claim this as another custom peculiar to the west country?

A. MONTEFIORE-BRICE.

SLIPPING BACKWARDS.

"It is quite evident," said my old tutor, Humboldt Jenks, M.A., as we sat together in my London rooms, "that man was not intended for too rapid motion, certainly not for flying in the air or swimming in the water, at least under the surface. His primacy among created things—perhaps I should say evolved organisms, but theological phraseology still lingers at our seat of learning—his lordship, I repeat, over the lower animals is solely due to his intellectual development; and one condition of that development in the past has been a certain bodily slowness as compared with his mental inferiors. I take it that this was foreseen, let us say by nature (the term saves us from irreverence on the one hand and committal to definite scientific theory on the other), by nature who took care that he should not have wings like birds, or finny membranes like frogs and fishes, or preposterous jumping apparatus like the kangaroo, the grasshopper, and the flea—I trust you follow my argument?" he added pleasantly, as he helped himself to more tobacco.

"Of course, of course," I replied with haste, anxious not to be caught napping; "nothing was allowed to keep down his cephalic index." I said this confidently, yet with inward misgivings, for my old life at St. Rhadegund's had made me familiar with his insidious logic.

"Ah, yes," he agreed complacently, "his progressive cranial growth. That is the point. You see he would be sure to want a head for foreign diplomacy, preferential tariffs, the humanities and the higher mathe-

matics, for art, literature, and tutorial functions, so it would never have done to make him a mere jumping-jack. Therefore he was created (or evolved) wing-less and fin-less, positively the slowest of the vertebrates, and endowed also with an upright posture, solely that his head might attain the necessary size and shape for the operations of higher thought." Here he paused and took another sip of wine, viewing my pictures critically through the eye-glass he always wears in town.

I felt pretty sure I had followed his reasoning thus far, but I spoke warily: "It was evidently pre-arranged," I said, "from the earliest times, from the age of the *olinellus trilobite* or perhaps even that of the *globigerina* and *rotifer*, that a head-piece should be the end and aim of his existence. And the discovery of the *homo Javanensis* or missing link —"

My tutor smiled sarcastically—it is a difficult thing to do, but long practice has made him perfect: "My dear Jolliffe," he said, "your acquaintance with biological history does you credit. I hardly dared to hope that the passion for scientific research, which distinguished, or ought to have distinguished your college days, would survive the strain of public life. Yes; you have grasped my meaning. The chief end of man (figuratively as well as literally) is his head: rapid motion is inimical to head; hence rapid motion is inimical to the highest destiny of man. I trust I have stated the proposition correctly; but the truth of the minor premiss is

well known. We see it in the lower organisms. The chimney-swallow, though a swift and graceful flier, does not exhibit the wisdom of the sedentary owl (compare their facial expressions in any museum); while the greyhound, despite the speed and elegance of his motions, does not show the intelligence of the slow-going elephant or of the laborious beaver. In the academic world (human of course) we note the same phenomenon. Our fastest oars do not furnish us with wranglers, nor our sprinters, long-distance runners, and high jumpers, with senior classics—except in sporadic and isolated cases; while the threshold of the Little-Go is strewn with the corpses of motorists and——”

I sprang to my feet almost feverish with excitement: “I see your drift,” I cried—“the new Motor-Car Bill! You anticipate widespread mental deterioration as the result of high speeds! You foresee a decline in the national stamina—in statesmanship, sharp-shooting, colonial policy, educational and tutorial grasp—if the twelve-mile limit is exceeded. You attribute the Prime Minister’s obliquities [personally I had observed no change in his well-known qualities] to his motoring pursuits. You even see danger to the Head of the State in his possession of an automobile——”

My tutor smiled again, this time more genially. “My dear Jolliffe,” he said in his most dulcet tones, “your perspicacity and your taste in wine have manifestly improved since you were in *statu pupillari*, though I think we laid the foundation of both. Yes; though you have not perhaps expressed it with scientific accuracy, my meaning is what you say. It is that the nearer man in his locomotive habits approaches to the various species from which in that particular he was differentiated (or which were

differentiated from him)—the pigeon, the porpoise, the antelope, hare, and ostrich (to name the nimbler individual specimens),—the nearer will he approach them in his mental and moral features. I foreshadowed this truth in my *HUMAN REVERSIONS* (third edition out this week), and have confirmed it in my *SLIPPING BACKWARDS*, now in the press. Of course I don’t mean that the vogue of the petrol-balloon, the motor-car, and the submarine boat, will at once turn us intellectually into birds, beasts, and fishes. On the contrary, the line of retreat would probably be along the original path of human culture. Broadly speaking, I should say that, with persons of average mind who immoderately addict themselves to the machines in question, the retrograde course would be marked by a gradual return to primitive manners, morals, and modes of speech. They would be likely to show contempt for all rightful authority, governmental and academic, an imperfect perception of lucidity and truth, and a tendency to gross and dialectical expressions. Shortness of memory with respect to debts, paucity of ideas, and extinction of the higher mental processes, might accompany these symptoms, but I own that this is the less hopeful view. It is possible that at first nothing worse than a general levity of behaviour, a cheerful irresponsibility suggestive of the animals whose habits have been adopted, might be seen. Thus, a bishop who practised flying might develop a light and un-episcopal tone, with a habit of chirping and hopping about on his palace lawn; a privy councillor who regularly exceeded fifty miles an hour on the high-road might contract the bounding gait and shy evasiveness of the antelope; while a philosophical member of the opposition who frequented submarine boats

might in time display the mental obtuseness and spouting propensities of the whale. At least a somewhat wide study of the subject (mainly from undergraduate examples) leads me to this conclusion. What effect it may have on the national balance I cannot say, and the necessary corrective measures I leave to editors and publicists like you. My duty ends with pointing out the germs of tendency."

Mr. Jenks (whose appearance when shorn of his academic robes strikingly suggests Mr. Chamberlain) here rose to depart. "Yes," he repeated; "I leave the problem of remedy to men who are in the thick of the fight. The functions of a university are to ascertain causes, to analyse, and to define—her voice should not be heard in the streets, except vicariously. But you'll bear in mind what I've said (better consult my books as well—only ten-and-six each), and keep your eye on the course of things. You will, won't you?"

Wouldn't I, indeed! I had observed the same tendencies myself in fast persons, only I had failed to connect cause with effect, or *vice versa*. Now it was all clear. The influences which had lately marred my editorship of the IMPERIAL SEARCHLIGHT were plainly of dynamic origin. My junior's flagrant lapses into Ciceronian rhetoric I now traced to his purchase of a 2 h.p. motor-bicycle; the flippant tone of my parliamentary reporter sprang from his interest in aerial propulsion; and the bad grammar and cockneyisms of my dramatic critic were plainly due to his absorption in high-speed submarines. These, however, were relatively private grievances; my mind in a flash took in the whole arena of public and social life, as affected by the new craze of motion. Entire groups of puzzling phenomena were resolved in a moment.

The connection between horse-racing and political bohemianism was readily explained by the reversion theory. So, too, was the popular passion for barbaric street shows, international convivialities, flamboyant naval and military displays, florid waistcoats, and other tokens of national taste. In particular, the amazing distortion of woman's form, as seen in the fashion-plates of pictorial journals (I refer to the presentation of her once symmetrical shape in the guise of a pigeon-breasted torso, or a mermaid with the chest of a spring pullet and the tail of a rattlesnake), was evidently the result of her former pedalling practices and their recent development into automobilism. Rapid flight through the air on pneumatic tyres had naturally prompted a desire for a bird-like figure, and the *modistes* with their usual subtlety had realised the unspoken wish. But it is needless to multiply instances; only, their causes being now laid bare, the task of remedy would be the easier, and the SEARCHLIGHT would as ever lead the van of reform!

I talked the matter over with my wife next day. My dear Maud's experiment (after her Newnham life) of teaching butter-making and other domestic pastimes to the titled and leisured classes, came to an end with our marriage, and her interests are now wholly my own. "I don't see what you can do about it, Peveril dear," she said, slightly knitting her brows.

"Do!" I exclaimed with energy. "We can do everything! We can watch tendency, point out consequences, prove the mental and moral danger latent in velocity, alarm the public, promote legislation. It shall be the object of my life (and the SEARCHLIGHT's) to limit the speed of balloons to fifteen miles an hour, motor-cars to ten, and submarine

boats to five; also to secure condign punishment for the law-breakers irrespective of wealth or rank. My dear, you do not know the power of the press."

The history of my influential journal and its staff for some time after this might be described as exciting and chequered. Arrayed against us were the stupidity of the man-in-the-street, the dull belief of the British public that everything is well in the best of all possible empires, and the general failure to see principles of causation in actual happenings. My proprietors were cast in heavy damages for our criticisms on the fashion-plates of prominent costumiers, for our derisive remarks on the production of motor-car manufacturers (which we likened in appearance to automatic hearses), and for our boldness in attributing the banal utterances of our legislators to covert vehicular exercise. But, despite grievous financial losses, we stood to our guns. We pointed out that no commanding intellect had appeared in Britain since railway trains had attained a speed of sixty miles an hour; that Shakespeare never travelled in his life faster than the famous butterwoman's rank to market; that Bacon drew his mightiest inductions in the slowest of official coaches; and that Marlborough and Wellington, Nelson and Collingwood, won their victories respectively on ambling nags and on the decks of heavy, bluff-nosed sailing craft. We showed the disastrous effect of thirty-knot destroyers on the seamanship of their commanders; but all without avail. It was not until the truth of our warnings had been driven home by repeated instances of retrogression on the part of motorists that public interest was aroused and our credit saved.

It is impossible to describe more than a few of the remarkable cases

by which the horn of Humboldt Jenks was exalted, the fame of the SEARCHLIGHT and its editor established, and the country saved from approaching cretinism. We sedulously aided the police magistrates and the judges of the higher courts in their efforts to convict the more unscrupulous offenders; one of our staff (usually myself) watching the proceedings in the imperial interests, while Mr. Jenks did the same on behalf of science. Not seldom this meant considerable danger to our persons, chiefly from the assaults of myrmidons hired by manufacturers of motor-cars and their appurtenances—tyres, cranks, carburettors, and the like. We cheerfully braved these perils, however, though soon presenting the bruised and battered appearance of auctioneers surrounded by contemporary Protestant martyrs.

The first indubitable instance of reversion that attracted public notice was that of an elderly gentleman of fortune who was arrested for careering over the country in a motor-car of high power, to the moral and material hurt of His Majesty's subjects. In the course of his reckless flight he had killed two pigs and a calf, overturned an old market woman, and frightened three babies into fits. When stopped by the police he had given a false name and address, and offered a large money bribe to be let off. In the dock his appearance presented a curious contrast, his dress being that of a person of cultivated tastes, while his countenance wore a leering and loutish expression.

"You seem to be a man of wealth and respectability," said the magistrate. "How do you account for your conduct?"

"Yer Hhonner, it wuz this w'y," answered the grey-haired Jehu with a sly wink. "Oi zays to the choffer 'Vour moiles a hower,' zays Oi, an

'e mistook it vor vourty. Zo hoff we goes, an' every bloomin' 'oss, pig, an' cow, an' every ol' woman an' biby kerridge, along the ro'd, comes an' gets in under our w'eels—"

Here the gentleman's friends, including his brother-in-law (a baronet) and his medical attendant, interposed, offering bail and sureties for his future good behaviour. They explained, though with evident embarrassment, that he was a country justice of the peace, of good family and education, of the usual mental capacity of his class, and of a genial and benevolent disposition. Unfortunately, having much spare time on his hands, he had taken to motoring, and, from a natural fondness for rapid movement (fostered by his old fox-hunting life), had developed the scorching habit, which had temporarily unsettled his reason. His medical adviser would say that complete rest and confinement to the soporific influences of his park would restore him to his normal state: meanwhile all the direct and incidental damages of his outing would be paid.

This was the official case: but Humboldt Jenks, who had followed it with keen interest, explained its scientific bearings. "Obvious atavism!" he said. "I have carefully, though at the same time privately, traced the history of the victim (if I may so say), and find that his somewhat remote ancestors were pig breeders of questionable probity in the west of England, a fact which does not seem known to his family and friends. It accounts, however, for the phenomena we have observed, — his dialectical lapse, his bucolic manners, and his palpable moral obliquity. With this return along the path of human culture, I perceive a tendency to direct bestial reversion, I should say to the devastating habits of the wild hog."

The next example of public note

was that of a south African millionaire of the name of Rosenbaum, who was convicted of charging at full speed, with the clatter of an express and the tooting of a ten-bull fog-horn, into a Church Sunday-school while in procession with parsons, band, and banners. He had knocked the senior curate into the lady superintendent's arms, wiped up the road with the vicar's cassock, piled the buds of promise in a heap on the infant optimists, and burst the big drum, only coming to a stand when the parish trombone got mixed up with the motor gearing. The onslaught of his machine with its be-goggled inmates had struck terror to the marching ranks: "It looked like a coffin on w'eels, with Bilzebug and all the himps of 'Ell a-sittin' on top," said the eldest scholar, a girl of excitable imagination, in her evidence. The great difficulty was to assign adequate motives for the assault. Mr. Rosenbaum, who was also a member of Parliament, was certified to be a gentleman of broad views and tolerant of all religions, his liberal if somewhat perfunctory charity flowing to all causes without respect of creed or race. Unluckily, although sumptuously attired, he was incapable while in the dock of expressing himself in anything but an obsolete form of Yiddish, for which no interpreter could be found. Here again high speeds were proved to be the cause of his downfall; but upon ample guarantees and payment for damages being offered by his friends and co-religionists a fine only was imposed.

To this case also Mr. Jenks devoted himself with all the ardour of science. "Here," he said, "we see the same atavistic law at work. The remarkable animosity to the Christian Church on Mr. Rosenbaum's part, which puzzled himself and his friends as much as the court, was merely

the cropping up of old racial and religious hatreds,—a survival of the days of Ivanhoe, Isaac of York, and Hugh of Lincoln. It is the same slipping down the ladder of human ascent, while the animal ferocity of his charge suggests the proclivities of a rhinoceros."

If the public viewed these and similar cases with as much amusement as sorrow, their sympathies were deeply aroused by the appearance in the dock of a young gentleman of refined though somewhat disordered looks, charged with scandalous behaviour at one of the university towns. It was proved that on a peaceful Sunday evening in the long vacation, when most of its inhabitants were gathered in the ancient churches for which the town is famed, and the few honour-men in residence were devoutly assembled in their college chapels, he had come bumping along the narrow main street at sixty miles an hour, bellowing like a bull, and trailing the atmosphere of an incensed polecat. Being opposed by authority, he had successively (and successfully) rammed the chief constable, the vice-chancellor, the senior proctor, and several fellows ; and on the inevitable question "Your name and college, sir?" being put had returned a jeering and humorous reply. It was only from some muttered references to "Mods" and "Responsions" that his identity was inferred ; but the academic jurisdiction not extending to members of the sister institution, he was turned over to the civil powers for trial. In court, where he was attended by his mother and sisters, and other relatives of aristocratic appearance, he would only answer the judge's questions with hilarious shouts of "Tally-ho ;" "Yoiks !" and the "damme's" and other genteel profanity of an earlier generation, to the inexpressible grief of his friends. The evidence showed

him to be a promising Oxford scholar, and the scion of an ancient Border family, a youth of gentle and retiring disposition with a fondness for the works of Walter Pater. In his case as well alienation was due to excessive speeds, while his vindictive feelings towards the rival university seemed connected with money losses on the annual boat race. The judge, although himself a graduate of the insulted place of learning, generously restored him to his guardians upon the usual assurances being given. It was this patrician case, this awful retrogression in tone, taste, and manners, that chiefly awakened the upper classes to the danger of thwarting the plan of providence in the matter of personal velocity.

No good would be served by further examples. Perhaps the words of the commercial traveller (in mineral waters), convicted of wantonly maiming a milch cow and a gentleman farmer in his Sunday outing, best express the common causes of fall : "Sabbath breakin' and scorchin' done it," he said pathetically, as he was removed to the cells. By far the most celebrated as well as deplorable public instance was that of the secretary of State for the Agricultural Interest, who, after several mornings devoted to motor exercise at illicit rates, addressed the House on the subject of imperial reciprocity, in a condition suggestive of the three-bottle days of Fox and Pitt. But over that scene and the explanations which followed a veil is best drawn. I have already said that the cause of law and order triumphed in the end, largely through the efforts of the SEARCHLIGHT and its editorial staff, though aided of course by the scientific acumen of Humboldt, Jenks. Some of his generalisations may be profitably quoted in conclusion :—

"The effects of super-rapid motion,"

he wrote in the *SCALPEL*, "are now proved to be distinctly lowering to moral and mental standards, the descent being usually to planes of less advanced civilisation, though often to those of savage peoples. (See *SLIPPING BACKWARDS*, Chapter VIII.) It appears as if the victim of *motor-acceleratis*, if I may so call it, unconsciously loses whatever gentlemanly instincts and uprightness of conduct he once possessed. Thus, a member of your club who, in his normal state, would as soon think of cutting you as of cutting his own throat, will unhesitatingly run you down in the street on his automobile, and swear afterwards that he was somebody else! Numberless cases of the kind might be adduced. The reappearance of brutish qualities, chiefly those of the more combative animals, the bull-dog, bear, bison, he-goat, etc. (the butting animals especially), has also been a marked feature of the late velocity craze. A return to barbaric tastes in dress, both in men and women, was also noticeable. Another barbaric if not savage trait was and continues to be a fondness for loud and discordant noises, such as the clanging of gongs, bells, and the like, with the screeching, snorting, and bellowing of powerful wind instruments; these appliances being universally attached to motor conveyances and apparently yielding their inmates the same pleasure that the tom-tom affords the native African. Closely, and indeed curiously, associated with this latter phenomenon has been a manifestation which I may describe as the right-of-way mania. This is a surprising and wholly modern development of the idea of personal prerogative with respect to the use of the public high-roads, and may be defined as a belief

that the possession and sounding of the apparatus just mentioned confers an absolute right to all the streets, avenues, lanes, and crossings of the kingdom, urban or otherwise. So strong, indeed, had the conviction become that it was offered in the courts as a sufficient excuse for every kind of bodily injury inflicted, and even for homicide. On this interesting psychological (or physiological) point I may be permitted to quote the words of a distinguished occupant of the Judicial Bench, who enjoyed unusual opportunities for observation in the late cases. 'The remarkable fixity of this idea,' says his lordship, referring to the belief I have just mentioned, 'struck my judicial brothers not less than myself. The criminal who had marked down his prey, commonly an aged or infirm person or an infant, invariably urged in defence of his act the ample warning he had given beforehand of his intention; and I regret to say that learned counsel not infrequently made use of the same plea. To disabuse the public mind of this fundamental error has been the object of all the sentences I have passed; and if my occasional and always reluctant infliction of the death penalty may have seemed harsh and uncalled-for, the present immunity of street pedestrians is an abundant justification of my course.'

To have restored security to Britain and Britain to security (using an ancient formula slightly varied) was no mean honour, especially in association with such distinguished aids. And it was one, I felt, that made complete amends for all the contusions, bodily and mental, which I had suffered in its achievement.

PEVERIL JOLLIFFE.

THE PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

EIGHTEEN years ago (in *MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE* for September, 1885), I endeavoured to draw the attention of the British public to the necessity of some radical alteration in the drink traffic, and from a then recent examination of a certain number of public-houses, undertaken in the character of an ordinary customer, I suggested that the state of the public-houses themselves was largely answerable for the frequent habit of drunkenness among the poorer classes. "The first fault of public-houses," I then wrote, "is that they are conducted for profit," and in the same paragraph I proposed the "establishment of places where proper accommodation might be provided for the working classes without any profit being made"; while I suggested that the profits which would probably accrue from such a system "should be devoted, first, to increasing the comfort of the place, and secondly to help to found similar establishments. Thus in time there might be attached to each public-house a room for non-smokers, a library, a reading-room, a public assembly room, etc., etc."

My scheme of reform met with a good deal of ridicule and contemptuous criticism at the time it was put forward. In the papers in which my plan was noticed, I was regarded for the most part as an enthusiast and a visionary. Thus the *LIVERPOOL COURIER* in a leader on my article stated that my "intentions were of the best, but the practical objections to them are obvious"; and concluded as follows: "Mr. Macnaghten, in fact, is a voice crying in the wilderness, unless

indeed the publicans take the hint, and set to work to make their establishments more attractive. Let us see that they do not sell bad liquor, and that they do not connive at excessive drinking. That we can do; but all the rest must be left to the influence of public opinion and private enterprise. The public cannot be its own public-house provider."

Since 1885, when the *LIVERPOOL COURIER* and other papers thus criticised my suggestions as impossible, there has been a complete revolution of public opinion on this question. So far from it now being held impossible for the public to be its own public-house provider, the principle of municipal control as illustrated by the Gothenburg system, has become recognised all over the world as the one practical plan of minimising the evils of the drink traffic so far successful; while the ingenious contrivance by which the retailer becomes interested in restricting so far as possible the sale of alcohol in favour of non-intoxicating beverages has been generally adopted by the public-house trusts. Thus it has come to pass that ideas which eighteen years ago were looked upon as crude and fantastic have at length become recognised as the real and necessary solution of the temperance problem; and there seems every reason to believe that this movement will attain even greater success, *because it contains within itself the two necessary requisites for scientific reform of the liquor traffic*, namely (1) the elimination of private profit, and (2) the sale of nothing but properly matured and rectified alcohols. The import-

ance of these two principles *in conjunction* is hardly, I think, sufficiently recognised by the general public, and it is only recently that even the former has received adequate recognition in England. For our knowledge of the latter we are largely indebted to the work of continental scientists and investigators, whose researches deserve to be more popularly known in England than has hitherto been the case. Thus so far back as 1878, the international congress held in Paris in that year for the study of questions relative to alcoholism (as the distinct disease brought on by the use of unrectified alcohol is termed) expressed the desire that the "various governments should be invited, not only to prevent and repress the abuse of alcoholic liquors, but also to direct their efforts to the end that the brandies destined for general consumption should be, as far as possible, purified or rectified." Similar resolutions were passed by the succeeding congresses of Brussels and Geneva, and the hygienic congress held at Vienna in 1887 unanimously adopted the two following propositions: (1) The control of brandies by the State before their circulation in commerce; (2) the withdrawal of duties on wholesome beverages, such as wine and beer, so as to concentrate all fiscal charges on what are rightly termed alcoholic liquors.

Again, at the international congress of Hygiene and Demography, held at Buda-Pest, in September, 1894, a similar resolution was adopted and confirmed by the general assemblies. The *LANCET* after quoting the resolution in full remarked, "Professor Aglave, Doctor in Law of the Paris University, is in a great measure responsible for the above resolution. For many years he has travelled from country to country, interviewing members of various Governments, and

collecting a large amount of evidence for the purpose of proving that the best way of combating alcoholism is to insure the sale of absolutely pure—that is to say sufficiently rectified—alcohol, and that this result can only be obtained by making the manufacture and sale of alcohol a State monopoly."

These and similar examples show that the extreme scientific importance of ensuring a supply of nothing—but properly rectified spirit has long been recognised by the highest continental authorities. It is only of recent years that this principle has received any adequate recognition in the British Isles, and even now the fact that the intoxication produced by improperly rectified alcohol is a totally different thing from the drunkenness brought about by the abuse of well-matured ethylic alcohol is but dimly perceived by the large proportion of temperance reformers, most of whom are inclined to adopt the extremely unscientific attitude of classifying all alcohols in the same category. At the same time it must be admitted that the leaders of the trust movement have proved the statesmanlike character of their proposals not least in this, that for the first time in England a serious attempt is being made at temperance reform, not only by removing the incentive to pushing the sale of drink by the retailer through the substitution of the admirable contrivance borrowed from the Gothenburg system, but also by ensuring that in the houses controlled by the various trusts only the best alcohol is supplied.

The other and equally important factor in scientific temperance reform, namely, the elimination of private profit, though even more prominently championed by the pioneers of the trust movement, seems to have met

with some misapprehension, not so much from the people at large as from the more bigoted representatives of the teetotal platform. Most of this misapprehension seems to centre on the word *profit*. I have heard objectors of the prohibitionist platform ask "how it is possible for you to say that you are endeavouring to bring about the elimination of private profit from the retail liquor traffic, when as a matter of fact you are content to draw a profit of five per cent. from that very traffic by means of trust houses?" This question shows such a misconception of the whole position, and it is so important that the party from whose mouth it comes should be if possible persuaded to abandon the attitude of uncompromising hostility which it has hitherto shown to the trust scheme, that it seems worth while incidentally to point out the fallacy which underlies their statement of our position.

When we say (and the writer can claim to have upheld this opinion for eighteen years) that public-houses should not be conducted for profit, we certainly do not mean that they should be conducted at a loss. Yet this is what would happen supposing the funds required to purchase or lease trust houses were to be raised by voluntary subscription without any return on the capital so collected. The actual position can perhaps be best illustrated by an individual case. If Smith be the owner of £100, it is clear that without the least trouble on his part he can get a certain safe return on his money by placing it at deposit in a bank. The interest which he will derive will not be high (let us say about three per cent.) but it will be both safe and sure. But suppose that Smith being philanthropically inclined and desirous to give practical aid to a movement which he believes

will solve the long vexed temperance problem, should be willing to take his money out of the bank and let it be utilised by a public-house trust. What is his exact position? He wishes neither to profit *nor to lose* by the transaction. But it is evident that he will lose by the transaction if the return which he receives is less than what he was receiving when his £100 was at fixed deposit, and there is nothing whatever in the nature of things to prevent this actually occurring even now in the case of individual trust houses or companies. It is perfectly possible even now that a trust may be started in some part of the country which will not pay even one per cent., and when the movement first began, this possibility was of course far greater. But supposing Smith should only get one per cent. on his £100, it is clear that he is *actually losing* two per cent., and this contingency, though not so likely now as in the initial stages, may always occur in individual instances. Therefore it follows that there must be some margin of possible profit to allow for the margin of possible loss: and that margin of possible profit is nothing more or less than *an insurance against the margin of possible loss*. And when it is considered that the extreme limit of possible profit is five per cent. (or only two per cent. above the absolutely safe return which the investor could have obtained), and that, while the dividend declared cannot exceed five per cent., the directors may on the one hand make it below that figure of their own accord, while on the other hand the mere circumstances of trading may reduce it in any year or years to nil, the insurance margin certainly does not seem an unreasonably high one.

It must be remembered that in beginning their undertaking the

founders of the trust movement had to face two opposing difficulties. One was the uncertainty (especially in view of the huge artificial prices which have to be paid for existing licenses) that any profit at all could be made from an attempt to supply the public with as little alcohol as the unstimulated demand should require. It was perfectly possible that from a monetary point of view such an experiment would be a total failure, and those who advanced money for this purpose at the outset were necessarily actuated by the strongest philanthropic motives, as there was every likelihood of that money being absolutely lost. The other was the certainty that if any thing like an excessive rate of interest—commensurate in any way to the risk of the original undertaking—were rendered possible, a bitter outcry would be raised by the whole of the teetotal party. As an illustration of the riskiness of the experiment from a financial point of view in any place where licenses have attained an artificial value and are (owing to the *tied house* system) hard to procure, I may mention that in Hobart not one single business man has applied for shares in answer to the circular issued by the Hobart Public House Trust Association.

At the same time it must be conceded that, so far at least as Great Britain is concerned, the risk which was so great and obvious in the initial stages has been largely reduced by the successful manner in which the experiment has been carried on for more than two years. In other words, the insurable margin has certainly become less, and in the case of new trusts it might perhaps be desirable to reduce the maximum rate of interest to, say, four per cent., so long at least as shares are easily transferable. Otherwise there might be a danger (though I do not regard it as

a serious one) of shares rising largely above their nominal original value.

There is, however, another method by which the difficulty might be solved, which personally I cannot help thinking would be preferable. I would suggest that at least in the case of new trusts *all shares should be redeemable in rotation by the trustees at par*: and that half the net profits above the five per cent. maximum should be yearly set aside for this purpose. Such a development of the trust principle would have several advantages. In the first place it would automatically prevent the shares from rising above their nominal face value. In the second place in the course of a few years' time any trust adopting the principle would become absolutely self-supporting, as all private shareholders would have been gradually bought out at par. Thirdly, the objections of conscientious teetotallers—such as Lady Henry Somerset—to the spread of the trust system would I imagine be largely removed. If each trust were self-supporting, and no private individual had any interest in its success (a state of things which would immediately occur on the last share being redeemed) I imagine that much of the antagonism which is being displayed on conscientious grounds against our movement would then disappear. Lastly, by such a development "elimination of private profit" would be absolutely and completely attained.

That all reasonable concessions should be made to secure the adherence of the extreme total abstinence partisans is clear if we are to make that progress in the future which the recent success of the trust movement shows is not unattainable. For this reason if for no other I submit that a proposal by which the whole of the shares in trust companies could eventually be merged into a public

trust is at least deserving of serious consideration. There seems no reason to doubt that, if once the opposition of that party were removed, and still more if it could be induced to take an active part in furthering the trust idea, the movement would advance by leaps and bounds. Such co-operation would indeed mean nothing short of the total extinction of the present system of private profit, and all legitimate means should therefore be used to the uttermost to bring about so desirable a consummation. We may personally and privately believe that the antagonism of that party is illogical and absurd, but none the less it is the most important factor in the situation; and if any means can be devised for placating its objections, or still more for rendering it an ally instead of an enemy, they should surely not be neglected.

On the other hand, we may reasonably expect a similar attitude of conciliation from the teetotal platform; for, as Mr. Joseph Rowntree, the joint author of *THE TEMPERANCE PROBLEM AND SOCIAL REFORM*, wisely remarks:

The Company system, in one or other of its forms, has come to stay. The hindrance at present to its wide extension arises from the difficulty of obtaining new licenses. Were the ground once cleared by the adoption of a time-notice such as is proposed by Lord Peel, the Company system would probably receive immediate and enormous expansion. And if the system were once established on a wide scale, without adequate safeguards, legislation with regard to it would become extremely difficult. . . . It cannot, therefore, be too strongly urged upon temperance workers, and not least upon those who are hostile to the Company system, that the question is no longer whether there shall be companies or whether there shall not, but it is simply whether there shall be companies under wise and adequate control, or whether they shall exist without such control?

It is suggested therefore that instead of offering a general and uncompromising hostility to the policy of trust houses, the extreme temperance party should rather devote its energies to endeavouring to bring about the ultimate extinction of private shares, by offering to co-operate on that condition, and by refusing to co-operate on any other terms. Such an attitude would be a reasonable one, and one with which probably the large body of the nation would agree. Moreover the solution is such as the promoters of trust companies would hardly be inclined to repudiate, for it could scarcely prove objectionable to any shareholders excepting those whose real object in supporting the movement consists in nothing more than in finding a safe and good investment for their spare capital, and in the true interests of temperance the sooner this class of shareholders is eliminated the better will it be for the progress of the movement. As an example of the way in which such a scheme could work I will imagine a trust company with a capital of twenty thousand pounds in twenty thousand one pound shares, making fifteen per cent. net profit annually, which is not I imagine an impossible profit. After deducting five per cent. for the shareholders, there would remain two thousand pounds. Half of this would be allocated by the trustees to objects of public utility, while the remaining one thousand pounds would be employed in redeeming one thousand shares at par. The result in such a case would be that in twenty years time the trust would have entirely freed itself from all private obligations, and would remain in perpetuity a public trust, from whose conduct no private individual would henceforth derive one penny-worth of advantage.

Next to the establishment of trust

companies by far the most hopeful feature of the temperance outlook is the publication and wide circulation of Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's monumental work, which must be regarded as the first serious attempt to take a comprehensive and scientific view of the whole question of licensing reform, and to treat the subject in a thorough and impartial manner. The various schemes of temperance reformers such as local option, prohibition, high licensing and the like have been submitted to such a lucid and unprejudiced investigation, and their relation to the whole sum of possible reform has been so clearly and ably demonstrated, that a totally new and in some cases a wholly unexpected light may be said to have been cast on a problem which before was exceedingly obscure. This obscurity was largely owing to the fact that every temperance reformer was inclined to regard his own particular nostrum as the one possible solution of the question, and it is an enormous gain to have the whole case stated not from the individual standpoint of isolated reformers, but from the general standpoint derived by a complete and exhaustive comparison of all the schemes hitherto advocated or tried in different parts of the world. There are, however, two points which it is submitted that the authors of *THE TEMPERANCE PROBLEM AND SOCIAL REFORM* have not sufficiently considered, and it is to be hoped that at least so far as the first is concerned, they may remedy what I cannot help considering a deficiency in a work which is otherwise scientifically complete. I allude to the fact that practically no mention is made of the principle already referred to in this paper as having long been recognised by the highest continental authorities, namely: that one of the first necessities of tem-

perance reform is to ensure the supply of properly rectified alcohols. This subject is of such enormous importance, and there is such abundance of material to support it, that it may well be hoped that in a future edition of their work Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell will devote at least a chapter to its consideration.

The other point to which I wish to refer is their attitude to what I may call the interior economy of licensed houses. Thus on page 147 of the popular edition of their book the following passage occurs:—

With the main principle that underlies the Bishop of Chester's proposals—namely, the elimination of private profit—there can be nothing but cordial agreement, and certainly no one in England has done more to point out its supreme importance and value. But this particular proposal for associating amusement and recreation with the sale of intoxicants is not only opposed to the express recommendations of the Parliamentary Committees already quoted (pp. 145-6), but is clearly prejudicial to the best interests of the community, and calculated to hinder, rather than to facilitate, the object it seeks to attain.

Now the actual text of the Bishop of Chester's proposals to which they refer is given in the following quotation:—

Licensed victualling must change hands. Experience has abundantly shown that private enterprise cannot bear the weight of this vast national responsibility. The State, through its local authorities and instrumentalities, must with a firm and liberal hand undertake the provision of houses of refreshment for the people, in which alcoholic beverages, though frankly recognised, will be deposed from their aggressive supremacy and supplied under less seductive conditions.¹ These conditions would, for example, be comfortable, spacious, well-ventilated accommodation; *temperance drinks of every kind brought well to the front, invested with prestige and sup-*

¹ The italics are my own.

*plied in the most convenient, attractive and inexpensive way;*¹ the pecuniary interest of the managers (e.g., in the form of bonus) made to depend entirely on the sale of eatables and non-alcoholic beverages; alcoholic liquors secured against adulteration; newspapers, indoor games, and, where practicable, outdoor games and music provided; while the mere drink-shop, the gin-palace and *the bar—that pernicious incentive to drinking for drinking's sake—would be utterly abolished.*¹

Now, in the first place, to say that the above proposal “associates amusement and recreation with the sale of intoxicants” seems hardly a fair or logical statement. It would be far fairer to say that the Bishop’s proposal was to “associate amusement and recreation with the sale of temperance drinks,” seeing that he was careful to state that they are to be “invested with prestige, and supplied in the most convenient, attractive, and inexpensive way,” while he equally emphatically asserted that alcohol is to be deposed from its supremacy and supplied under less seductive conditions. The whole object of the scheme quoted is surely to render alcohol as unattractive as possible by providing counter-attractions, and at the same time by making it easier and cheaper to purchase non-intoxicants in its place. And how did the Bishop propose to effect this? By abolishing the bar; which he calls “that pernicious incentive to drinking for drinking’s sake.”

Now this (which all who know anything of public-houses *from the inside* will agree to be one of the most desirable reforms) is totally ignored by Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell. The bar is not even mentioned in the index to their book, and, though they quote the Bishop’s suggestion, they do not devote any space to its consideration. And yet, as a matter of fact, a

moment’s thought will prove that the abolition of the bar is really a most important element in what Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell over and over again assert to be the main principle of temperance reform, namely the *elimination of private profit*. What then is the *bar*, and what purpose does it serve in the economy of licensed houses? The bar is simply the counter of the ordinary shop, and it is used for precisely the same purpose, namely to display and push the “sale of the particular wares stocked. Thus in the public-house the bar is the counter at which alcoholic wares can be most easily pushed; and if you abolish the bar, you immediately deprive the licensed victualler of his principal means of promoting his trade. At present the whole attractiveness of the ordinary public-house is centred round the bar; and the bishop’s proposal was simply this—to remove the attraction from the bar, and to provide counter-attractions, such as should convert the public-house from a drinking-shop into what would practically be a non-exclusive club. To those of course who believe that the use of alcohol even in strict moderation is a deplorable evil, even such a proposal must seem objectionable. But so long as the vast majority of the people are moderate consumers of alcoholic beverages, so long as in the most respectable and influential clubs alcohol can be obtained by those of its members who desire it, it seems absurd to endeavour to restrain the demand of one section of the people, or to fancy that such an object can be attained. The public-house at one end of English society represents the club at the other. In the ordinary club of the wealthier classes alcohol is not indeed associated with but is obtainable with amusement and recreation. This condition of things

¹ The italics are my own.

is compatible with the most perfect sobriety ; and as a matter of fact nothing else could be tolerated in any respectable club. By the abolition of the bar, and by the elimination of private profit, exactly the same state of things can be brought about as prevails in the ordinary well-conducted club, and it is to be regretted that the authors of a book which is otherwise so unprejudiced and scientifically correct, should have on this point allowed themselves to utter what is obviously a prejudged and unscientific opinion.

The real fact is that on this particular point Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell are clearly influenced by mere hearsay evidence. The knowledge which they have so laboriously and carefully collected with regard to the temperance problem evidently does not extend to a personal experience of the interior of public-houses. Now this particular subject is one on which I can speak with some authority. My own interest in the temperance problem has largely centred in the acquirement of knowledge with regard to the state of public-houses from the point of view of the ordinary frequenter, and in the investigation of the actual conditions prevailing there, especially during the evening hours. For this purpose, before writing the article already referred to, I visited ten public-houses mostly in the metropolis on different evenings, and stayed on an average for more than half an hour in each. Since then I have largely extended my examination. In all I have visited at least fifty different public-houses in various parts of the country, such as Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Halifax, Huddersfield and London, especially in the East End.

For the latter purpose I stayed some weeks at Toynbee Hall, and

was usually accompanied by one or other of the residents. My method of procedure was very simple. I took off my watch and chain, put on an old coat and hat, and entered the particular place which I had selected for my evening's visit, smoking a pipe. If I went alone I not only ordered a glass of beer, but also asked for the evening paper, at which I glanced while taking mental notes of what was going on round me, the number of persons who came in and out, and the kind of beverage which they ordered. I was never in any way annoyed or molested, and very seldom saw cases of gross intoxication. The average duration of my stay in each house was over half an hour, so that I had abundant opportunity of examining the conditions of English public-houses on the spot, and of observing the conduct of their frequenters ; while on one occasion I visited a public-house at St. Helen's in Lancashire on a Saturday night—when the place was crammed with working-men and their wives, and stayed two hours and a half, being the last person to quit the premises at closing time. I have also visited several of the public-houses at Gothenburg conducted under the well-known system of that name ; while during a stay of more than a year in Germany I had abundant opportunities for comparing the German system with the English, where my task was of course very much easier, as the better class of houses are frequented by men of all ranks of society. In the town of Weimar, for instance, the officers of the garrison may be seen seated at a reserved table in a well-known *Gasthaus*, using the place in fact as a sort of club.

My own experience then, based on what I think I may call a comprehensive study of this particular phase of the question, leads me to the opinion

that the view taken by Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell is not such as is warranted by the actual facts of the case. I am absolutely convinced that the excessive drinking which is brought about by the present system of licensed houses is not due to the natural demand or thirst of the customers, but is wholly and solely due to the fact (which only those who have studied the subject on the spot can appreciate) that every customer who enters a licensed house is instinctively made to feel that, so long as he is there, it is his duty to keep on drinking "for the good of the house." I do not of course mean to imply that the habit of excessive drinking is not cultivated in time so that at length the ordinary frequenter of a public-house becomes accustomed to drink immoderately without exterior pressure, but I am convinced that this habit is originally owing to artificial conditions, and that when once the principle of the elimination of private profit has been thoroughly and everywhere introduced, drunkenness will die a natural death—so soon as the present generation, which has been educated up to the habit of excessive drinking, has passed away. Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's opinion on this particular point seems to me to rest on a double fallacy. First of all they seem to imagine that the mere possibility of obtaining alcohol necessarily leads to drinking, a proposition which the experience of any ordinary man will immediately disprove; and secondly, that the temptation to drink is so great that moderation must in time inevitably lead to excess. Whereas the real fact which leads to excess in the ordinary public-house is not that alcohol is procurable, but that the whole conditions of the place practically force the customer to drink beyond and even contrary to his natural desire.

It must not be thought, because I have dwelt on this particular point at some length, that I am in any way endeavouring to disparage the general result of Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's book. On the contrary, I think that one of the most hopeful signs of the temperance outlook is the appearance of a book written (for the first time in the history of temperance literature) on a scientific plan, and discussing in a temperate and generally impartial manner the possibilities of reform on practical lines. At present indeed the successful establishment of public-house trusts and the widespread circulation of Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's book must be regarded as the two most hopeful signs in a situation which has since the beginning of the century been full of hope.

It remains to consider briefly the prospects of future progress. The abolition of the tied house system, and the introduction of a time-limit scheme of compensation are probably the two most important goals at which temperance reformers should in the immediate future endeavour to aim. In the beginning of last century, in the case of *Cooper v. Twihill*, Lord Ellenborough, at that time Lord Chief Justice of England, said: "The whole of these leases, by which people of the description of the plaintiff are prevented from having the article they deal in from those who will serve them best, are extremely injurious to the public interest and welfare"; and it seems absurd that so many years should have elapsed without anything having been done to render illegal by statute a system which that eminent judge so vigorously denounced. It is suggested that in this particular respect the mother-country might well follow the example of the colony of New Zealand, which has for some years

had on her statute-book an act, certain clauses of which deal specifically with the tied house system. The introduction of a time-limit scheme of compensation will, it is to be hoped, be the subject of legislation in Great Britain before long; and if that be the case, it is practically certain that the example so set will be followed by the self-governing colonies.

There is one other phase of reform which seems to demand brief notice, namely the extension of the principle of local option to public-house trusts. This principle has already been made the subject of legislative enactment in the Transvaal, where the electors have the right of choosing between prohibition or "the exclusive control of the liquor traffic by trusts for public purposes." In the case of Messrs. Lever Brothers' model village at Port Sunlight, this principle has actually been put into operation in England as a private experiment, on condition that no license should be applied for unless seventy-five per cent. of the voters should be in its favour. As a matter of fact, the result of the poll showed four hundred and seventy-two votes in favour of a

trust, while there were only one hundred and twenty votes cast against it. Moreover quite recently a meeting of Scotch members of Parliament was held at the House of Commons, to consider whether the principles of the trust might not be adopted in a legislative enactment which should give to the inhabitants of any locality the power by vote to determine whether, if new licenses are to be created, they should be granted to individuals or public trusts.

From these considerations I think it is evident that the temperance outlook is more hopeful than it has been at any time during the last twenty years. At last we have got a practical scheme in working operation, and at the same time we have a basis of scientific data to work from. And if the progress of the next decade is in any way commensurate with that of the first two years of the new century, it may well witness a complete and satisfactory solution of a problem which for so many years has seemed beyond the power of solution.

R. E. MACNAGHTEN.

*Hon. Secretary to the Tasmanian
Public-House Trust Association.*

ELIZABETH'S ROOINEK.

ELIZABETH came out on the top of the kopje; and while Kess, her one-eyed bony steed, cropped with a somewhat malignant joy the few blades of the only tuft of grass which survived on the bare, baked crown, she tilted forward the brim of her soft hat, shapeless and drab from rain and sun, and scanned anxiously the riband of road which ran straight across the veld and turned along the kopje's feet to the north. Her eyes brightened slowly; for, far beyond the range of European sight, they marked a thickening of the haze which meant a cloud of dust, and saw that it was moving towards her. That dust-cloud meant news; news of battle and siege, ambush and skirmish, news perhaps of her father fighting with Cronje. She came slowly down the kopje, holding back Kess who was greedy for the grass at the bottom; for in spite of his fine show of ribs, of all his ribs indeed, it was his custom to eat steadily for fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. At the bottom she slipped out of the saddle, loosed him, and sat down, with her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand, waiting for the dust-cloud to draw nearer.

After a little idle wonder about the news that was coming, whether the Kaffirs were right in their story of a great Boer victory, her contending feelings about the war began their undying, harassing conflict. On the one hand her mother was an Englishwoman; and, since she had always been brought up among the Boers of her father's kin, with a natural womanly contrariness Eliza-

beth had clung to her mother's people, proclaiming herself in and out of season, above all out of season, English and not Dutch. It was the nearer the truth and the more natural in that she had been not only her mother's pet but her intimate companion till her death six years ago. On the other hand, during those six years she had been as close a companion of her father as she had been earlier of her mother, sharing with him as a son might have done the life of the veld, going with him even on his far-away hunting expeditions. She loved the grave, silent man dearly; she admired him greatly; she had wept for the first time since her mother's death when he rode away to the war at the head of his commando of kinsfolk and neighbours. She could not wish him worsted; and yet with a stubborn sentimentality she could not wish him victory at the expense of the English, her mother's people.

A faint creaking out on the veld roused her from her reverie; she brushed her hand impatiently across her eyes, thrusting away the conflict; whistled to Kess who trotted up to her at the call; mounted him; and cantered to meet the waggons. It proved to be but one waggon, though its wheels kept up a chorus of grinding squeaks and its tilt and body creaked enough for a dozen; and in it smoking stolidly sat Piet Stockvis and young Piet Stockvis his son, neighbours, and members of her father's commando. She greeted them, and turning Kess walked him beside the waggon, clamouring for

news. She dragged it out of them piece-meal ; they were willing enough to give it, indeed, but did not know how. Her father was well, and the war was over ; Cronje had beaten Methuen, and driven the Rooineks into the sea ; the Rooineks had been beaten at Stormberg and driven into the sea ; Joubert had beaten Buller, and driven him into the sea ; Lady-smith had fallen ; Mafeking had fallen. For all the good news of her father, Elizabeth's heart was heavy within her.

She had walked beside them two miles, right to the kopjes, when of a sudden there rang above the squeaking and creaking a loud burst of English talk. She knew that it was English, though she did not understand the words, as was not unnatural seeing that the speaker was coaching an eight from the tow-path of the Isis, and his language was exceedingly technical and bad. She pulled up Kess, wondering, and saw walking, or rather staggering, behind the waggon, tied to it by a rope round his waist, a tall, slim man in a torn khaki uniform, the matted hair on his bandaged head, his face, his moustache, and stubbly beard caked with blood and mud and dust, his wild eye fixed on an imaginary crew at which he roared without ceasing. Elizabeth would have seen a Kaffir in that plight with a faint annoyance and possibly a faint pity ; the sight of an Englishman, one of her mother's people, so treated scandalised her beyond words, outraged all her womanly ideas of the conduct of war between white nations ; and she rode to the front of the waggon in a flame of rage. "Who's this you've got tied to your waggon?" she cried imperiously.

"That's our Rooinek," said the elder Stockvis, his simple, stolid face breaking into an expression of gentle

pride. "We found him wandering on the veld, and we're taking him home to show to the little ones."

"Unloose him at once ! Take him into the waggon ! He's wounded ! He's very ill !" cried Elizabeth.

"Take a cursed Rooinek into the waggon ! Not I !" cried Stockvis in the liveliest surprise and disgust at the suggestion.

Elizabeth protested, argued, entreated, and raged without stirring him from his stubborn resolves. At last she said firmly, "Very well, either you take him into the waggon, or you stay here." She rode to the head of the long span of oxen unslinging the little Marlin repeating rifle from her back ; reined in Kess, and with the rifle ready on her arm, sat facing Stockvis smiling unpleasantly. Stockvis fumed and raged, swearing softly to his son, grasping slowly the fact that he was helpless. He dared not touch Gerrit De Ruijter's daughter ; it would mean shooting the four Kaffirs with him who stood around grinning at his discomfiture. Indeed, he had no great desire to harm Elizabeth ; only he was used, in his patriarchal fashion, to having his own way, and was loth to go without it. His son growled to him to yield, and take the Rooinek into the waggon ; but that he would not do. Elizabeth smiled at his fuming, and told him what she thought of his Christian charity ; he told Elizabeth what he thought of her and her upbringing, and dwelt at length on what would happen to her if she were his daughter. At equal length Elizabeth thanked the Fates that she was not his daughter ; and all the while they rated one another, the Englishman behind the waggon coached with a noisy vigour his imaginary crew.

At last it flashed upon Stockvis that his furlough only lasted ten

days, and at the same moment he remembered that he was not bent with any great seriousness on taking his captive home to show to the little ones; and he roared, "All this fuss about a very-damned Rooinek! Take him yourself! And much good may he do you!"

"Very good," said Elizabeth, throwing her rifle over her shoulder, and moving towards the waggon. The Kaffir drivers, rejoicing at the defeat of their master, ran to loose the prisoner; with a shriek of agony the wheels turned, and the waggon moved on. As he passed her, Stockvis hit Elizabeth hard with a misogynistic proverb of Solomon, and a text from the writings of St. Paul; and in two minutes she was left alone with the prisoner. Without a glance at her he coached away at his eight. She looked at him with a knitted, puzzled brow, as the greatness of the task of getting him the fifteen miles daunted her; and while with half a mind she considered how she was to do it, with the other half she tried to understand his oarsman's gibberish. There was nothing for it but to mount him on Kess, and she slipped out of the saddle, and bade him get into it. He mounted readily enough; and she was pleased to see, though she thought very little of his seat, that he could ride. With a heavy heart she started to lead Kess. She could have ridden a hundred miles and suffered little more than a pleasant lassitude from it; but she could not remember ever in her life having walked four. Her heaviness of heart proved well founded: the ascent to the nek between two kopjes tried her muscles; the descent jolted her; but it was only when she came to the heavy going of the karroo that she understood the greatness of the task she had set herself. Presently she found also that the homing

instinct, so keen in her on horseback that it would bring her straight across thirty miles of the veld, was by no means so keen on foot, and that she had no chance of moving on a bee-line. Her spirit, however, was stiff with the resolution of two dogged races, and for all that her calves were aching before she had gone a mile beyond the kopjes, and the sweat was pouring down her face, she plodded on with set teeth, her patient eyes only raised from the ground now and again to mark her course. All the while the Rooinek talked. He had given over coaching his crew, but had fallen to talk no less incomprehensible golf-gibberish. He spoke to her now and again, calling her Muriel, and reproached her bitterly for her inattention if she did not answer. Her head was in a whirl with the effort to follow his strange talk; and the effort seemed to increase the weariness of her legs. At the end of five miles she was for the while beaten; she helped him to dismount, and threw herself down beside him. They rested for half an hour, and then set out again. For all that her riding-boots fitted her admirably, her feet were blistered.

Suddenly her companion cried, "I've a guinea thirst on me! Bring me some whisky and potass, Tomkins! Bring it in a bucket!" She understood him, roughly; but the nearest spruit was at least two miles ahead; and she bade him be patient in vain. He kept crying, almost in a wail "I'm so thirsty!" or angrily, "Hang it all, Muriel, you might get me a drink!"

She gave him soothing words, and made all the haste she could, with the result that she reached the spruit and the end of her forces at the same moment. They climbed painfully down to the water: recent rain had swelled it to a fair stream: he

tumbled out of the saddle, and drank like a horse. She was sure that it was bad for his fever; but she was too weary to stop him. She washed the dust out of her mouth and eyes; made up her mind that the delirious Englishman did not matter, and pulling off her boots let her feet dangle in the rushing water. Then she considered what to do: she was seven miles from home, her legs would not carry her another mile and night was not an hour off. There was nothing for it but to leave the Englishman, ride home, and return with another horse. She must chance his wandering away. No: she would not chance it; she tied him to a tree.

In a trice she was in the saddle; Kess, assured that he was galloping towards mealies, stretched himself out; and in less than half an hour she reached Vrengderijk, her father's homestead. In a few minutes she rode out of it on a fresh horse, leading another, and three long-legged Kaffirs came pelting after her at their amazing speed. She galloped hard till the sudden night fell; and then through the deepest darkness of the night, the hour after sunset when the black veld veritably soaks up the starlight, she rode very warily, letting the horses smell their way past the ant-hills which are so much more dangerous than any rabbit-hole. Now and again she cried back a long ringing cry; and after a while the panting Kaffirs came up. The darkness was nothing to them: in half an hour they brought her to the spruit; and they had not moved down it a quarter of a mile, when they heard the Rooinek singing JOHN PEEL cheerily. She sent the Kaffirs down to bring him up; and in an hour she had him safe at Vrengderijk.

For the next ten days she fought an untiring battle against his fever:

a bullet had ploughed a neat furrow along the side of his skull a full sixth of an inch deep. Day and night she nursed him, aided only by two stupid Kaffir women who watched him during her brief snatches of sleep. And when on the tenth day his fever left him, Elizabeth cried. He was quick in recovering from his weakness; but during the first days of it Elizabeth hung over him as a mother over her child. She felt, indeed, that he belonged to her; and in truth she had snatched him from his enemies, and by the most painful, prolonged efforts had dragged him back from more than half-way down the path to death. This illusion of maternity was strengthened by the fact that the Mauser bullet which had furrowed his skull had dashed more than twenty years out of his life. His first utterances were those of a child of seven, his chief emotion was the vivid, changing curiosity of a child among strange surroundings. When he came to his senses, Elizabeth's first question—and she held her breath when she asked it—was, "Who is Muriel?"

"I don't know," he said, after thinking a little while. "I never heard of him."

Elizabeth's gasp of relief was almost a groan. Then she drew from him a child's account of himself. His name was Antony Arbuthnot. He lived in a house in a park with papa and mamma and sissy. He had a pony called Taffy, a dog called Gyp, and four rabbits. He did not know the name of the house; his papa was called Antony, his mother Hetty. Every fresh gap in his memory warmed Elizabeth's heart with a fresh joy: it seemed to make him more her own.

She set herself to teach him with a mother's zest; and out of a curious jealousy of his past she taught him for the most part Dutch. He was

quick to learn : with the ignorance of a child he had a full-grown brain. His memory worked in strange ways : he did not know the use of a rifle ; but when he had seen it fired he proved himself an adept in its use. The first time a horse was brought round for him to ride he was frightened of it, and clutched Elizabeth for all the world like a terrified child ; but no sooner had she coaxed him into the saddle than his fear vanished and he showed himself an excellent rider, for all his English seat which she so despised. He began very soon to ride with her about the business of the farm, seeing to the proper grazing of the sheep and cattle and horses, the cultivation of the mealies, the plucking of the ostriches. Sometimes he would seem to grow aware of the gaps in his memory ; and of himself, assuredly at no prompting of hers, would strive painfully to fill them. He paid always for the attempts in racking headaches. In a few weeks from his recovery from his wound his mind had grown to man's estate.

Then they fell in love with such a love as might have brightened Eden before the fall. Their passion was the natural fusion of two tender, ardent natures, quickened neither by vanity, jealousy, nor the desire for mastery. Elizabeth had grown up as innocent as Eve ; for since her mother's death she had enjoyed the companionship of none of her own sex ; and she was not the girl to let the Kaffir women talk to her of any other than household affairs. Her cousins of Weltevreden and the Schommels of Rusthof, the only near farms, were all men or boys ; and her father had discouraged them from hanging about her, as they were ready enough to do, for he was resolved to keep his daughter as long as he could. She had then scarcely dreamed of love ;

and marriage, the fixed fate of all women in that patriarchal land, seemed to her but a far-away thing. And Antony, owing to the happy loss of twenty years of his life, could have walked an equal with the sinless Adam. Its very vagueness probably deepened their passion. Elizabeth was dimly aware that it was love that troubled her, but always she thrust away a clearer knowledge in an inexplicable faint fear born of of some elemental instinct ; Antony lived in a bewilderment that was half a delight. Their days were pleasant enough : there was much to do and to talk about. Their trouble came on them in the evenings, when they sat on the broad verandah, looking over the dark veld. Their talk of the doings of the day would die down, and they would sit in rich silences filled with half-seen visions, broken by rare murmurs. Either was happy in the sense of the other's nearness ; the eyes of either wandered always from the veld and the stars to the other's obscure face ; but both were oppressed by the desire which sometimes grew an aching, to unburden their loaded hearts of feelings utterly beyond their power to express.

There is no knowing how Antony was inspired to kiss her : it may be that some memory of kissing his mother in his childhood taught him ; it may be that some strong desire for the touch of his lips, deep down below knowledge in Elizabeth's heart, infected him ; it may have been a sudden whisper of nature herself. But one night after happy, troubled hours on the verandah as they rose to go to bed, in the darkness she stumbled against him. On the instant he threw a clumsy, trembling arm round her, and touched her cheek clumsily with his lips. For a breath she leaned against him, inert and quivering, then without a word she

broke away, ran to her room, and threw herself on the bed, sobbing in a tumult of joy, amazement and fear. He dropped back into his chair in a bewildered trouble hardly less than hers.

When they met next morning, they were indeed ill at ease. Neither could meet the other's eye; Elizabeth's face was a flame of blushes, and Antony's tan was deepened to a brick-red. Their words halted on their tongues, and died away. Their uneasiness with one another lasted through the day; but as they came riding home at sunset, their eyes were shining, Antony's very brightly, Elizabeth's with a lesser light, at the thought of the coming hours on the verandah. But even there, in the heartening darkness, they were ill at ease for a while. Then Antony's courage came to him, he drew his chair to hers, and put his arm round her, and kissed her again. Elizabeth trembled; but she did not shrink from his lips; and he lifted her on to his knee, and kissed her again and again. Presently they were babbling like children over their wonderful discovery; and the feelings of their hearts found at last something of an expression. The next day they rode through a new world stamped afresh in the mint of its maker; and that night Elizabeth prayed that Antony might never remember his past, or Muriel.

For a few days they lived in this golden world, mapping out a golden future when Gerrit de Ruijter should come back from the war, and they should marry. At times the dread of his remembering a past that would tear him from her, would chill for a breath Elizabeth's glow; but on Antony all skies smiled. No faint distant thunder of the war marred their serenity; for Elizabeth rode no more for news to the track of the world.

Then the world found them out. One day as they were driving a herd of sheep to fresh pasturage, they saw a horseman riding towards them across the veld, and as he came up to them Elizabeth recognised in the squat, square-faced, pig-eyed boy of fourteen, who belaboured cruelly his jaded mare, Frits the youngest of the Schommels. He reined up twenty yards from them, looked them over with an impudent stare, and said with a malicious laugh, "So that's your Rooinek, Betje! You won't have him long. We're tired of your disgracing the country side riding about with a cursed Englander; and to-morrow we're coming, I, and father, and Hans, and all of us to hang him. And Hans is going to marry you. He'll sjambok your cursed English notions out of you: he says he will!"

Elizabeth was white with anger and sudden fear, but she cried fiercely enough, "The Schommels have interfered with the de Ruijters before now, and it was the Schommels who were hanged!"

"Times are changed, Betje!" cried the boy with another laugh. "You haven't heard the news: Cronje is captured, and your father and your cousins are prisoners. Hans is going to marry you—after we've hanged that cursed Rooinek—whether you like it or not; and Vrengderijk will some day belong to the Schommels. We've wanted it long enough." Then Elizabeth's face frightened him; he swung round his mare; and rode for all he was worth. She was in two minds whether to ride after him and thrash him: indeed, she sent Kess a few strides after him, then pulled up, and turned him homewards.

She rode home with her head high, but with fear knocking at her heart. The Schommels were the black sheep of the country-side. Their long record

of atrocious brutalities to the natives, their slaves or the tribes who had once lived near them, appalled even their neighbours, tolerant as they were in such matters. What was worse they were incurable horse-thieves and cattle-thieves, crimes unforgivable in that pastoral land; and no decade during the last fifty years had passed undistinguished by the hanging of Schommels by their goaded neighbours. She knew them to be as good as their threats; and knew very well that she must die sooner than fall into their hands.

Antony listened with a very grave face as she told him of their danger; but when she had done, he only said with the cheery air of an older man, "It was a good thing that that boy must brag of what they were going to do. We will fight them." And for the first time Elizabeth knew that he was stronger than she; and the knowledge warmed her heart.

As soon as they reached home, they set about turning the house into a fort; no very difficult matter, for the Bechuana border was not far away, and it had been built in the days of many raids. Antony's cheerfulness, his boyish joy at the prospect of a fight kept Elizabeth's courage high; he helped with the defences: and it was on his suggestion that she despatched a Kaffir to Weltevreden with a letter asking help on the chance that one or more of her cousins might be home on furlough, looking after the farm. Later three more Kaffirs followed him driving thither the best of the cattle and the horses. But, when all their measures had been taken, in the reaction from the bustle Elizabeth's heart began to sink. She and Antony supped in the big kitchen, and he saw to it that she made a good supper. They talked for a while after it of her father and

cousins, prisoners of the English: their fate touched her but little; Antony filled all her mind. Soon, seeing how weary her forebodings had made her, he sent her to bed; and as she bade him good-night, she clung to him as though she would never let him go.

They were about betimes, looking to the defences and instructing the defenders. They armed seven Kaffirs with old weapons, Enfields, Sniders, and the like. There was little likelihood of their hitting anything; but they made a show of strength, and their guns would make a noise. They relied on his Martini and her Marlin. After daybreak Elizabeth kept an eye towards Weltevreden; but no succouring hoofs stirred the dust. An hour after dawn they saw a dust-cloud on the Rusthof side. For a while it drew near very slowly; then of a sudden it quickened; and at a mile away a band of horsemen burst from it, and rode hell for leather for the house. In three minutes the Schommels and their Kaffirs galloped whooping into the garden, and pulled up before the door.

Their whooping ceased suddenly at the aspect of the house. They had looked to surprise it; for Frits had far too accurate a knowledge of the temper of his family to tell them of his warning indiscretion. But Vengderijk with its closed door and heavily shuttered windows showed no fluttered air. They drew together muttering their wonder.

Antony and Elizabeth were looking down on the frowsy, unkempt, pig-eyed crew from an upper window, and he was asking eagerly which was Hans. "The man on the right of the old man," said Elizabeth, and threw back the shutter.

At the sight of her the Schommels cried out with one voice; and Hans,

their humourist, sent them into hoarse bellows of laughter by roaring, "Ach! My beautiful bride!"

Elizabeth waited till the din died down; then she said, "What do you want?"

"We've come for that very-damned Rooinek of yours," said old Schommel, a blear-eyed old rogue with the brutal face of a buffalo bull.

"Well, you won't have him," said Elizabeth quietly.

A sudden sense of unlooked-for difficulties suffused the wits of the old man; he swore savagely; and yelled, "Open the door, you jade! Open at once, or it'll be the worse for you!"

"Open the door, or you'll taste my sjambok before we're married as well as after!" roared Hans.

Elizabeth's clear laugh cut like a whip-lash. One cried to burst in the door, another to shoot the jade, another to shoot the Rooinek; then all suggestions were drowned in a storm of cursing. In the midst of the uproar the ingenious Frits slipped off his horse, and screened by his excited family, fired at Antony. The bullet ripped a piece out of his tunic; on the instant he fired back, and smashed Hans's right arm just below the shoulder, as Elizabeth slammed to the shutter. The Schommel Kaffirs, headed by old Schommel, bolted for the trees; his slower offspring were staring at Hans writhing and shrieking on the ground, when four horsemen came quietly but swiftly round the corner of the house, and a stern voice roared, "Drop those rifles!"

The slow Schommels swung round to find Gerrit de Ruijter and his three nephews from Weltevreden looking at them down their rifle-barrels: they had acted on inaccurate information. Their mouths opened slowly; then with one grunt they let their rifles

fall. There came a curse from old Schommel among the trees; and in a breath he was clattering over the veld, his Kaffirs after him.

Elizabeth and Antony ran down and unbarred the door; the Kaffirs ran out and pulled the young Schommels off their horses; and she had her arms round her father's neck, and was kissing him. While the Kaffirs bound the Schommels, they went into the house all talking together. Gerrit listened to Elizabeth's story with a very angry face; his nephews with the impetuous generosity of youth were for hanging the Schommels then and there; but presently they agreed that they had better breakfast first, and occupy their cooler hour of digestion dealing with them. It was a pleasant meal: the returned warriors had their fights to tell of. They had left Delarey's force after his failure to relieve Cronje; they seemed far more incensed against the Transvaalers and the Hollanders than against the English; and declared that they had come back to abide peacefully on their farms, weary of playing the catspaw to leaders who had everything to get out of the fire. They heard with simple wonder Elizabeth's story of Antony and his loss of memory; her father treated her foundling with a kindly courtesy; only Dirk de Ruijter, who had always seen himself her natural husband, grew a little sullen when he saw how her eyes rested on the stranger.

Humanised by the abundant breakfast, they were more inclined to leniency with the Schommels. They were tied up one by one, and a stout Kaffir gave them fifty lashes apiece with a sjambok. Frits in consideration of his attempt to murder, enjoyed an equal punishment with his brothers. Then escorting the wounded Hans, mounted on Frits's old mare, they started on foot for Rusthof, a

sore, dejected band, bearing word to their father that Gerrit de Ruijter would hunt him down as soon as he had the leisure. Their rifles and the other horses were confiscated.

In the afternoon his nephews rode away home, and Gerrit and Elizabeth rode round the farm, for he was eager to learn how it had fared during his absence. As they came back, she told him of her love for Antony. He heard her gravely, and said that there was no reason for haste, that he must consider the matter; but she had made it clear to him that her love and her happiness were one. Her confession distressed him, for he had looked to have her to himself for some years yet. Again the notion of her marrying an Englishman was strange and discomfiting to him, since he had always looked upon her as sure to marry her cousin Dirk. Seeing her with this foreign lover, it is not to be wondered at if he felt some of the feelings of Lambro. For days, however, he said nothing, but watched Antony and the girl carefully; and little by little his repugnance to their marrying began to wear away. He was growing to like Antony: his simplicity was after his own heart, and his cheerfulness, his boyish jokes were as pleasant as they were unfamiliar to him. He found that he would make in time a very shrewd farmer. He was beginning to feel that if he had a son, he would have liked him such a one as Antony. He grew sure that he might trust him with Elizabeth's happiness; and presently he began to see that by securing her happiness, he would be securing his own. He had taken it as a matter of course that she would one day marry his nephew Dirk; it had seemed the best that could be done for her, but he had sore doubts of the result. Dirk was a good enough fellow, but pig-headed, and

gifted with a great sense of his own importance, qualities which would accord ill with Elizabeth's spirit. Antony showed no weakness of will, but he showed a far better temper. Again if she married Antony, he would not lose her: they would naturally live at Vrengderijk. At last he made up his mind that they should marry.

At first Elizabeth had watched him anxiously; but little by little she had grown at her ease, and again she gave her heart full play. After a while it was curious how little of a restraint that grave and silent man became upon their love-making. On the verandah in the evening they babbled their childish lovers' talk as though he had been a hundred miles away, and not smoking thoughtfully within a few feet of them. Only Antony was very quiet taking her on to his knee, and their kisses made no sound. After all the noiseless kisses last longer. Gerrit de Ruijter liked it: coming of a silent, self-contained race, he had never been able to make love to his wife, and their love-making was something of a revelation to him; he heard the dumb feelings of the swelling heart of his youth find a proper, spontaneous expression on the easier tongues of these children. As he rode about the farm, he found himself repeating their phrases with a slow smile of supreme delight in them.

Then one day he said to Elizabeth, "When are you and Antony going to get married?"

"O-h-h. I—I—don't know," she stammered with a great flush. In answer to the same question Antony said promptly, "To-morrow."

In his slow, methodical way Gerrit set about arranging matters so that the marriage must be good, for he knew something of the difference of the marriage laws in different countries. Antony became a burgher of

the Free State with very little delay : in such a matter Gerrit de Ruijter was a name to conjure with. In the distress of the country it seemed no time for a festival, and the marriage was very quiet. A Dutch pastor from Vryburg celebrated it in the parlour ; and the three de Ruijters of Weltevreden were the guests and witnesses.

For two months Elizabeth and Antony enjoyed an even fuller happiness ; then one evening as they were on their way home from an outlying pasture, and Antony was riding carelessly with his eyes on Elizabeth, his horse put its foot in a hole, came down, and threw him sprawling over its head. It was nothing of a fall, but the jar lifted the bone which pressed on his brain and blotted out his memory. He drew himself into a sitting posture, and stared round the familiar veld another man, a crowd of memories thronging his mind. He knew himself Sir Antony Arbuthnot of Righton Grange, that he had a wife Muriel and a child Antony in England. The panorama of the lost years unrolled swiftly before the eye of his mind ; he saw his schooldays, the days at Oxford, the days at Righton, his courtship of Muriel, their marriage, the birth of their boy, his journey to South Africa to look after his mining interests, the besieging of Kimberley, his enlistment in the Town Guard, the brush with the Boers when he was scouting, the first few rifle-shots. Then came a blank ; and then he saw himself in bed at Vrengderijk, with Elizabeth at his bedside ; the events of the last five months followed clearly : in a few seconds he had seen all his life. He turned a scared face up to the anxious Elizabeth who was asking where he was hurt. At the sight of it she caught her breath, and clutching at her bosom cried, "You remember ! Who—who—is Muriel ?"

"I remember," he said, and rising heavily to his feet, stared across the veld.

"Tell me—tell me !" she gasped huskily.

"I must think," he said slowly. He caught his horse and mounted ; and they rode home at a walk in silence : now and again he looked at her terror-stricken face with pitiful eyes.

Gerrit wondered at their silence during supper and on the verandah. With Elizabeth's hand in his, Antony sat trying to think the matter out. Unwillingly he had done her the worst possible wrong : how could he right it ? Duty called him to Muriel ; duty chained him to Elizabeth. Inclination bade him keep his secret and enjoy his happiness. Muriel was a far-away misty figure ; the memories of his old love, of his other married life were very dim ; he was fond of her indeed (he assured himself that he was), but he loved her no longer, and he loved Elizabeth with all his heart. By this time Muriel's grief at the news of his death, or of his being missing would have softened from its first violence ; she had her boy, and Righton Grange ; in a year or two she would marry again and forget him. Why should he spoil Elizabeth's life, as spoil it his leaving her must ? Let him hold his tongue, and take the goods the Gods had given him.

It was no use : honour, imperative honour, bade him take the harder path. At last he made up his mind that with Elizabeth at any rate he would be honest ; he had an infinite confidence in her ; she should help him decide. When they were in their bedroom he told her. She listened to him in a dumb misery, a shivering jealousy till he had ended ; then she cried, "Oh, how she must have missed you ! How she must have grieved !" Antony had thought

little of that; and his heart smote him.

She buried her face in her hands, and thought awhile; then she said drearily, "You must go back to her." Then she cried, "Ah, no! It is too late—too late!" And Antony knew that he was bound to her by a two-fold chain.

"Is it so?" he said with a groan, and started to pace the room.

Elizabeth lay face downwards on the bed sobbing. Presently she said, "I couldn't give you up now—if I would. And yet—and yet—you must go back to her—you are bound to—in honour. And—and—I can't bear it."

"I will not give you up," said Antony savagely. "Look here, my child, we must be practical. After all there's more than one world. Muriel is as much in another as if she lived in the moon. There are a summer and a winter in every year: I shall spend the summers in England, the winters in the Orange Free State."

Elizabeth sat up gasping: "You expect me to be content with half of you!" she cried.

"I would give you the whole with all my heart! But how can I? And I have only half of you—half the year with you, that is. I shall hate the double life, the deceit, the concealment, the worrying possibility of the truth coming out. But we cannot help ourselves."

"I will never endure it—never—never!" said Elizabeth feebly; and she began to sob afresh.

Antony soothed her very tenderly. His suggestion rasped all her womanly feeling; but the compromise appealed to her human tendency to take half a loaf rather than no bread. If she had had only herself to consider, she might with time have found the strength to give him up, hard as it

would have gone with her; she could not make her unborn babe fatherless. They had been innocent puppets in the hand of jesting Fate; the jest was cruel; but as she pulled the strings they must dance to the end of it.

She did not, however, agree at once; and for three days they threshed and threshed the matter out. In the end his idea seemed a bad way, but the only way out of a bad business. They explained to her father that Antony's memory had come back, and he must go to his estates in England for a while; of Muriel they said nothing; but they brightened his heart with talk of the importation of shorthorns. A week later Antony rode away from Vrengderijk.

Truly, the High Gods were punishing them for their great happiness: he left Elizabeth sick at the loss of him, sick with jealousy that he went to another woman, sick with the fear of how that other woman might change him. He would come back; she trusted him wholly; but how reluctant, her Antony no longer, he might return! He rode away slowly, with a leaden heart: Elizabeth held his heartstrings, and every mile tightened them with a crueller pain. Times and again he turned his horse to come back to her; then set his teeth with a groan, and pushed doggedly south, cursing the honour which dragged him. Six days later, a very weary man with lack-lustre eyes, he entered Kimberley. He rode up to the hotel; and a big man on the verandah gave a great shout, crying, "Arbuthnot! By all that's holy! Arbuthnot!" He came running down the steps, and wrung his hand. Anthony recognised, as a figure in a dream, his old friend Bromley-Carter.

"We thought you were dead!" he cried. "We all thought you were dead! Where have you been?" Then his face became solemn, and he

said in a gentler voice, "I was awfully sorry to hear the bad news of your wife—so awfully sudden."

"Bad news of my wife?" said Antony with a gasp, thinking for the moment that he spoke of Elizabeth. Then it flashed upon him that he spoke of Muriel. "What bad news? I've heard nothing for months."

"She's—she's—oh, she's—" Bromley-Carter stammered, and words failed him.

"Not dead?" cried Antony.

"Yes—four months ago—typhoid."

For a breath the world swam round

Antony; and he swayed in his saddle. Then one thought, one desire gripped him like a fury, to sweep the anguish out of Elizabeth's eyes at once, on the instant. He swung round his horse; jammed in his spurs; and tore at a mad gallop down the street. His Kaffirs opened their mouths, stared after him, and then followed.

Bromley-Carter gazed after them till they were lost in the cloud of their own dust; then shaking his head sadly he said, "Poor chap—poor chap—gone to be alone with his grief on the veld."

EDGAR JEPSON.

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JOHN MAXWELL'S MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MAXWELL went to his inn, full of bitter thoughts. He had succeeded; that he knew. He had lived long enough to know that an offer of money, if not rejected out of hand, is seldom refused. But he had succeeded at how cruel a cost! The sacrifice of money was in itself a small thing, yet a great one, for it exhausted nearly his whole capital. He congratulated himself now on the scheme of securing an ultimate place of abode in France or Italy, which had induced him to bring with him to Paris his worldly goods, in the shape of bills of exchange. These Franklin held for him; but he, on the other hand, had been provided by Vergennes and Franklin with other bills on Bristol houses which might be used to promote a revolutionary attempt. For this fund he had had no use, and now, since his own securities were held in pawn, he could draw on it to the extent of his capital. But by so doing he must cut the ground from under his scheme of transplanting the family across the Atlantic. That might still be done, but only at a grave risk; yet the true bitterness was that it would not be done. He had given his child her mother, the mother of her imaginings—for his gift, he was determined, should not be by halves. She should never know

that the woman around whom she had woven her white dreams and longings, had covenanted to sell her into a bondage infinitely worse than that into which she herself had been sold. She should keep her mother—the unknown, and better unknown. Mercilessly he dissected the character that had revealed itself to him so nakedly through that long interview. This, then, was the woman to whom he was tied by an hour of drunken madness; only now was he paying the full price. For a moment he thought of Mary's scheme—a reconciliation between man and wife. That, indeed, would enable him to keep the girl with him—the child, the one thing that he had won out of all that madness, the girl who was bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, thought of his thought.

Yet even to consider the project was preposterous. It had not needed Isabella's reference to the "rascally rebels" to decide him upon the likelihood of such a woman following him into exile. He laughed bitterly at the mere conception. Plainly, as things were, the child must belong to one, not to two. She must be the father's or the mother's; and she had chosen to be the mother's. She had chosen in ignorance, doubtless, but he would never tear that veil from her eyes.

Still, at least he would claim her

before he said farewell. At least, for good or bad, she should know him for her father. And yet—and yet—— So, tossing between uncertainties, he spent the night miserably enough.

Very different was the case of Isabella. For the first time since the day of that game at piquet she was in good humour with herself and the world. As in every word and gesture of Lambert's there had lurked insolence, so now every intonation in the voice of this other man had been pervaded with subtle flattery. There dawned in her an interest like that which ladies feel in the handsome preacher who bids them be true to their higher selves, to fulfil the beauty of their nature. And this preacher imposed no heavy penance; he only urged that she should give happiness and win applause by doing what was in no way disagreeable—by condescending, in fact, to accept on her own terms a loan of money. And that loan would be the means which would free her to pay back insult with contempt, to snap her fingers at Lambert. Even the loss of her jewels seemed a small thing compared with this gratification.

Nor was that all. A curiosity, rather than an instinct, awoke in her. The barriers with which she had fenced herself off from all that spoke of Douros and its memories had long become hedges of prejudice and obduracy rather than shields against any stab of feeling. Now all this talk of things long excluded from the mind had broken the barriers, and new impulses had play. Her languid intelligence enjoyed this unwonted stimulation. She found a pleasure in contemplating herself as the dispenser of happiness, and almost decided that she would not be generous by halves. In order to enjoy to the full the luxury of a good conscience she was almost ready to gratify this fancy of

the girl's for a kind mother. Only one thing perplexed and a little annoyed her—the fear lest a juxtaposition might too evidently disclose the *filia pulchrior*, and indicate that the beautiful Mrs. Maxwell was no longer in her first youth. This thought was uppermost in her mind at eleven o'clock next morning when she greeted her visitor.

"Well, Mr. Macnamara, if you are still of the same mind, I am decided to close with your offer. The security which I propose is a mortgage."

"Let us talk of that later, madam," said Maxwell, and as he spoke he bowed over her hand and kissed it. "I rejoice from my soul for the sake of your daughter—and, if I may say so, of yourself."

Isabella looked at him with an air of much meaning. "You are strangely interested in this girl of mine, Mr. Macnamara," she said. "Can it be that you yourself have designs?"

Her husband started. Looking at the cards from his side of them, he had never thought of this very natural construction. He laughed a little nervously. "My dear madam, you overlook my age. I am too old for your daughter—and not old enough to want a young girl for the nurse to my vices," he added with sudden savagery in his thought of Lambert. "Madam, in the hope that you would accept my offer, I have brought bills with me. Will you do me the pleasure to let Sir Garrett Lambert have his dismissal at the earliest moment?"

"Oh, you may be easy for that, sir. But then, in all honesty, you have had no thought of pretending to marriage with my daughter."

"In all honesty, madam," Maxwell answered, laughing, "I can assure you that the idea has never entered my mind."

Isabella looked immensely relieved. "From what you tell me, however, Mr. Macnamara," she said, "she must be a very remarkable sort of girl. I have been thinking a good deal of it, and it seems to me quite touching."

"I have never in my life known anything that touched me so profoundly," answered Maxwell. All the chords that stirred within him, all the thoughts that he was far indeed from speaking, gave to his voice, without his desiring it, a strange vibration. Yet Isabella was too much set on her own thoughts to notice.

"You are an eloquent advocate, Mr. Macnamara, and a warm friend," she said, with her most gracious air. "And I should like to show you my sense of that by consulting you about a plan that I have formed."

A vague anxiety began to shape itself in Maxwell's mind. In all his estimates of the chances, he had taken Isabella's original attitude for a fixed quantity, to which she might be induced to return, but beyond which no persuasion would move her. Now she spoke of plans. It was embarrassing.

"I shall be highly honoured, madam," he answered, attempting without success to show gratification. Isabella noticed, and was a little pettish.

"If it wearies you, sir—" she said, breaking off significantly.

"Madam, I entreat you," he answered quickly, fearing a quarrel. "If my voice showed something of what I felt, it was only that up to this all had seemed so far beyond my hopes that I could not believe it could be bettered."

"And yet, Mr. Macnamara," Isabella replied, "you must surely see that the girl cannot have all the advantages you might desire for her, living always in that remote corner.

I had thought, indeed, that it might gratify you somewhat if, as the result of your representations, I decided to show her something of the world."

At last, Isabella felt, she had not reason to be disappointed with the amount of emotion which she had evoked.

"Madam," he stammered confusedly, "I hardly understand—I can hardly believe—"

"I mean that I think of having the girl to live with me," she said, with a touch of impatience.

Maxwell's brain whirled. Here indeed was a result of his dexterity, the irony of which overwhelmed him. Here was Isabella suddenly unbending. Here were the girl's visionary hopes fulfilled beyond imagination. And to what end? To the trouble, saddest of all troubles, that comes of the unwise wish granted. He knew by every assurance that between this mother and daughter no real intimacy, no close bond, could establish itself; he saw in this proposal the ruin of that pleasant home that Mary McSwiney had built up. And yet it was kindness that set all this sorrow on foot; the pathos of it choked him.

"Well, sir, you say nothing," said Isabella with some asperity, for she did not underrate the importance of her concession, and she was disappointed in his lack of response.

Her husband collected his faculties with an effort. "If any one should come and tell this to your daughter," he answered in a low husky voice, "he would seem like an angel from heaven. But—" He paused. How could he speak the fear that was in his mind, the trouble that he apprehended from this much-desired meeting, just because it was so much desired? But Isabella, remote from what passed in him, and bent on her own thoughts, put her own interpretation on the pause.

"I guess what you mean. You are afraid that the child may feel an awkwardness at so sudden a change. I have thought of that. And to tell you the truth, Mr. Macnamara, I was decided to leave Bath for a while and retrench my expenses elsewhere. It seems to me now that the best course I could take would be to return to my own house, and to make friends with my daughter in the surroundings that she is used to."

Maxwell was petrified as he saw the remorseless logic with which link fitted into link. Isabella's losses had dictated at once the order for her daughter's marriage and the thought of a move from Bath. He came with his ingenious pleading to procure the cancelling of the order; and the slight necessary impetus was given which enabled her to surmount dislike of the most economical and natural retreat. It was all too simple; he had blundered in sheer ignorance of the facts, and now all control had slipped from him. "You will go to Douros?" he said mechanically.

Isabella's face darkened. "No, the house is too big and untidy. I wish it were in ruins altogether. It was my father's folly and the cause of all my troubles. No, I will go to my other house, to Castle Hayes, which can be made habitable at short notice, I dare say. It is a poor place enough, but if you should be in Ireland in a month or two it would give me pleasure to receive you there, that you may see the result of your efforts, which I hope will be as happy as you could desire."

Positive stupefaction had taken possession of Maxwell. Things moved altogether too fast for him, and now, with an absurd sense of topsy-turvydom, he listened to his wife inviting him to come to the home which he had made ready for a bride nineteen years before. Short of avowing him-

self, there was nothing to do but acquiesce in Isabella's arrangement. He put aside the thought of the impending troubles and his own exclusion, which now seemed to him irrevocably decreed, and he turned to what at least remained for him—the joy of telling his daughter the incredible good news, of seeing the rapture that she would know for a brief while of expectation. Only one stumbling-block remained to be removed, and it was an awkward one.

Thinking it no harm to display an emotion which in truth he could ill hide, he rose, crossed the room to the mantelpiece, and buried his face for a moment in his hands. Then, turning, he came and stood before Isabella. "Madam," he said, "you see me confounded with this unlooked-for, unhoped-for generosity. In the name of my friend, I thank you."

"Oh, sir," she retorted sharply, "you need not bring that name into the matter." Then, unbending notably, "What I do," she added, "is done to gratify my daughter, since she shows such good feeling towards me; and also, I would wish you to know, to please a zealous advocate."

"Ah, madam," he returned, quick to seize an opening, "you are too kind. But I shall have to beg forgiveness for your daughter, and more for myself. There is a thing that I kept from you yesterday and designed to tell you to-day, but you forestalled me with this project."

Isabella looked suddenly uneasy. "What is this?" she asked. "I do not understand."

"Oh, nothing terrible, madam—a thing that may have results or may not. The old story of boy and girl."

"Ah," she cried. "Mary's boy! Is it not true that you never can trust a Papist? Mr. Macnamara, you should have told me this before. I will never forgive Mary."

"You are wrong—wholly wrong," he answered with sudden indignation. "You do your sister gross injustice." Then in a few brief words he told the story—how Lambert, armed with Isabella's authority, had frightened the girl, how the boy had flared up into a declaration, and claimed the right to protect. They were young, he said; they might change their minds a dozen times before they were of a proper age to marry. Isabella listened with a countenance that lightened as he continued. When he ended, she shook her head.

"And what am I to say to the gentleman who kept this news from me when the girl's marriage was under discussion?" she asked. Decidedly Isabella was in a mood of leniency.

Her husband bowed ceremoniously, took her hand and kissed it again. Almost in his own despite, the success of his pleading elated him, and he did not need to feign a satisfaction. "Say, madam," he answered, "that he was the fortunate instrument of leading you to a magnanimous resolution; that he only withheld the fact till he could be sure that you would not misunderstand it."

"This is vastly fine," said Isabella, bridling a little. "But anyhow it is very plain that the girl will be better with me—and without delay. I will write to Martin to make Castle Hayes ready for me."

"And you permit me, madam, to be the bearer of this good tidings?" Maxwell said quickly.

"I only make one condition, sir; that you undertake to be my guest at the end of the tedious journey which you have imposed upon me."

"Not I, madam, but your good heart," he said, as he bowed over her hand. "But indeed," he added with all sincerity, though with a reserve of melancholy humour, "not for a

great deal would I miss the sight of you with your daughter."

CHAPTER XXX.

PEAT fires had been burning in every room of Castle Hayes for a week; everything that could be scrubbed and dusted had been dusted and scrubbed. But all the will in the world cannot make a house that has been long untenanted take an air of homely comfort, and the big room where Mary and Grace, in a fret of impatience, waited for the great moment still looked damp and melancholy. Grace moved feverishly about, touching again and again this or that poor pretence at decoration, shaking out faded cushions, pulling out dingy curtains, readjusting her flowers. They were wild flowers mostly, for Castle Hayes owned neither gardener nor garden—great spikes of common loosestrife, trails of bramble blossom and bilberry bushes, with the leaden-blue fruit nestling among the ruddy-tipped green leaves,—and Grace looked on the result of her labours with a dubious air. And in her comings and goings the girl moved again and again to the window to stare out upon rain, rain, rain.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, it is too cruel," she cried for the twentieth time. "Such a day for her to come home! If she had only come when she said she would—or yesterday even. But now—won't she hate everything?" And her eyes filled.

Mary's face had a look of anxiety, very strange on it; her soft features were drawn into a hardness by long tension. "Don't fret, child," she said. "But indeed, I wish she had kept to her plan. Andy's boat has been lying in Douros now since Sunday, and it is not safe to have these delays. Over at Carrig we can

keep a watch on the mountain; but I don't like to see Mr. Macnamara this side of Slieve Alt. Listen to me now, Grace; you must not try to keep him."

"Oh," answered the girl absently. "But you know, Aunt Mary, it all seems to me so absurd. Everybody knows that Mr. Macnamara is our friend. Who is going to arrest him in my mother's house? Really, I have no patience with him. She was so set on his being her first guest, and now he insists on going away the very day she comes. I do not think it is at all kind of him."

"Grace, Grace!" cried her aunt angrily, "are you quite heartless? Don't you know that Mr. Macnamara would have left this country long ago, only for you? He has stayed here at his risk to bring you and your mother together, and now you do not care a penny whether he gets safe away."

"Aunt Mary," answered the girl reproachfully, "you know I am not heartless and not ungrateful. Only, it all seems impossible. Mr. Macnamara has stayed so long; why can't he stay a day or two longer? And now my mother is coming, and the very first thing that happens will be something to vex her. I declare, if my mother tries to make him stay when he comes, I will too."

Mary's face grew angry as she answered. "Grace, once for all, I forbid you to do anything of the sort. And you must remember that these are serious matters, and that your mother knows nothing of the danger he is in."

"Oh, what nonsense all this talk of danger is," answered the girl. "Why, everybody here thinks the Americans are quite right. Colonel Hamilton told me himself that if he had been an American, he would have been fighting against the English."

"Sir Garrett Lambert is a very good Tory," said Mary significantly, "and he is no friend to us."

She did not tell the girl the true cause of her anxiety—a note from Martin which warned her that Lambert, having found out that the visitor at Castle Carrig had been the instrument to thwart him, was leaving no stone unturned to verify the rumour already spread that Macnamara was the emissary of some foreign power.

At the mention of a name which she detested, Grace had flushed. "Oh," she cried, "Aunt Mary, don't let us talk of hateful things. Don't spoil my day for me. This abominable rain is bad enough. Tell me truly—I'm not a fright? Will she think me a guy?"

Mary looked with a touch of resentment at the slim, tall young figure in its plain robe of sprigged muslin. "If she wants you in the fashion, my dear, she must put you in it herself," she said, with a little rising of jealousy. "But I think you look very nice. You may pat in those untidy curls of yours a little closer. Isabella always liked things tidy."

The girl ran over towards the big glass let into the wall between the windows, but as she did so she caught sight of what stopped her. "Oh, aunt, here's little Paddy running. She must be coming." And she dashed out into the hall to meet the barefoot gossoon who rushed up open-mouthed.

"Please, miss, there's a big coach and four horses in her just coming up to the turn; and a man in a powdered wig sitting up on the box."

And three minutes later the big coach, muddled up to the axles from every "bad step" on the road, and slowly dragged by four steaming beasts, turned into the avenue; the

driver, Irish fashion, keeping "the trot for the town," flogged his horses into a rattling pace, and so, with much clatter of hoofs, clanking of harness, and groaning of springs, drew up at the front of the house.

From the door thrown open by the footman emerged a tall solidly-built lady, her hair in powder, her stiff silks spread out in hoops, laces fluttering about her neck, and in her arms a spaniel, followed by her maid carrying cushions and wraps. Mary in her plain-made dress of homespun looked small and girlish by contrast as she came down the steps to greet the new-comer. "Welcome home, Isabella," she said.

Isabella carefully deposited the spaniel on the top step, and found the shelter of the porch before she kissed her sister. "Well, Mary," she said; "how you have kept your figure, to be sure!" And then she looked to the girl who hung timidly a pace or two within the hall. "And so this is Grace. Come here, my dear."

Swaying with excitement the girl advanced, as her mother held out her arms, then threw herself with a passion of emotion into the embrace. Isabella hugged her daughter with a curious awkwardness, almost roughly; she was unused to demonstration, and yet felt for the moment a kind of spasm of tenderness. Then she put the girl from her, and scanned her at arm's length. Grace's countenance was all decomposed, her eyes red and swollen. "There, there, don't cry," she said. "You will make yourself a fright, and spoil that pretty complexion. But oh, my dear, what freckles! Mary, does the child never use a wash?"

"Never mind her freckles now," said Mary, laughing in spite of her chagrin. "Come in, Isabella, you must be worn out with the journey."

"You may say so, indeed. Such

roads! I was terrified out of my life again and again. Where is Fido? Come, Fido, and find a comfortable chair. And so this is the drawing-room. Lord, what an old-fashioned place! And how it smells of turf."

"Grace, child," said Mary, "come and help your mother off with her things."

With trembling fingers the young girl helped to untie mantle strings. As she stooped to remove the overshoes, her mother laid a hand on her head. "Wonderful hair, my dear. And the colour matters nothing now that we powder. You must come up and help my maid to put out my things. I have brought all sorts of stuffs, and Jane is good at making them up. Would you like that? Eh? Has the child no tongue? Come, Grace, we must get to know each other, and let bygones be bygones."

Grace caught her mother's hands in both of hers as she knelt. "I have wanted that so long and so much," she said. "It hardly seems real yet."

The vibration in her voice struck a chill to Mary's heart, and a look of pain crossed her face. The contrast between it and Isabella's light trivial phrases was too keen. But Isabella was touched by it, and in a movement of expansion she caught the girl's face in her hands and kissed her.

"Come up with me and show me my room, child," she said. "So you have wanted your mother?"

The pair rose to go, Grace loaded with her mother's wraps and reticules. Mary stood watching them, with a new sense of loneliness. But before they had reached the door, Isabella turned and surveyed the apartment. "This seems a very tolerable sort of room," she said; "or at least it may be made so. But the furniture! Still, what can any one expect here? And by the way, Mary, where is Mr.

Macnamara, and when are we to expect him?"

"He is at Carrig with Hugh," said Mary. "They will be here this afternoon. He thought that you would rather he was not here when you arrived, but he will come over in the afternoon."

"Now that is what I call a considerate man," said Isabella. "He knows that everybody looks a fright when they come off a journey, and he means to give us time to get ready. Come, Grace."

"Oh, my poor Grace," thought Mary to herself, for she read a look of bewilderment in the girl's eyes. "You were grateful to him too, because he was going to let you have your mother all to yourself when she came." She said aloud, "They may be here any moment now, Isabella, for you were delayed on the road. Dinner should be at four, and it is now half-past three o'clock."

Yet she had looked out of the window for nearly half an hour before the two riders appeared on the drive. She saw them come to the door and dismount. In another moment "Mr. Macnamara" was solemnly announced.

John Maxwell came in, and as the door closed behind the servant, his face took on its habitual air of self-mockery. He looked round the room with eyes critically half-closed.

"What do you think of the taste of the person who furnished this room, Mary? It seems to me—shall I say immature? Superannuated—like an old passion. Passion rhymes to fashion, Mary, did you ever think of that?"

"Ah stop, Jack," said Mary, "it is not kind."

"I beg your pardon, Mary," he answered. "But I am not feeling happy, and then, you know, I laugh."

"Yes, Jack," she retorted. "And

what of me? Do you think I am feeling happy?"

He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. "Well! How did it go off?"

"I don't know. Grace was in a kind of dream, and when she heard Isabella talking about freckles and washes, and dresses, she looked dazed, that was all. But Isabella was greatly pleased. They are up-stairs now—looking at Isabella's wardrobe."

"Mary, Mary," he said, answering her intonation rather than her words, "who has the bitter tongue now?"

"I can't help it," she cried. "Why did you do it, Jack? Why is the girl to be taken away from me to be made a fine lady of? If she went with you, it would be different."

"There is no use in talking of that," said Maxwell harshly. "It must be goodbye to-morrow or next day."

A look of dismay came into the woman's face. "Jack," she cried, "you can't think of staying."

"Not here," he answered. "No fear of that. But somewhere—anywhere—I must see Grace alone and tell her whose child she is. And to-day it can't be done; you must see it can't. Besides, Mary, it means a day more—and what is the risk?"

"For heaven's sake, Jack," she urged, "remember what Martin said."

"Hush," he said, "I hear them coming. Yes, I know; that is all right."

The door opened, and Isabella entered in all her splendour, Grace by her side. Maxwell's eye sought the young girl's face and found it radiant.

He advanced, took Isabella's hand and stooped over it. "You are most welcome to Castle Hayes, Mr. Macnamara," said Isabella.

The words had a strange echo in his mind now, and he could not but look towards Mary as he answered. "Madam, I am glad indeed to have

your welcome here. And I begin by excusing myself. In my eagerness to greet you, and to hear of you from your sister, I have stayed here in this muddy costume"—he indicated his splashed boots. "By your leave now, I will go and make myself more presentable, as soon as Grace has told me that she is happy."

"Oh, Mr. Macnamara," cried the girl, running across to him from where she stood with Mary, "I am so happy. And look what my mother has given me."

She held up her hand on which shone a small diamond ring. Maxwell was at no loss to recognise it. It was that with which Isabella had been married—his mother's ring. "The last of my jewels," said Isabella pathetically, in an aside to Macnamara. "The rest have gone—you know how."

"It looks well there," he said, taking the little hand and kissing it, while the girl flushed with pleasure.

"She has a fine hand, Mr. Macnamara, has she not—like your own?" said Isabella, with a gracious smile.

Maxwell started and reddened; Mary checked an exclamation. But at that instant the door was flung open and Hugh came hastily in.

"This is my boy, Isabella," said Mary quickly, glad of the interruption. "Come, Hugh, and be presented to your aunt."

He bowed hurriedly. "Forgive me for a moment, Aunt Isabel," he said. Then going to his mother, he spoke to her in an agitated whisper. "A boy has just come galloping in with this"—and he handed her a note—"from Letterward, by the short cut. He won't tell who sent him, but he was bid to say it was a matter of life and death. It must mean—" and Hugh pointed to Macnamara.

Mary had turned pale. She tore the note open. Isabella, much puzzled,

looked from one to the other. "How very extraordinary!" she said. "What can be the meaning of this hurry?"

But Mary cut her short. "Hugh," she said, "bring round your horse and Mr. Macnamara's without a moment's delay." Then turning to Maxwell she gave him the note. "You must go," she said.

He glanced at it, and instantly recognised Martin's hand.

Sir Garrett Lambert has just ridden into this town with a squad of men. They are changing horses here to ride to Castle Hayes and Carrig.

Crumpling it into a ball, he flung it into the fire, and nodded to Mary. His face had lost all expression, his eyes were dull. Then, turning, he said to Isabella, "Madam, I regret exceedingly what I have to say, but plain words are best. There is a pursuit out after me and I must leave you at once. Your sister will explain."

Isabella was stupefied for a moment. "But, sir," she gasped, "this is monstrous. Who and what are you that you should have to fly?"

"I am an officer in the American army, if you must know, madam."

Isabella grew suddenly red and angry. "Then, sir, you have grossly abused me. No rebel should have entered my house with my knowledge."

"Isabella," said Mary, "this is no time for reproaches. Bid him goodbye, Grace; he has been a good friend to you anyway."

But the girl stood white, disconsolate, and bewildered, listening to her mother's angry words, with ears that refused to comprehend. Her father came to her, and took her hands.

"Goodbye, my dear," he said, and he looked hard into her eyes. Horse-hoofs sounded outside; Hugh was at the door.

"Quick," said Mary. "Kiss him, Grace; you owe him everything."

Half dazed by the rush of emotions, the girl put up her face. Her father moved to clasp her to him, then checked himself. Bending over her, he pressed his lips to her forehead, and releasing her hands strode quickly to the door—Mary and Grace following, while Isabella stood in the room, a picture of fierce indignation.

Maxwell swung himself on to his horse. Then, seeing Hugh mounted also, he shook his head. "Hugh, there is no use in your coming. I know my way. Go back."

"Don't mind him, Hugh," said Mary imperiously. "See him safe; or, if he is taken, rouse the country. Don't let me see you if they bring him back a prisoner. Jack, I insist. You are my guest, and my son answers for you. Go now, for God's sake, and leave all to me here."

Maxwell stooped from his saddle to kiss the hand she held out to him. "Maybe it is better so, Mary," he said. "Good-bye, my dearest friend."

And he touched the horse with his spurs.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"My mother will keep them for half an hour anyway," cried Hugh, as they swept out on to the road.

"Your mother is the best woman in this county, or any other," answered Maxwell shortly. His heart was full. The need for action quickened his blood, helped him to put thought away. He had before him the dazed white face of his daughter, whom he was driven to leave thus without a word; but still Mary's assurance, "Leave all to me," rang hopefully in his ears. He drew in a deep breath, as the swift rush through the air began to excite him, and his face

took on something of the glee that lighted Hugh's, the glee of a spirited lad on his first adventure.

"Wasn't Aunt Isabel flustered?" the boy laughed, and his laugh was infectious, though strange chords stirred in Maxwell's mind to his light word.

"Poor soul, no wonder," he thought. "She will think she did well to stay away from such a country."—"At least we owe it to her not to be caught, Hugh," he said.

"No fear for that," answered the boy, "with this start. Aren't we rather killing the horses though?"

"We can slack when we are over this first hill," said Maxwell, bending forward to pat the neck of his galloping hunter. And the hoofs sped on.

Castle Hayes lay at a dip in the road, which rose as you went to Letterward, and rose as you went to Kilcolumb. And this latter stretch, on which the fugitives rode, lay through bare moor. They were galloping up a sharp incline when Maxwell suddenly pulled his horse to a trot, and called to Hugh to do the same.

The boy looked back, and against the skyline behind him saw a group of riders, and his heart leaped. "They've sighted us," he said.

"If they don't see us galloping," Maxwell answered, "they may not come on straight. But see—ten of them. If they have a grain of sense they will send a party to the house, while the rest follow. Yes, by heaven, there they come!" as he saw the troop behind break into a gallop. "Spurs, Hugh! We have a long half-mile of start. Were the horses watered?"

Hugh's face fell, and he nodded.

"That's bad," said Maxwell. Then he fell into a reckoning of chances as they galloped side by side in silence. Two miles to Kilcolumb, he counted; two more of level with

a slight rise to the foot of Slieve Alt; then the long drag up, and a pelt downhill of three miles more to Castle Carrig and Neddy's curragh.

"What time does the tide turn?" he called to Hugh, as they clattered down the sharp incline to the bridge at Kilcolumb at a fox-hunting pace.

"Between four and half-past," Hugh answered.

Maxwell drew out his watch. "It's that now. The curragh will easily get down the channel by the time we want it."

Hugh felt a sudden sinking at the heart. He answered, "Neddy asked if he could take out the curragh to set lobster-pots. He might only come back on the flood. You see," he stammered, "we were not to be back till night."

Maxwell's face fell. The curragh, the only one on that shore, was his strategic line of retreat. "I ought to have locked the oars up," he commented briefly. "No matter; the heather's breast-high on Slieve Alt, if we come to that."

Hugh bit his lip. It seemed too bad for words. On and on they raced through the grey rain, their beasts smoking in the moist August air. Now they were at the foot of the hill, they were rising on the slope, and looking back they could see the chase, horseman by horseman, streaming along the road. But their own horses laboured heavily, the water working in their bellies.

"It is well for me you came, Hugh," said Maxwell, who noticed the boy's despondency over his error. "A second mount may be the making of me yet."

The road curved to the left, hiding them from sight of the chase, and grew steeper; they slackened to a scrambling trot, and Maxwell slipped down. "Jump," he said.

And together, with the speed of

mountaineers, they ran, leading their beasts. "If we are a quarter of a mile before them at the top we shall be a mile in front at the bottom," Maxwell said, his breath coming quick. "Hurry, Hugh." And they ran till their sides heaved like the horses', and through the rain and cloud they began to hear the pursuit, as the loose stones rattled under the scuffling hoofs.

"Up now," said Maxwell, as they neared the top, and he flung himself into the saddle without checking the horse. Hugh, less skilful, lost a moment, and looking back as he reached the top saw the foremost riders not three hundred yards behind. At a glance he recognised Lambert in front. But now his brown pony, light and sure of foot, freshened by the rest, and with its head for home, burst into a wild gallop through the gap, and down the slope where Maxwell on his bay was already tearing headlong. Rattling, clattering, with stones flying on the ill-made track, they raced at a break-neck pace, Hugh exultant, jubilant in the risk, wild to retrieve his error. Below them lay the bay, great stretches of sand still bare, but with the film of grey tide steadily spreading. At the turn by the tarn Hugh was close on Maxwell's heels, and he noticed that the other horse, less hardy than his pony, plunged forward in his stride, keeping the lead by sheer momentum. And then Maxwell, leaning back in his saddle, shouted and pointed to a black spot on the water far off by the Douros shore. It was Neddy with the curragh. The case was desperate, it seemed. Hugh drew abreast now as the slope smoothed off somewhat, and looking back he saw their pursuers already through the gap.

"Your horse can't last," he gasped. "Won't you take the pony? And I

and the boys in Glen down here can surely stop them for a while." The lad's eyes gleamed, lit with the prospect of a fight, mad to redeem his fault in letting the boat be wanting. It dashed him somewhat to see the cool confident smile in Maxwell's face.

"We aren't come to that yet," he said. "Is there likely to be any one of these fellows who knows this bay well?"

"Lambert is with them," the boy said; "and, please God, I'll kill him."

Maxwell's lips closed tight, and for a moment his hand went to his holster. Then came a change of countenance. "Are your pistols charged?" he asked. Hugh nodded. "Very well, give them to me. At once, please! Now listen," as Hugh sulkily reached to his holster; "there will be no fighting this day. But you are going to save my life all the same, my friend Hugh. Let me tell you, it is a special stroke of Providence that the curragh is out."

Then as they galloped, in short jerky sentences, punctuated by the labouring breath of the horses and the beat of their hoofs, Maxwell unfolded his scheme.

"Magnificent!" shouted the boy, his face clearing. "Yes, of course it's possible; I crossed the other day at half-flood and only had to swim quite a little way. Lambert would never guess; he'd think of nothing but quicksands. But how did you know about the ford?"

A queer look crossed Maxwell's face. "Oh," he said, "I've studied this bay pretty thoroughly."

As they dashed through the little huddle of houses at the foot of the hill, Hugh shouted a few words in Irish to the little crowd that had gathered to see this wild race, and he was answered with a yell and a scattering.

Maxwell looked at his exultation with mingled amusement and pleasure. "You won't need your clansmen, Hugh; still, it will do no harm," he said, as they swung to the left and up the rise over the river that divided them from Lanan bridge.

The pursuers, half-a-dozen of them, were now all full in sight spread over some furlongs of the mountain road above them. Hugh rose in his stirrups and waved his hat in wild excitement, shouting at them in all his tongues: "Beaten! *Flambés!* *Fichus!*" and ending with the old war-cry of Tirconnell, "O'Donnell aboo!"

Even Maxwell's heavy beast took a new life into its stride as they pelted over the brow of the hill and down the drop to Lanan bridge. They dashed across, and up the slope to where the plantation hid them from the pursuers; then quickly the men alighted.

"Your hat, Hugh! Here, take my cloak."

And in an instant they had changed garments and mounted each other's horses, so that the blue cloak still rode on the bay hunter, and it needed sharp eyes indeed to detect at half a mile that another now wore the cloak. They were up and away again, galloping along the half-mile of the road that led to the turn for Castle Carrig. A hundred yards short of it Maxwell pulled up.

"It's probably a waste of precautions, but I will cover my trail. Good-bye, Hugh, my lad, I'd have been in a bad way without you."

He caught the boy's hand in his. "Good-bye! tell your mother and Grace—" Then he broke off short. "Don't give her up till she gives you up, boy," he said; and with that he leaped the pony over the fence and trotted across the field. Hugh saw him splash over the little creek and

pass out of sight behind the trees near the Castle.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Now Hugh was alone, left to draw the pursuit. It came only too easy to obey his instructions and seem to press a beaten horse. The bay was unwilling to pass the turning which was the recognised end of his journeys, and Hugh flogged and spurred him hard before he could get him to the limit where the road, leading past the turn for Carrig and heading for the base of Slievemor, disappeared from view. He was still some furlongs from this point when, looking back, he saw Lambert with the first two troopers appear on the road, a bare quarter of a mile behind. At sight of him they raised a shout. Hugh drove the spurs in deep and vanished round the corner. For more than two miles now he knew that the ridge of land on which Carrig stood screened this road from all view of Douros Water, in which Maxwell should be now knee-deep, picking his way to the channel and so to the Douros shore. Heavily the horse lumbered along with him, pitching in the gallop, but quickening as it heard the hoofs behind. It was a tortuous road now, and Hugh pressed on stubbornly, crouching forward lest he should be recognised. Half a mile he covered, and still the bay galloped; Maxwell should be nearly across by now. Still sweating and labouring, the beast's fatigue communicating itself to him, he thrashed along, the hoof-beats behind him closer and closer. He dared not look behind. Now they were within a hundred yards, and at every stride closing up. Then a pistol cracked and something sung past him. Hugh bent lower and drove the spurs deeper, as he rounded another corner

behind a screen of hazels. But now full in front of him came a sudden sharp rise in the road, a short abrupt hill, and his beast, facing at it, flagged, and dropped out of the gallop suddenly into a mere crawl. Hugh turned in his saddle quickly to confront the two troopers who came galloping in upon him.

"I surrender," he said, holding up his hand.

"Shoot him if he resists," cried a voice from behind; "tie his hands."

Hugh wheeled his jaded horse. "You need not be afraid, Sir Garrett," he said; "I have given my pistols to Mr. Macnamara."

"Damnation," screamed the man, "this is the wrong one! Where is Macnamara, you young cub? Speak, or I'll blow your brains out!"

"You need not be rude, Sir Garrett," said Hugh, with all the coolness he could muster. He had won his game, he felt. By this time Maxwell should be safe on the Douros shore, safe in five square miles of rough wood. So far the scheme was executed, but this was only the beginning.

"Damn you, you whelp!" snarled Lambert, drawing a pistol.

"Easy now, Sir Gairrett," said the sergeant, a farmer from the Strabane side who had come up with the rest of the six, "I hae nae authority to kill this boy. Still, ah'm thinking we maun gar him speak. Where's yon man now, young fellow? You and him changed horses, I'll hold you."

"We did," said Hugh; "you're a grand reasoner. And he rode on." And Hugh pointed along the Slievemor road.

Two or three of the men touched their horses to start, but the sergeant checked them. "Hold, on boys. See is there any track of a horse galloping beyont there?"

"Fien' a track," reported one.

"Ye're a smart lad," said the sergeant to Hugh grimly; "but ye be to tell us the truth now, or, by my conscience, this'll be a bad day's work for ye! Where did he go?"

Hugh did his best to look sullen. "To Castle Carrig, if you must know."

Again Lambert swore savagely. "And he will be away in the boat," he snarled. "You, sir! you shall pay for this!"

"Ride across thon planting to the shore, Tam," said the sergeant, "and see would you see e'er a boat on the lough; he canna be far gone yet."

The knot of men sat waiting while their horses, with outstretched necks, reeked and panted in the grey rain, Garrett Lambert glaring savagely at Hugh, who paid back his glare with a laugh of contempt.

"Well, Tam?" said the sergeant, as the messenger came riding back through the strip of wood.

"Divil a boat is there in it!"

"I was just thinking that. They tellt me in Letterward, Sir Gairrett, that thon old castle was as full of hiding-holes as a rabbit warren. We maun ferret him out, and this young gentleman will just be to help us. Oh, ye needna hurry now!"

But in spite of him the men set out at a gallop back to the turn for the ford, Lambert heading them. The sergeant, more leisurely, brought up the rear with his hand on Hugh's bridle.

They forded the little creek, and dashed up the bridle-path. As Hugh and the sergeant entered the castle-yard a whoop made the boy shiver for a moment. "We hae him now, sergeant; the pony's in the stable."

"He'll have thought to take boat and failed to find one," commented Lambert, rubbing his hands. "Now, men, leave a guard to see he doesn't

slip out some back way, and then to work with you."

The sergeant posted two of his men on the courtyard wall in such a way as to command all access or egress by land, and then he came to the entrance. Not a soul was to be seen; only the startled hens and ducks ran about cackling and quacking, as a trooper beat upon the door.

"We be to break her in," the sergeant said; and fetching a large piece of timber which lay in the yard, they burst the door that led into Kate's kitchen.

There were the traces of Kate and of her occupations—potatoes in a pot, a kettle singing—but no inhabitant except a cat and kittens. And the door leading up-stairs to the living rooms in this wing of the Castle was also conscientiously locked. Here again the timber came into play.

"Sir Garrett," said Hugh, for Lambert was forward in the task, "it is only right I should warn you that Mr. Macnamara has four pistols at least, and probably his fowling-piece as well." Sir Garrett desisted from his efforts and urged on the men from a distance.

"Ah'm thinking," said the sergeant, as he wiped his brow, "this will be a long job. Man, if we had a barrel of powder with us! Young man, it will be better for you to tell us the way at once."

"You are in the dwelling apartments now," said Hugh, "and I may observe that Sir Garrett is familiar with them. From these you pass by a staircase into the round tower. There is one door leading into it and another leading out of it into the square tower, in which there are several stories and several doors. You can count them as you come to them," he added simply.

The sergeant laughed grimly, for he was a man of humour; but Lambert

raged. "Fire the damned rat-trap," he said.

The sergeant scratched his head. "Ah'm thinking that would be a wee thing too much, Sir Gairrett, and maybe the lady that owns it would be asking some of us to pay. And besides," he said, pointing out to the tower, "will ye look at thon walls? It would take a big bleeze to hurt them, mind you. We'll just go canny, and blow the locks out wi' fusees where we canna break through."

Half an hour's battering—while Hugh gleefully counted the minutes—brought them into the square tower, but only into the lowest of its five stories. And here Hugh laughed as he saw the sergeant approach and tentatively swing an axe that he had unearthed against the obstacle.

"She's oak," the man said in great disgust.

"Iron-clasped," Hugh added.

"Man," said the sergeant, "we'd be the better of a drink."

"I wouldn't grudge it you," said Hugh loftily. "There's a jar of whisky in the kitchen." But again Lambert interposed fiercely.

"Sergeant, I forbid this. He wants to make your men drunk. Come, no more of this. We're in the tower now. Fetch a pile of straw in here, and we'll smoke out whoever is in it."

But at that moment a clamour arose outside, and one of the two troopers left on guard burst in, wild-eyed. "The country's up on us, Sir Garrett. There's fifty of them out in the yard there, and Tom is keeping them back with his gun. Come out, sir, and speak to them."

Hugh's heart rose high. But Lambert's face turned white. He knew what a mob of these mountain-men might do if their blood was up, and he knew himself unpopular with them. "Go out, sergeant," he said nervously, "and tell them you will fire on them."

"Faith, then," said the sergeant contemptuously, "if I go, sir, you be to come with me."

"It's this young gentleman they're asking for," said the trooper. "Master Hugh, as they call him."

"Follow me, sergeant," said Hugh abruptly, taking the command. "And you may bring Sir Garrett. I answer for it he will be safe."

"Keep a pistol at his head," said Lambert in a low tone.

Hugh overheard. "Be careful, sergeant. If that pistol went off, neither you nor Sir Garrett would see home."

And erect, his head high, the young chieftain marched out to his clansmen, followed by the sergeant, downcast and puzzled, and by Sir Garrett's blotched and angry face.

(To be continued.)

WRECKAGE OF EMPIRE.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and
drank deep :

And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the
Wild Ass

Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break
his Sleep.

WHEN, in October last, the gentlemen of England read in their morning newspapers that M. Delcassé and the Siamese Special Commissioner, Phya Sri Sahadheb, had been putting their heads together in Paris, and had evolved a convention restoring to Siam the provinces of Batambang and Siam-Reap and ceding to France the shores of the great lake of Tonle-Sap, to how many among them, I wonder, did these names convey anything in the nature of a definite impression? An examination of the map sufficed to convince the curious that such places had an actual existence, packed away somewhere at the back of beyond in the vast *Hinterland* of Indo-China,—that they were not mere geographical Mrs. Harrises—and with this rudimentary information, I conceive, the majority of English readers remained perfectly contented. Not one in ten thousand, it is probable, experienced the faintest thrill at the sound of these outlandish names. Yet the districts for which they stand, wrested once by Siam from the tottering Kingdom of Kamboja, from the Siamese by the French, and now to be restored again to Siam by Kamboja's European conquerors, or "protectors," have a power to fire the imagination, to stir the pulses of the most sluggish, such as is possessed in equal degree by few lands even in

Asia, the mother of mystery and of marvel, the owner of the longest and least amply recorded of human histories.

Ascending the valley of the Mekong, for a matter of a hundred and seventy miles from the sea, the traveller comes presently to the town of Pnom-Penh. It is situated near the spot where the branch of the great lake mingles its waters with those of the river, and where the huge delta has its beginning. It was formerly a mere huddle of thatched houses and hovels, but since the French protectorate over Kamboja was declared in 1863, many changes have been wrought. The church, and the *café chantant* facing it, which, according to the popular saying on the outskirts, are the first traces of French civilisation in a conquered land, have here been succeeded by trim quays, rows of glaring white buildings, wide streets straight as so many dyes, little tables set under the shade of awnings, flag-poles flaunting the tricolor, and all the other paraphernalia indispensable to a colony of France. Among these things there move restlessly the representatives of that ubiquitous *Administration* whose feverish desire to "administer" everyone and everything makes life in Indo-China well-nigh unendurable, and clogs the wheels of progress and prosperity.

All this is, as it were, the veneering imposed by the requirements of French civilisation upon the surface of the native town. Lift it and peer below, as you may easily do by quitting the ordered foreign quarter, and penetrating into the crowded rabbit-

warrens wherein dwell the larger half of the forty-five thousand men and women who make up the native population of Pnom-Penh. Here may be seen the real Kamboja, such as it is in our own day, its people a spent and indolent folk, unambitious of better things, content with themselves, scornfully contemptuous of the foreigners, and filled with a fanatical detestation of alien religions such as is but rarely entertained by the votaries of Buddhism. France has given to them a freedom from oppression which they never formerly enjoyed, but they are not in the least grateful. The present to them is a degradation, let its conditions be what they may; to them the future is hopeless, for they have within them a consciousness of no power of recovery or rebound. Only the past remains—the great past, its story half lost in the mazes of fable and tradition, which yet has left the echo of a memory so tremendous that by comparison all things else are dwarfed and pitifully feeble.

Leave Pnom-Penh behind you, with its contrasts of new alien birth and pathetic indigenous decay, and pass up into the great lake of Tonle-Sap. The waters of this inland sea are of an extent so vast that the shore may be completely lost to sight, but so often as it is recovered it is found always clothed in one immense tangle of forest—such forest as only the hot, moist tropic soil can produce—out of which, here and there, is nicked the space for a mean fishing-hamlet. None the less, many of the people are Kambojans; there is no mistaking the fine straight features, so distinctively Hindu in type, which offer a contrast so startling to the flat noses, the narrow eyes, and the broad, expressionless, Mongolian faces of their neighbours of Annam, of China and of Siam. Yet these men herd

together in rickety huts, living in dirt, in poverty and in squalor, forgetful of the vanished greatness of their race, and possessing a civilisation every whit as debased as that of the peasantry of any of these lands of south-eastern Asia.

And a realisation of what that greatness must have been breaks upon you suddenly, for landing at the northern extremity of the lake, and following the narrow foot-path, or forcing your way through the clustering underwood, you find yourself abruptly, without a moment's preparation, brought face to face with the Titanic ruins of a once mighty empire. On the one hand is the huge town of Angkor Thôm, enclosed by a wall over twenty feet in height and half as many feet in thickness, covering an area of twenty-four square miles, crowded with palaces, pagodas, treasure-houses, noble halls and spacious dwellings, yet shrouded within and without by forest so dense that a vast building is often invisible at a distance of twenty feet! On the other hand Angkor Wat, the magnificent ruined Buddhist temple, rears its domes high above the tree-tops, its base measuring over three miles about within the deep fosses, a temple so impressive that Mouhot, the first European to describe it in detail, wrote of it that, "a rival to that of Solomon, and erected by some ancient Michael Angelo, it might take an honourable place beside our most beautiful buildings, and is grander than anything left to us by Greece or Rome!" Between Angkor Thôm and Angkor Wat is the pagoda of Mount Bakhêng, the oldest, most dilapidated and least perfectly fashioned of the ruins, and beyond the mean thatched houses of the modern town of Siam-Reap, dominated by its erstwhile Siamese fort, is yet another pagoda, perched on the summit of a solitary hill and hidden by a

dense grove—the temple of Mount Krôm.

The gigantic size of these ruins alone suffices to impress the imagination, but the wealth and wonderful detail of their ornamentation is even more striking. They are fashioned for the most part of immense rectangular blocks of sandstone or ferruginous rock, brought from quarries distant some five-and-twenty miles, and these are fitted together with so nice an accuracy that the joins between block and block are as straight as though they had been ruled. No cement or mortar was used, and upon the precise fitting of each separate fragment depended the soundness of the edifices which have so triumphantly resisted the ravages of time. Almost every block is curiously carved, is covered with bas-reliefs executed with delicacy and finish, representing processions of warriors mounted on lions, dragons, birds and fabulous monsters, kings with their wives and women, combats between the apes and the angels, soldiers armed with bows and halberts and sabres and javelins, mothers at play with their little ones, and hundreds of scenes historical, legendary or domestic. Inscriptions too are found, some in an archaic character which is unknown even to the Buddhist monks who in Kamboja represent the learned and lettered class, some in a writing of more modern type which nearly resembles the script in use among the Kambojans of today. The latter consist only of prayers, invocations and religious formulæ, of no historical or archaeological interest: the former are still a sealed book, though some which are believed to have been interpreted with accuracy indicate that one or more of the less ancient of the Khmer buildings date from the second century of our era. A detailed description of the ruins of Angkor (and similar

ruins, though on a somewhat less grandiose scale, are found scattered through the province of Batambang, through most of Kamboja, and in many parts of Laos) would fill a goodly volume, and nothing of the kind can be attempted here. All that is desired is to give to the reader some general idea of the vastness of the buildings, of the magnificence of their architectural conception, and the dignity, the delicacy and the finished art with which that conception was executed. This has perhaps been already achieved, and I will not insist further upon the labyrinth of galleries, the countless flights of stairways, the arches, the domes, the bridges, the statues of kings and gods and demons and monsters, the immense Causeway of the Giants which leads to the main gate of Angkor Thôm, nor yet upon the paralysing shock of wonder which the discovery of these tremendous monuments conveys to one who lights upon them, deserted, almost forgotten, in the heart of the wilderness, "here at the quiet limits of the world." My object is to speculate, not upon the ruins, but upon the hidden story which they veil, not upon Angkor as it is, but upon Angkor as it was, and upon the events which led to its abandonment to the forest and to the wild things of the jungle.

The existence of these ruins was first made known to Europeans by Christoval de Jaque whose book, published in 1606, gives an account of his travels in Indo-China between 1592 and 1598. He calls the place Anjog, states that it was discovered by the Portuguese in 1570, gives a recognisable description of many of its most salient features, and mentions the important fact that the inscriptions could not be deciphered even at that period by the natives of the country. In 1611, Ribadeneyra

writes in his history of the Islands of the Archipelago: "There are in Cambodgia the ruins of an ancient city, which some say was constructed by the Romans or by Alexander the Great. It is a marvellous fact that none of the natives can live in these ruins which are the resort of wild beasts." In spite of the naïve European tendency here revealed to attribute everything great to the white civilisations of ancient times, this passage contains two interesting statements—that the Kambojans believed in the "marvellous fact" that they could not live in Angkor, and that even at the time of its discovery by the Portuguese the place was given over to the forest and to the beasts of the wilderness. Since that day the notices contained in the works of travellers of the great Khmer ruins are numerous, but with them we need not now concern ourselves. The ruins were ruins, just as they are to-day, in the year 1570, and that in our present enquiry is a fact of cardinal importance.

As good fortune will have it, there is extant an account of the capital of Kamboja, as it was before its abandonment, written by an independent witness from which much is to be learned. This is contained in a work from the pen of an anonymous Chinese diplomat who in 1295—the year that Marco Polo arrived in Venice after spending more than a decade and a half in Cathay—received instructions from Kublai Kaan to proceed to Kamboja there to promulgate certain orders of the great emperor. He started, he tells us, in the following year, travelling by the sea-route, was delayed by contrary winds after he arrived off the coast of Cochinchina, and did not reach the capital of the Khmer king until the fifth month following his departure from the Chinese port of Wen-Chu. He re-

turned to his own country in 1297. A full translation of the text of his work may be found by those curious in such matters in M. Abel-Rémusat's *NOUVEAUX MÉLANGES ASIATIQUES*, but for our own purpose only a few of the facts which it contains need here be noted. A *li*, as all who have read that admirable book *CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS* are aware, is a measure of space which possesses very elastic properties, no two districts or even villages, hardly, one might say, any two Chinamen, agreeing as to the length of the unit, and the distance between two points along one and the same road being counted as so many *li* when the traveller is descending a slope, and so many additional *li* when he retraces his footsteps with the gradient against him. In these circumstances, therefore, nothing in the nature of a very accurate notion of the size of the Kambojan capital is to be gathered from the fact that the Chinese ambassador begins by stating that it measures twenty *li* in circumference, but we may conclude that he intended to convey the impression that it covered a considerable area. The gates of the town, their number and position, he describes with more exactness, and he makes special mention of the great Causeway of the Giants which, as we have already seen, leads to the principal portal of the city of Angkor. "On each side of the bridge," he writes, "there are fifty-four stone statues representing divinities; they are very great: they resemble," he beautifully adds, "statues of general officers, and they have threatening countenances." He also speaks of nine-headed dragons, the remains of which are such a peculiar feature of the Angkor statuary, and he relates the following curious myth concerning one of the towers of the royal palace.

Several natives of distinguished rank have told me that formerly there used to be a fairy in that tower in the form of a dragon with nine heads, who was the protectress of the kingdom; that under the reign of each king of the country the fairy took every night the form of a woman, and sought the king in the tower; and, even though he were married, the queen his wife dared not intrude before a certain hour; but, at a signal of two strokes, the fairy vanished, and the king was then able to receive his queen and his other wives; if the fairy allowed a single night to pass without appearing, it was a sign that the death of the king was near at hand; if, on his side, the king failed to meet her, it was certain that a fire or some other calamity would occur.

A description of a pagoda without the walls, corresponding to that of Mount Bakhêng is also given in the Chinese manuscript, and it is therein recorded that the people of Kamboja had a tradition that it had been built by one Lu-pan in the space of a single night. As has already been remarked, the pagoda of Mount Bakhêng has all the appearances of being the most ancient of the ruins, the work being of a ruder, less finished character than that of the more recent buildings, which would seem to be the ripened fruit of the art of the Khmers, while Mount Bakhêng is a product of its immaturity. The prevalence of the superstition concerning its origin repeated by the Chinese author would seem to indicate that even in the thirteenth century the history of its foundation had been forgotten.

The manuscript goes on to describe two small lakes in the neighbourhood of the capital, where only one lake is now found, and that not altogether in the position indicated by the Chinese envoy, but a much more inexplicable fact is the omission of all reference to the great temple of Angkor Wat. No name is given by the author to the town which he is describing, and the fact that Angkor Wat is completely

ignored added to that that lakes are located where no lakes now exist, has caused some writers to jump to the conclusion that the city which was visited by the ambassador was some place other than Angkor Thôm. It is in truth impossible to account for the failure to make any mention of a structure so imposing as Angkor Wat, and it has been suggested that this, the least ancient of the ruins, had not been built at the time of the Chinaman's visit. The building itself, however, gives the lie to any such supposition, and the manuscript is silent on the subject of any great public works being in course of construction during his stay in Kamboja. On the other hand the account of the great walled town, of its gates, and above all, of the Causeway of the Giants, seems to me to point conclusively to the fact that Angkor Thôm itself is the Kambojan capital which this work describes, and we can only infer that the author failed to write of Angkor Wat, just as Marco Polo omitted all reference to the Great Wall of China although he had passed seventeen years of his life in far Cathay. That there are other and vast Khmer ruins scattered about Indo-China is well known, and all of them have now been visited by Europeans, but nowhere have remains been brought to light which fit the account given in the Chinese work as do the remains of Angkor Thôm, the greatest of the Kambojan cities.

The inscriptions, moreover, seem to support the contention that Angkor Wat must have been in existence long before the visit of the Chinese envoy, for on the walls of this temple both the ancient and the more modern script is found. In Asia every priesthood has inclined to the use of a peculiar language of religion, and one which was not generally understood of the people, whence it is probable

that the more archaic character was the script of such a tongue, and that the later inscriptions were carved at a period long subsequent when the ancient learning had passed into oblivion. If this were so, the presence of the ancient inscriptions on the stones of Angkor Wat, which, I would repeat, is the least ancient of the ruins, would show that even this temple was erected in very ancient times, and certainly long anterior to the thirteenth century of our era.

I have drawn attention to the fact that no mention is made in the Chinese manuscript of any great works being in progress at the time of its author's visit to Kamboja, nor, having regard to what we know of the history of the Khmers, should we expect that any such manifestation of energy was then apparent. Buildings on a scale such as this must have claimed the life-long services of thousands of men. They can only have been conceived by a race instinct with vitality, mental and physical, can only have been executed by a people obsessed by a passionate love of art for its own sake, who were able to expend upon their achievement infinite ingenuity, patience, skill, devotion and a vast amount of treasure. They must also have been a nation so strong that they had no fear of enemies, no rival whose invasions threatened them, and who thus were free to devote to their artistic creations all the energy which, in circumstances less fortunate, would have been required for conquest or for defence. Works such as these were never yet produced by a race whose king occupied the humble position of a mere vassal, yet we know that the kingdom of Kamboja was conquered by China about the beginning of our era, and was actually subject to her until the conclusion of the tenth cen-

tury, while up to a much later date a nominal suzerainty was admitted and sealed by the payment of a periodical tribute. It is only reasonable to conclude, therefore, that the Khmer civilisation reached its height, and Khmer art its culmination at a period prior to the subjection of the kingdom to the Chinese, and this would throw the date of the ruins of Angkor back to the first or second century B.C. at the very earliest.

Thenceforth, the energy which had made the creation of such gigantic monuments of art a possibility declined. Unsuccessful war and, it may be, the ravages of pestilence, must have caused the numbers of the Khmer nation to dwindle, for in our own day, after a long period of comparative peace, only 1,300,000 Kambojans who can claim descent from their great forefathers are found in Indo-China. The monuments themselves bear witness also to the decay of the people. The use of the more modern character in the later inscriptions would appear to indicate a decline in the ancient learning of the Khmers before all their skill and delight in art had deserted them, but the number of unfinished carvings and of buildings which have never quite reached completion is even more eloquent of decadence. This surely betokens that the plastic arts were becoming lost secrets before ever the ruins were abandoned; that what the men of one generation had begun the men of the generations which succeeded it were powerless to carry on; and also, it may be inferred, that such energy as still remained to the Khmer people was needed, every atom of it, for the maintenance of their national independence. Later came the age during which they were the vassals of China, and the once proud and mighty empire, thrust by circumstances into so pitiful a posi-

tion of dependence, would have but little heart for creation of an artistic character, and would live upon the memory of what had been without attempting to rival past achievements in the present, and without any spark of hope for the future.

This, I imagine, must have been the condition of the Khmer people when the Chinese envoy visited their capital at the end of the thirteenth century; but when Angkor was discovered by the Portuguese in 1570 the place, as we have already seen, was by then a ruin overgrown with jungle, the centre round which clustered a thousand inconsequent superstitions, the shrine in which a dead empire lay buried so securely that hardly a whisper concerning its story had filtered down to its own degenerate children. To the European, used only to the conditions of his own continent, it appears at first sight an obvious impossibility that if Angkor Thôm were an inhabited town in 1296, it could, in the space of less than two hundred years, have become, not only a wilderness, but also, as it were, a myth to which clung the veriest rags of reliable tradition. This view has impressed itself so strongly upon various writers, that they have been driven to explain away the great walled town described by the Chinese author, and to declare roundly that the Khmer civilisation could not conceivably have died out in this fashion in so paltry a period of time. But the Chinese manuscript is authentic, detailed, exact. It gives dates and facts which cannot be got over; it declines absolutely to be ignored. The truth seems to me to be established past all gainsaying that Angkor Thôm is the town described, and that that place was inhabited in 1296, and was a deserted ruin in 1570: nor to me, the East being what it is and orientals being what

they are, does this appear impossible, or even unlikely.

The citations which have been made from the works of early visitors to Angkor supply two hints which, perhaps, will serve to explain the whole mystery. Ribadeneyra noted in 1611 the "marvellous fact" that the natives could not live in the ruins, which would seem to indicate a superstitious belief that the ancient Khmer buildings were, for some unexplained reason, uninhabitable for human beings. The Chinese author speaks of lakes where no lakes now exist. From these two statements something like a working hypothesis may be evolved. Great physical changes wrought in the natural features of the surrounding landscape could only be caused by earthquakes, and the dilapidation of some of the buildings lends confirmation to this supposition; yet the earthquake-shocks, if earthquake-shocks there were, must have been slight, or at any rate insufficiently strong to overthrow utterly the solid walls and the domes of many of the pagodas. Imagine, then, a series of slight earthquake shocks, occurring at a period when the Khmer people, though still dwelling in the mighty city which their ancestors had erected, had declined from their former eminence, had lost the energy which they once possessed in such overflowing measure, had become decadents in their arts and culture, when, in a word, they had learned to regard themselves as a people doomed and ruined, and then try to conceive what effect these seismic convulsions would be like to have upon a sensitive, fearful and imaginative oriental race. To them the rockings of the solid ground would be the very voice of the gods—their irresistible Will become suddenly and awfully articulate. The Asiatic differs from the occidental in

nothing more radically than in his ability and avidity of belief, his power to grasp that belief, and to realise it as white men realise only the force of patent, indisputable fact. If once the conclusion, that the gods were determined that the great city should no longer harbour its inhabitants, had impressed itself upon the popular mind, no consideration of interest, no love of material property, no affection born of long association, no clinging to the flesh-pots, no reluctance to abandon things very precious and very sacred would serve to stay an exodus. The dried-up bed of a great lake which Francis Garnier discovered to the north of Angkor when he was travelling south from Ubon, is additional evidence supporting the theory of earthquake, and given this outward and visible sign of the anger of the gods, and an appreciation of the character of an oriental populace, we have a working explanation which may account for the abandonment by the Kambojans of all their ancient cities.

Imagine a people, already far gone in its decline, driven forth into the wilderness by the inexplicable caprice of the gods, lacking the numbers, the energy, the skill and the genius which had belonged to it in its prime, cowed utterly by "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and with no Moses for leader and law-giver. The first necessity in this land of sun-glare and torrential rains would be to obtain some shelter from the elements, and the jungle spreading away on every side would furnish ample material for the building of huts, made of timber and thatched with palm-leaves, such as the Kambojans use to-day. It would not present itself to this fallen people even as a possibility to emulate the great works wrought by their forebears. What would it profit them to build if the

caprice of the gods might once more drive them forth? Moreover the ample resources which had formerly been at the disposal of their kings would have vanished with their ancient greatness. Descent is proverbially easy, and the substitution of the squalid hut for the splendid stone palace would be readily made, and would be more than symbolical of the corresponding decline in the prevailing standard of civilisation before and after the exodus. No great effort of fancy, therefore, is necessary in order to picture the rapid degeneration which would overtake these people when once they had slipped the anchor of association which bound them to the past; and being now scattered over the country, exposed to the persecutions of their stronger neighbours of Siam and Annam, a nation no longer save in name, such learning as had once belonged to them would pass into oblivion, and very speedily even the story of their ancient greatness would become a myth. The extraordinary change in the condition of the Kambojans which is to be noted if we compare the work of the Chinese envoy, writing in 1297, and the earliest Portuguese chroniclers at the end of the sixteenth century,—a change which had been wrought within a space of less than two hundred years—marvellous as it is, becomes, when examined in the light of the hypothesis here suggested, neither inexplicable, nor, as some have averred, a sheer impossibility.

The evidence supporting the belief in a general and more or less sudden exodus having occurred, is ample. If the Khmer towns had been depopulated by pestilence it is certain that human remains in large numbers would be found within the ruins, but for a matter of fact no such traces have been brought to light. If the place was devastated by war, this

calamity too would leave its sure and unmistakable signs, but though acts of iconoclasm may in places have been committed, the general appearance of the ruins leads to the conclusion that time and weather, rather than man and the rage of man, have here wrought destruction. The tradition of war too would most likely have survived, but no such event is spoken of by the modern Kambojans, and the theory of a voluntary exodus, due doubtless to superstitious fear, in itself a final symptom of the national decay, would seem to be the explanation best adapted to the facts in our possession.

This theory, which has not, I believe, been hitherto advanced, has escaped attention possibly because two facts, seemingly opposed to it, have bulked big in the sight of European investigators. The first is the complete ignorance of the modern Kambojans concerning the history of Angkor, and the cloud of myth and legend with which it is surrounded in the popular fancy: the second is the way in which the ruins have been overgrown by apparently virgin forest. It is contended that neither of these things could have happened in the space of less than two centuries, and therefore the evidence of the Chinese envoy has either been ignored, or has been twisted out of its obvious meaning and has been explained away.

For me, on the other hand, the testimony of the Chinaman, an independent and unbiassed witness, has its own peculiar value, nor do I see how it is possible to set it aside. I find myself, therefore, compelled to accept the recorded facts, that Angkor Thôm was inhabited in 1296 and had become a part of the wilderness by 1570, and this being so, I confess that the difficulties in the way of this conclusion do not present themselves to me as in any sense insuperable.

It must be borne in mind that the facts of ascertained history point to the decline of the Khmer civilisation extending over a matter of more than a dozen centuries prior to the visit of the Chinese envoy, and that the more rapid decay which probably followed upon the exodus was only the continuation of a process which had been operative during an immense period. The Khmers exiled to the forests would be getting back very near to their primitive beginnings; their energies would be directed solely to maintaining life amid the new conditions; they would become scattered, as indeed they are in our own time, and the vast majority being always unlettered, even such learning as they had preserved from the heyday of their greatness would quickly pass from them. The shortness of memory among an illiterate people is remarkable, and in Asia the natural propensity of the oriental mind to cling to things strange and marvellous contrives to weave a maze of fancy round the soberest historical facts. Among the Malays of the Peninsula, for example, the warrior Hang Túah, who fought against the Portuguese in 1511, was beaten by them, and for many years after carried on an intermittent and unsuccessful war against their growing power, had become, before a century had passed, a hero of fable as mythical as Hector or Achilles. It is much, as John Crawford said, as though our own Sir Walter Raleigh were to have become a myth! Instances of the same kind might be multiplied indefinitely, and this in lands where the European element has been constantly present to record, remember and remind. Given the peculiar conditions which must have prevailed among the Kambojans after the exodus, and the impressive character of the ruins abandoned to the forest, it is easy to com-

prehend that in a hundred years all manner of traditions concerning them would have found credence with an imaginative oriental people. Among them the actual facts relating to their abandonment would easily become obscured and be eventually forgotten, but the knowledge that Angkor Thôm had once been the capital of Kambojan kings would survive, as it has survived, and the superstitious tradition that the place was uninhabitable for human beings would remain, as it has remained.

The encroachment of the forest is a difficulty apparent rather than actual. Protected by superstitious fears the ruins would during one or more generations be barely visited after their abandonment, and in the tropics where the foot of man does not fall constantly, repeatedly, the jungle claims its own with a wonderful rapidity. In August, 1892, I spent some days in the centre of a large clearing, some ten acres in extent, the whole of which was under plough, though no seed had been planted. This was in the Malay Peninsula, and owing to the disturbed state of the district that clearing was abandoned. In July, 1894, not quite two years later, I visited the same place, and found it covered with dense bush, most of it fourteen feet in height, and the whole of it so thick that a way could only be forced through it by hewing a path with a wood-knife. Imagine that patch of clearing left untrodden, not for two, but for five-score years, and then ask yourself whether the existence of seemingly virgin forest where the ploughed land had once been would, in the circumstances, occasion any surprise. No one who has himself

observed the rapidity with which forest encroaches in a tropical country need be astonished that the ruins of Angkor are overgrown with jungle. The wonder is that Nature has not well-nigh obliterated even these Titanic works of man, and that this has not been accomplished is additional testimony in support of the belief that the abandonment of Angkor occurred at a comparatively recent date.

To sum up: I believe the facts at our disposal warrant the belief that Angkor Thôm was an inhabited city at the end of the thirteenth century; that by 1570—and concerning this there is no question—it was ruined and overgrown with forest as it is to-day; that, some time in the fourteenth century, it is probable, a general exodus took place; and that this was due, not to pestilence or to war, but to the conviction, fostered, it is most likely, by a succession of earthquake shocks, that it was the will of the gods that the ancient city should be evacuated.

Asia is the home of mystery, of tragedy, and of the pathos of things impotent and pitiful in decay, but in all the East nothing, I think, is more wonderful than the lost story of the Khmers, nothing more tragic than their decline from the immense heights to which they once aspired, uplifted on the wings of genius, nothing more pathetic than the squalid Kambojans of our own time, a people spent and inert, who, wandering through the great forest aisles incurious and indolent, haunt like shadowy ghosts the crumbling monuments of a mighty empire.

HUGH CLIFFORD.

THE SAYINGS OF SIR ORACLE.

THERE are not a few points in which the student of comparative history can trace a resemblance between modern Britain and ancient Greece—thanks to a fine system of athletic education, accompanied by a moderate amount of study of the classics. But of the resemblance in general we do not desire to speak; its existence is easily explained by the argument of classical tradition. There is, however, one feature of similarity which, oddly enough, owes little or nothing to this tradition; which appears to be purely accidental, and which (if we must have causes to explain effects) is probably due to a deep-seated kinship in human nature at all periods and in all climes. This feature is the survival of the oracle. For there are oracles in modern Britain to-day as there were in ancient Greece over two thousand years ago. They resemble the old Greek oracles in being sometimes profoundly obscure of meaning. It would seem that they resemble them, too, in being invested with supernal wisdom and superhuman dignity, so that they must be approached with befitting reverence. The chief Greek oracles, we know, were worshipped. The chief English oracles, when consulted on municipal affairs, are addressed as "Your Worship," and they bear the titles of "The Worshipful" and the "Right Worshipful." Unlike the Greek oracles, however, which (we are given to understand) spoke through the mouths of fasting priestesses, our civic oracles are fullest of wisdom after dinner. They dine frequently in public; and at the close of the

feast they rise, arrayed in scarlet and decked with golden chains, to deliver themselves of utterances which are anxiously chronicled by waiting scribes. These speeches are afterwards published in the cities which they concern.

We know that the old Greek oracle did not always satisfy the people to whom it spoke, and the same thing may be said of the modern British oracle. It has even been observed that he is least likely to satisfy others when he is most profoundly satisfied with himself—a phenomenon which has been noticed in all parts of Britain. We shall the better be able to illustrate this, if we follow the methods of the historian and give instances for the guidance of the student; he may then draw his own conclusions and trace such tendencies and deduce such moral lessons as he pleases. We ourselves are but concerned with the facts.

Many years ago, in the city of (let us say) Kennaquhair, a minister to whom it seemed that the civic oracles of his time—the lord provost and the bailies, to be precise—had "ower gude a conceit of themselves," was minded to chasten the self-satisfaction of the city fathers. He did it in a public prayer. "We beseech Thee," he petitioned, "that Thou wouldest show Thy mercy on all who are mentally afflicted or of feeble mind—on all fools and idiots—but especially on the town council of Kennaquhair." That prayer was long a sore memory with the city council, and not unnaturally invited reprisals. Accordingly, while the burghers of

Kennaquhair were still discussing it, a witty bailie tried to get the better of the minister. He asked him publicly if fools were oftener found in the town council than in the pulpit. "There's nae great faculties needed in the pulpit, meenister," said the bailie. "The maist that ony of ye hae to do there is just to gie us a sermon without writing it doon first; and what's that? For as simple a body as you may think me, I'll wager you I could haud forth ony day from ony text that you might find me." The minister thought he could find the bailie a text that he would not preach from. He was right. The bailie declined to preach from it. For what he read on the paper the minister put into his hand was:—"NUMBERS xxii. 28. And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass." The bailie's name has not been preserved. That of the minister (the Rev. William Veitch) has. In such stories it is perhaps as well that only the name of the man who has the laugh on his side should be remembered. The other man might be as undesirous of notice as was that worthy alderman of a west of England borough, who met an attempt to rake up a ridiculous old story against him with the protest that "he was an aged man, and had hoped that both his name and the matters in question might be permitted to remain anonymous for the few years that he had to live." Like him, we would rather let names remain anonymous. Mayors and aldermen, town councillors, and even town clerks have furnished us with anecdotes; but they did not desire us to collect them. The worthy citizens sought only the admiration of the towns to which they spoke as oracles.

It is the habit of many worshipful persons who aspire to the dignity of Sir Oracle (especially in our smaller

boroughs) to be profuse and pompous in their display of language. Their public oratory is as superbly different from their private talk as are the scarlet robes and cocked hats with which they bedeck themselves for imposing civic functions from the coats and aprons they wear in their offices and shops. In private life they speak the English they are familiar with, and easily make themselves understood; but as public speakers they are periphrastic and polysyllabic, ornate and obscure; addicted to metaphor and misquotation; imperfectly acquainted with the dictionary and comprehensively ignorant of grammar. They endeavour to clothe their meaning with as many words as possible, and they sometimes disguise it past all recognition. They are descended from Dogberry by way of Mrs. Malaprop, and the wisdom of the one ancestor and the wit of the other have been transmitted to them.

It was a true son of Mrs. Malaprop who protested in a west of England council chamber that, "if he was to have his statements contradicted by gentlemen who did not know what they were talking about, he could only reply that what he had been saying was as true as that Romeo built Rome." This same learned councillor declared on another occasion that "the mayor and his supporters were no doubt a long way behind the age, but they would find that the party of progress in the town council would shove them forward, *holus bolus*." *Nolens volens* is conjectured to have been the classic phrase intended. As Mr. Mayor and his supporters, in spite of this grave warning, still refused to tread the path of progress, they were warned that "the sword of Demosthenes was impending over them, and would fall on their heads at the next election." It is said of a Conservative colleague

of this Radical town councillor that he spoke of the Pope as "the prisoner of the vacuum," and quoted the Sublime Porte as a proof that the Turks "knew what was good in the way of wine;" also that he opined the success of the local Conservative candidate in a parliamentary election "ought to satisfy their Radical friends that it was no good importing the cactus into that ancient town." The caucus was flourishing at the time. On another occasion in the eighties this worthy man was misled by an allusion to "the ravages of Boreas" into asserting that "if a Conservative government had been in power, the Boreas, or any other savages, would soon find that their ravages were put a stop to."

Politics have been known to make their way into town councils in spite of promises to shut them out. When they pop up in municipal debates, every mayor is not so impartial in dealing with them as was he of X—, who proclaimed that, "even though political subjects were introduced, they would find him, like Caesar's wife, all things to all men." It was his political bias that tempted the Mayor of T— to avow, in the council chamber of that ancient borough, that "for his part, he rejoiced to learn that sanguinary reports had been received from the local habitations of the Primrose League." His Worship was not really bloodthirsty; "sanguine" was what he meant. It would be difficult however, to say exactly what was in the mind of that Mayor of B—, who, on the occasion of a visit from one of the leaders of his party, declared that the town "made quite a gorgeous display and presented a most redolent appearance." In another small town a fine derangement of metaphors was presented in the panegyric pronounced by one of the town councillors on a deceased nonconformist minister, who had been

a thorough-going and hard-hitting Radical. "For forty years," said the eulogist, "our late lamented friend has stood among us a burning and a shining light of Liberalism that called with trumpet voice to all around." A parliamentary election having come off in a certain southern borough to the satisfaction of the mayor, his worship thus referred to it:—"All I need say is that when I had the honour of declaring our honourable member returned unbounded loyalty prevailed. The Queen was sung on thousands of voices, and we finished an excitable day with a deliberate display of flags and an impromptu band." The success of the Liberal party in the general election of 1892 gave much satisfaction to another mayor, who proclaimed that when Mr. Gladstone brought forward his second Home Rule bill it would be found that he had been keeping a rod in pickle for his Tory adversaries. "I may even say a scorpion in pickle," his worship added.

On theological, as on political topics, the elect of the town hall sometimes express themselves with a curious felicity of language. In the very ancient and very small borough of X—, the corporation and the clergy differed as to the laying out of a new cemetery which was to replace the old churchyard. The clergy wanted the larger part of the cemetery consecrated; the corporation were of opinion that, in view of the number of nonconformists in the borough, at least half of the ground should be unconsecrated. The bishop of the diocese intervened in support of his clergy; but the corporation had their way. A nonconformist member of the town council expressed satisfaction that the episcopal interference had been withstood, but protested that the law as to the division of cemeteries into consecrated and un-

consecrated portions required amendment. "If things were as they ought to be," he opined, "there would be no distinction after death of sect or creed, but each of the deceased would be at perfect liberty to choose his grave in any part of the cemetery he might prefer."

In another borough it was the Church that cast an aspersion on the representatives of the State. The imputation conveyed was doubtless unintentional; but the corporation generally, and the mayor in particular, wished that it had been spared them. His worship and his colleagues had promised to grace the Church schools with their presence, on the occasion of a prize distribution. They were a little late in arriving, and the Vicar suggested that the children should fill up the time by singing a hymn. He chose *HOLD THE FORT!*, and it was held. While the children were in full cry, the corporation arrived; and they entered the room, the mayor heading them, to a thunderous greeting of,

See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on!

When legal questions crop up in town councils, it is customary to take the opinion of the clerk on them. This having been done on one occasion, a worthy alderman expressed doubts of the soundness of the town clerk's law. "Mr. C— knows best, of course," he said; "but I have always understood that the Habeas Corpus Act conferred on every unconvicted person the privilege of being acquitted till after committal." In the town of R— a burgess of some repute as a local oracle was chosen foreman of the grand jury at the borough quarter sessions. The only question for consideration was whether or no a true bill should be returned

against a man who had attempted suicide and had inflicted serious injury on himself. "Well, gentlemen," the foreman inquired of the grand jury, "do you find the prisoner guilty?" "No, no!" said a juror, who knew what the functions of a grand jury were; and he proceeded to explain. The foreman presently interrupted him. "Just so—just so!" he said. "Well, gentlemen," looking gravely round him, "if we cannot find the man guilty, at least we can recommend him to mercy, I hope."

A case of assault was brought before the borough justices of G—, in which it appeared that the defendant had lost his temper on finding that he had been sold an unsound stallion at a pretty sound price. The bench were rather inclined to sympathise with him; and the mayor, as chief magistrate, intimated that only a small fine would be inflicted. "For," said his worship, "it must have been very provocative to the defendant to find that he had been led to expect sound and healthy issue from a deceased parent." Equally happy was the pronouncement of another chief magistrate who had to deal with a nuisance caused by insanitary accumulations of offensive rubbish on certain premises. "As long as I sit on this bench," said the mayor, "I shall see to it that there is no refuge anywhere within the borough bounds." Off the bench this mayor had also happy phrases. Presiding at a tea for Sunday school children, which was to be followed by an entertainment, his worship announced that "when the young folks had done justice to the many good things provided for them, they would find that they were to be kept alive for a couple of hours by special pre-arrangement." It was at a dinner given by the mayor that the town clerk of a southern borough

distinguished himself. He rose at a late hour to propose the health of the mayoress. The toast-list had been long, and half of the mayor's guests had left before its conclusion. "I have now," said the town clerk, "to give a toast which needs no recommendation from me, for I am sure it will recommend itself to everyone in this room, including those who have already gone out." The toast was very heartily received. So was that proposal to drink the health of a newly-elected mayor which an alderman made in the following terms: "Let us wish Mr. Jones a happy and healthy year of office, and hope that at its close we may be able to unambiguously congratulate him on having shown us what the hospitality of an ambrosial reign should be." At a dinner given by the mayor of X—a worthy tradesman who had recently gained a seat on the council had his attention directed by a neighbour at table to a tray of quill toothpicks. He looked at them and shook his head. "No, thanks," he said; "I tried one or two of them just now, and I found them uncommon dry. I never did care for them Italian dishes."

The loyalty of our corporations is well known and has been fervently proclaimed in countless addresses. In one of the smaller Hampshire boroughs it was suggested last year that the occasion of the coronation should be marked, not only by an address from the corporation, but by an addition to the dress of the town fire brigade. A local reporter furnished his paper with the following report of the discussion that took place on the subject in the town council. Only the names have been altered:—

The Fire Brigade Committee recommended that, it being the Coronation year, uniform trousers be obtained for the firemen.—Alderman Tompkins, in moving the adoption of the report, said

he thought there were several reasons why the firemen should be provided with trousers. They knew that, on all occasions when the Corporation went out, the fire brigade followed them, and it would look much better if they had a pair of trousers to finish off their uniform, as they already had a tunic and helmet. Another reason for adopting the recommendation was that the period of the Coronation festivities was approaching, and that was a time when they should look decent and respectable.—Councillor Gubbins moved, as an amendment, that the recommendation of the committee to provide the firemen with trousers should be postponed for six months.—The Mayor asked what the firemen were to do in the meanwhile.—Alderman Jones: "Wear kilts." (Laughter.)

It is to the credit of the borough that, in spite of Mr. Gubbins, the Hampshire firemen in question have not been reduced to the extremity of kilts.

Occasionally the good things uttered by our oracles win more than a merely local success. The story is pretty well known of the town council on whose minutes was recorded a resolution that "thanked Mr. — for his offer to present a dado for the Town Hall, but could only accept it if he would also supply the necessary cage for the animal." More than local fame, too, was achieved by that mayor who, while showing a party over the new town hall was asked, "What about the acoustics?" and who replied:—"O, they're all right: I've never smelt anything." But our humble endeavour in these pages has been to rescue from oblivion some few sayings of English municipal worthies which have hitherto remained unchronicled in print, or at best have found their way into the columns of a provincial newspaper. It must be owned that, in the case of country newspapers, the reporter or the printer is sometimes the real author of the good things attributed to the

speakers. It was a reporter who made the Mayor of M— express a hope, when a great personage was expected, that “his Royal Highness would find the town looking quite *au fait*.” In another small borough, a dinner was given to some military guests; and the speaker who proposed the health of a certain Colonel C— was reported to have eulogised him as “well skilled in the arts of veneering and wood carving.” “We find,” explained the local newspaper in its next issue, “that what he did say was that the gallant Colonel had shown himself well skilled in the arts of venery and wood craft.” It was of the printer that an alderman in the town of F— had reason to complain, when he was made to avow that “he sympathised with those clergy who would not have their churches galvanised.” “Calvinised” was the word that the speaker had really used. To a printer’s error also was due the surprising statement attributed to the Mayor of W— that, “on visiting the workhouse at Christmas in his capacity of guardian, he was charmed to see how prettily the matron, her daughter, and the nurse had decorated the chaplain.” With a still more perverted ingenuity the printer succeeded in attributing to the Mayor of D—, when he took the chair at a lecture on English poetry, a lament for “the hard lives of our sickly hoods and our consumptive seats.” His Worship had really referred to Hood and Keats. Perhaps there was malice on the part of the printer who, when a worthy citizen credited with a fondness for looking on the wine when it was red had given a lecture on his recent visit to New Zealand, misrepresented him as declaring that “the strangest creature to be found there was the apteryx, which was a wine-glass bird.”

But, after all, the reporter and printer can do little for Sir Oracle in comparison with the great things that he does for himself. What he will do under the new education act, Heaven knows; for it is when he meddles with the instruction of the young that the local Solomon most notably distinguishes himself. In evidence of which fact, we will close our humble tribute to his wisdom with two stories, one of which comes from the west of England, the other from the west of America. In the days when board schools were young, a visit was paid to one of those schools by a local dignitary who had theories on the subject of Scripture lessons. He requested the headmaster to pick out a particularly dull boy and let him ask that lad a few questions. Whereupon the following dialogue ensued :

“Now, my boy, what do you understand by a miracle?”

Boy, looking helplessly at visitor, makes no answer.

Visitor (triumphantly, to headmaster):—“You see, it’s as I’ve always maintained. Scripture *must* be explained and illustrated if any comprehension of its meaning is to penetrate this sort of skull. He can’t tell me what a miracle is. Now hear me make him understand.”

Headmaster (with sarcastic incredulity):—“If you do, sir, you’ll have wrought a miracle yourself. I haven’t a duller boy in the school. If you’d question some of the others—”

Visitor:—“No, no, I’ll show you what I can do with this one, by using common-sense methods. Now, my boy, pay attention to me. You don’t know what a miracle is, eh?”

Boy confesses it by his silence.

“Now, listen to me! Suppose you got up in the middle of the night and saw the sun shining, what should you say it was?”

Boy (promptly):—"I should say it was the moon."

Visitor (argumentatively):—"But you couldn't, you know, if you saw it was the sun."

Boy (doggedly):—"I should see it wasn't."

Visitor (recovering from a disconcerted pause):—"But suppose someone *told* you that it was the sun?"

Boy (emphatically):—"I should say he was a liar."

Visitor (angry at such persistent stupidity):—"But suppose *I* told you that it was really the sun, and not the moon, that you had seen shining in the middle of the night, what would you say then? You wouldn't dare to tell *me* that *I* was a liar, would you?"

Boy (hesitates a moment; then, in accents of conviction):—"I should say you was werry drunk," he answered.

The visitor abandoned the Socratic method.

It was by the Baconian method of experiment and inductive reasoning that the Sheriff of Jackson City proceeded when he tested the value of the geographical instruction imparted to the young. Jackson City was itself young, being a promising western settlement of some ten years' growth, whose citizens, after running up three or four drinking saloons and a gaol for their own benefit, had built a school for their children and imported a "school-marm" from an eastern state. By and by Jackson City began to get uneasy at the strange things that the "school-marm" was putting into its children's heads. One of them was that the earth was round—whereas, any Jacksonian had only

to look across the prairie he lived on to see that it was flat; and another, the strangest of all her notions, was that this round earth was a sort of giant wheel, which turned upside down on its axle—"axis," the school-mistress called it—once in every twenty-four hours. If a school-master had taught such nonsense to its children Jackson City would have summarily closed his engagement by shooting him, as a preliminary to advertising for a successor with common-sense views of geography. But the "school-marm" had claims on western chivalry. She could not be shot by way of notice to quit. The perplexed citizens held a meeting, and discussed the educational difficulty that had arisen. They unanimously resolved that the earth did not turn round, and that the sheriff should be deputed to call on the school-mistress and lay before her the parental objections to her teaching. The sheriff went. So did the "school-marm." Her dismissal was decreed a day or two later by another citizens' meeting, after hearing from the sheriff an account of the experiment by which he had philosophically confuted the school-mistress's attempts to argue with him.

"I didn't say much to her when she went on telling me the 'arth turned round; but I just went hum, an' I put a 'tatur on a stump outside my house. Neow, in the morning, that 'tatur was still whar' I had put it the night afore. Neow, if the 'arth had turned round in the night, whar' would that 'tatur hev bin next morning?—Whar' would it hev bin, I ask?"

And Jackson City echoed, "Whar?"

BOROUGH COUNCILS AND RISING RATES.

WHEN the Association of Municipal Corporations met for the annual meeting at the Guildhall, the London borough councils asked to be assisted in two important particulars. One was the obtaining of an amendment of the law so as to give them greater discretionary powers of expenditure; the second referred to obtaining power to issue stock to defray the cost of remunerative schemes. Those who know borough finance, as it is at present, are aware that the old spirit which permeated vestrydom has not yet departed; those who pay rates feel month after month that the burden is heavy without having a glimmer of hope that relief is near; it cannot therefore come as a surprise to anybody that those with a knowledge of the state of affairs are aghast at the idea of increasing the financial power of the borough councils.

A glance at a complete return of the rates as levied in London shows a net increase of fivepence for the last year, the preceding twelve months having accounted for a rise of threepence, or a total of eightpence for the short period of two years. If this return does not open the eyes of the rate-payers and make their tongues and pens wag with enquiries into the whys and wherefores of the increased rates, they can only be considered as suffering justly. Those who object cannot remain idle, they must be up and doing, to stop the draining of the financial resources of the London rate-payer. By comparing the latest figures given with those for last year, the table of rates as levied in the London boroughs shows

an increase in all but four; in two there has been a decrease and in two others the rate has remained stationary. The rates cover a period of twelve months, ending March 30th in the year given, and the amounts charged in the twenty-nine London boroughs have been as follows:—

	Rateable Value per head	Rates, 1902 - 3		1901 - 2		Increase	Decrease
	£	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Battersea ..	5.92	8	0	7	6	6	—
Bermondsey..	6.88	9	4	8	8	8	—
Bethnal Green	3.99	8	3	7	10	5	—
Camberwell..	4.84	8	2	7	6	8	—
City ..	180.90	6	5	5	11	6	—
Chelsea ..	10.82	7	0	6	8	4	—
Deptford ..	5.43	7	5	6	8	9	—
Finsbury ..	9.38	6	9	7	1	—	4
Fulham ..	5.38	7	4	7	4	—	—
Greenwich ..	6.06	7	6	6	8	10	—
Hackney ..	5.29	8	2	7	4	10	—
Hammersmith	5.94	6	11	6	10	1	—
Hampstead ..	11.46	6	10	6	10	—	—
Holborn ..	15.35	7	8	8	0	—	4
Islington ..	5.69	7	2½	6	7½	7	—
Kensington ..	12.53	6	4	6	3	1	—
Lambeth ..	6.15	7	1	6	8	5	—
Lewisham ..	6.60	7	0	6	8	4	—
Paddington ..	10.04	6	6	6	1	5	—
Poplar ..	4.63	9	9	9	2	7	—
St. Marylebone	12.59	6	9½	6	9	0½	—
St. Pancras ..	7.64	7	1	6	7½	5½	—
Shoreditch ..	6.47	7	4	7	3	1	—
Southwark ..	6.09	8	0	6	4	1	8
Stepney ..	4.70	8	3	7	9	6	—
Stoke Newing- ton ..	6.67	6	7½	6	4	8½	—
Wandsworth	6.58	7	5	7	3½	1½	—
Westminster	29.72	6	8	5	8	1	0
Woolwich ..	5.35	8	2	7	0	1	2
Total average for all London	8.77	7	2	6	9	5	—

The question as to who is responsible for these considerable increases will be hotly discussed all over London before many months have passed. The elections for the borough

councils and the London County Council are pending, when candidate after candidate will make the usual promises to reduce the rates without knowing how to fulfil their promises or how to reward the trust the electors have placed in them. The Moderates are sure to attack the Progressives for wastefulness, although that body can only be called to account for a rise of a halfpenny in each of the two years which brought a total increase of eightpence, while the School Board is responsible for a penny only. The Progressives will retort with accusations against the borough councils and the extravagance of the irresponsible Asylums Board. The borough councils will hardly be able to refute the charge, especially not the Moderate councils, since the overwhelming Moderate majorities at Westminster and Hackney are advancing the rates most rapidly. The Moderates therefore, run the danger of being hoist with their own petard.

Many are the reasons given by partisans for the increased taxation. "Improvements" and "renewals" figure largely in the accounts which bring the burden home to the rate-payer. A halt will have to be called, since the shop-keeper and the small householder cry out for relief, for what with King's taxes, county rate, local rate and water rate, the small rate-payer is almost rated out of existence. That halt is not needed for most of the improvement schemes, for they are self-supporting, even remunerative, and frequently bring in a sufficient amount to reduce the total costs of a borough's necessary expenditure. The returns published by the Glasgow, Bradford, and other municipal councils prove this conclusively. The return published by the Government at the request of Sir Henry Fowler is the best evidence

that local councils can be trusted to manage the affairs of their district well, if they work amid favourable circumstances, and here lies one of the great reasons why the London borough councils have not been successful. The administration of London is so unlike that of any other great city in the whole world, that no direct comparison is possible.

The problem has to be dealt with on its individual merits, or if no merits can be found, on individual points. Other great capitals, such as Paris, Berlin, Rome, St. Petersburg, Vienna, are governed by different municipal systems which, though they all bear some resemblance to each other, have but few points of similarity to London, when that conglomeration is taken into consideration. London has nominally been split up into many entities called boroughs, with some individual liberties and with many restrictions. Like an agricultural county, it has been divided according to names given to certain places, as if the distinction of names could create individuality among the closely inhabited streets. It is nonsense to think this possible, but it has been done. It is hardly conceivable that sane statesmen could have sanctioned such a medieval scheme, but the borough councils are the creation of the late Government, which is nearly the same as the present one.

Has it not been predicted that the rise in the rates would be out of all proportion to the improvements which a fertile imagination held out before the eyes of the electors? When a sounder financial system than that maintained by the late vestries was promised, critics of experience prophesied the reverse. When the honours and titles and emoluments and patronage were criticised, it was the creation of local interest that was

pointed out as the desirable achievement; now after a few years it proves that the old vestrymen have only been disguised; they now wear robes, have a mace as the emblem of power, and answer to the grand title of "councillor," or perchance to the still grander title of "mayor," or "alderman." How has the rate-payer benefited? Where are the improvements, and, before everything else, where is all the money going? Are the streets better lighted, better paved, cleaner? Are the housing and sanitary arrangements improved? Are the poor, the orphans and the old people made more comfortable? And this list of questions could be continued at great length, should a comparison with other large English towns be undertaken, but the affirmative answers would be very few. The borough councils have in fact improved little but their names; they have increased, not the prosperity of the districts, but the rates; they have not even succeeded in gaining the confidence of the best men, who should be drawn to them, but who decline to follow the lead of factionists and faddists.

If the borough councils had aimed at real power, besides the power of extracting money from the unwilling rate-payers, good and experienced men might have thought it a duty, nay even an honour, to spend some of their time in careful deliberation, to the end that they might improve the condition of the people, of which a large proportion has no stamina and not sufficient sense to help itself. But what man of sense would be run as a candidate for a borough council by a political party caucus, without appearing somewhat ridiculous in his own eyes, and what man of standing would promise a reduction in the rates without first having gained a knowledge of economy and freed

himself from party machinery, which enforces his voting? That all this is quite calmly done by the greater number of the London borough councillors can be seen from their electioneering speeches and literature. Imperialism, disestablishment, foreign policy, and other great matters all figure in the addresses of those wonderful men, whose qualifications as to knowledge of sewers, gas, sanitation, street paving, housing of the working classes, dust collecting, etc., ought to be under examination. But the great matters, dealt with in big words, impress the uneducated and unthinking; they appeal to the mob, and secure its votes; while speeches about gas and sewers are very dry and uninteresting, and appeal only to small audiences; the importance of a comfortable existence is obscured by the dulness of the details which ensure it.

Why are so few votes recorded at borough council elections, and why are the obscure local tradesmen and political busybodies the most successful in these contests? To fight week after week against ignorance and perversity is not an alluring outlook for a city merchant, used to control a large establishment, or to a professional man. So it comes to pass that local cliques run the borough councils; friends combine to have another friend elected; tradesmen agree to support only the candidate who leaves all contracts in the locality, irrespective of value or quotations. All these sections endeavour to keep out the capable administrator with a wider outlook than the parish pump and with a sincere desire to serve the interests of his fellow men. Occasionally a reformer is victorious at an election and recently a few councils have added capable men to their number, but in the division these men remain

in a minority, and, as we have already hinted, it takes a long time to educate the other men to a sound standard of municipal duties. Administrators of the Fabian type are by no means to be considered ideal, since they lack that common-sense which guides our requirements; they lose themselves in aspirations and fads which may be tangible a few generations hence. These aspirations have their value and should be kept alive, but outside the council chamber, since the time at disposal for the transaction of municipal business is already too limited. In spite of the fundamental weakness in the constitution of borough councils, an improvement in personality could foster a sounder policy and—*expenditure is governed by policy*. So long as men with axes of their own to grind govern countries, counties or boroughs, the desired reduction of taxes must always remain unrealised, because the policy is wrong.

Yet the power is really in the hands of the householder, for he has a voice in the choice of candidates, and something more than a voice in their election. If the voting power is abused, or (what is equally absurd) not used at all, then the result rests with the tax-payer and no pity should be extended to him who wilfully neglects or misuses his right and duty. Vote every time for the best man, and help him to gain other votes. He may not be successful at once, but merit finds the way to power sooner or later, and when men of real merit, equipped with administrative knowledge (so largely gained in conducting great business houses, factories and other concerns) have assumed the control of their own, then the time will arrive for a reduction in taxation and better value with a smaller expenditure. The borough councils are not the place for florid

rhetoric, or for experimenting in municipal socialism (although the latter should not be cried down *per se*); hard business should be attended to and onerous are the duties of the conscientious man, with a sense of responsibility to himself and his fellow rate-payers. Business men plead that they cannot spare the time, professional men cry out at the awkward meeting hours, but what about the burden undertaken, which posterity has to meet? The time is not wasted and attendance at an awkward hour may save much annoyance and money. If the over-taxed men can go on long pleasure trips, enjoy sport, take an interest in art and occupy honorary positions in the organisations of social life, let them rearrange their time and give a little every week to their borough, otherwise let them be silent on the question of over-taxation.

Every man should study the records of other towns, whose improvements and savings should be carefully considered and if possible locally applied. Each day teaches new lessons in municipal economy, with which we must keep abreast, if we are to reap the full benefit of experience. Not only the good, but also the other examples, should be considered, since both teach their lessons. The recently published report, GLASGOW: ITS MUNICIPAL ORGANISATION AND ADMINISTRATION, is a masterpiece, representing the triumph of municipal government. Here has been brought to perfection the vast organisation necessary to provide a large community of people with good streets, abundant water, adequate drainage, cleanly kept highways and proper traffic. Then contrast this with the exposure of the Westminster paving scandal and the mismanagement of the City finances, particularly the maladministration

of the City markets, on which London depends for good and cheap food. Of course the rating in other towns is not ideal in all cases; take for example that of a Southampton photographer, who pays £35 annual house-rent; the house is arbitrarily rated at £68 and the total annual payment for rates, gas and water all paid to the corporation, comes to £48. But we need not follow a bad example, only the good should be maxims of our standard.

The rise in the expenditure of an average borough may be suitably pointed out here, and for this purpose the borough of St. Pancras has been chosen. The new borough is, to all intents and purposes, the same as the old vestry; the acreage is nearly the same and the number of inhabitants shows not more than a natural increase. On the other hand, the borough has a mixed population, being inhabited by all classes from the very rich to the very poor. Somers Town, Tottenham Court Road, Regent's Park, King's Cross, Kentish Town, Camden Town, Highgate and Haverstock Hill are all wholly or partially in the Borough of St. Pancras, and there is hardly another part of London to which the term *average* so well applies as the one here chosen, for which reason the choice must find the approval of all fair critics.

St. Pancras covers 2,672 acres; it has according to the census of 1901 a population of 235,284 inhabitants and 28,300 assessments, with a gross value of £2,172,420 and a rateable value of £1,801,795; a rate of 1d. per £ will produce £7,215.

It has not been possible to make a direct comparison with the ten previous years' expenditure, which would have been the best way of drawing a fair and satisfactory conclusion. The methods of account-

keeping of the late vestry and the present borough differ materially and substantially. The vestry's published accounts were arranged on the "from Lady-day to Lady-day cash received and expended" principle, which is rather uncertain and places the expenditure not always in the proper period of employment. The new borough treasurer and accountant, Mr. William H. Booth (who has kindly supplied the material for the following figures) records the actual expenditure from 1st April to 30th March, without stating that the amount has only been paid in this period. The fundamental difference in the account-keeping, therefore, makes it impossible to argue much by the comparative methods; the accounts for three or four consecutive years, at least, are needed for such a comparison. But the figures will not prove uninteresting. To avoid the result which a too great array of figures has on most readers only four out of ten years have been taken, for which the expenditure is given, and the years 1892, 1895, 1899 and 1902 have been chosen haphazard, without intention or on account of abnormal changes.

A part of the lighting and sewer rates is reproductive, but the larger amount is not, as for example, the expenditure for keeping the public conveniences, which cost the borough for last year £2,277 18s. 10d. and brought in only £2,257 17s. 6d. Had it not been for the antiquated method of giving tickets instead of having automatic money registers and of supplying the attendants with expensive uniforms, which cost £93 5s. and £25 7s. 6d. respectively, there would have been a clear profit. A seeming anomaly is also shown in the costs of the uniforms; a man can be fitted out for £1 8s., whereas a female attendant requires £5 8s. for an annual

outfit. The salaries paid to officials and the poundage awarded to the rate collectors are typical; the latter have been for 1892, £3,123 17s 2d., for 1895, £2,933 9s. 3d., and for 1899, £3,127 6s. 1d. London should not require twenty-nine sets of officials and rate collectors, each set complete in itself and each costing a similar sum; it is quite clear that a great saving could be made on this enormous expenditure.

wash-houses, sometimes also docks, quays and piers, out of which revenue can be drawn. It is unfortunate that so many people object to the municipalisation of these services, in which direct competition is impossible. Since a monopoly has to be created, it had best remain in the people's hands.¹ The cry of extravagance in starting these enterprises has been proved to be incorrect in most instances, and in the other cases

	1892			1895			1899			1902		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Total expenditure: Poor, Sewer, Lighting, and General Rates ..	414,573	13	1	502,869	7	4	546,850	14	2	633,317	12	1
Board of Guardians ..	94,000	0	0	122,000	0	0	140,000	0	0	110,919	0	0
London County Council ..	78,808	6	4	93,307	17	9	97,079	8	2	112,363	13	0
School Board ..	72,652	12	8	69,553	12	8	85,343	10	1	108,332	3	0
Metropolitan Police ..	33,562	5	2	33,324	5	0	34,674	8	4	37,435	3	11
Highways, Sewers and Public Works ..	51,369	15	11	81,139	8	2	75,911	18	7	81,459	11	3
Public Health ..	36,083	5	0	17,958	16	6	47,747	12	0	2,365	3	3
Public Lighting ..	14,149	4	6	20,101	9	1	18,178	4	6	*24,633	19	1
Assessment ..	1,100	0	0	200	0	0	249	0	9	907	19	7
Repayment of Loans ..	6,695	0	0	12,490	16	1	14,823	18	10	12,703	2	0
Interest on Loans ..	3,873	9	10	12,538	10	6	15,790	12	9	7,052	15	2
Salaries of Rate Collectors and Officials ..	11,092	5	5	12,036	14	11	14,557	10	8	13,328	2	9
Registration of Votes ..	1,672	8	8	1,444	13	7	1,517	18	1	1,699	19	10
Election Expenses ..	545	17	7	1,006	19	8	422	4	4	99	4	0
Legal and Parliamentary Costs ..	1,052	8	1	1,294	5	5	2,193	11	9	696	17	5
View Committees ..	282	4	8	192	4	9	125	10	7	37	17	2
Bank Interest on Overdraft ..	—			367	4	0	250	13	6	883	6	1
Maintenance of Town Hall ..	353	10	2	214	15	2	140	1	5	408	13	4
Public Gardens ..	1,444	5	5	1,479	5	1	1,589	0	11	1,447	11	4
Printing ..	1,938	17	6	2,429	0	5	2,694	19	10	2,164	16	9
Bookbinding ..	115	2	0	233	17	9	343	1	11	394	10	11
Stationery ..	327	11	5	407	6	8	531	16	10	597	3	8
Advertising ..	145	8	3	258	8	0	170	5	6	183	16	11
Stamps and Petty Cash ..	571	17	6	786	9	1	752	2	4	903	1	11

* Includes the expenditure for fifteen months.

Besides the directly unremunerative work of street-paving, mending, watering, lighting, cleaning, sanitary inspection, cheap housing accommodation, drainage and such functions, most town councils and even some borough councils supply water, gas, electricity, burial grounds, baths and

some check on it could easily be invented. The objection that they restrict trade is hardly tenable in

¹ Nothing is more striking when looking at details of expenditure, than the many small and large amounts paid to business houses and contractors living in a borough. Year after year the same names come up, the amounts become larger and the firms

face of the fact that the monopolies already exist as the rate-payers know to their cost. Over the actions of a borough council a Local Government Board auditor, the press and the electors have a control, but they have none over a monopoly. All the common necessities of life, in which a monopoly must exist, should be supplied at the lowest cost, in the best quality and with due regard for the future. Of the effect of the opposite policy, the water companies, the gas and electric light concerns, and others offer shining examples. Their actions will force municipal reformers to make the supply of London's gas, electricity, water, baths and wash-houses, cheap lodgings, dock, quay and pier accommodation, tramways, steamboat services, &c., municipal concerns for the benefit of the people at large, and not profitable investments for a few financiers. A word of warning, however, against an increase in the section of unremunerative schemes is not out of place here. An ex-chairman of the London County Council quite recently at a meeting at the Queen's Hall defended the losses on burial grounds which several councils have suffered. This is one of the instances in which

seem to consider themselves monopolists as far as borough supplies are concerned. Competition within the borough becomes a mere phrase, because it is hardly credible that the same man can always offer the best and cheapest supplies. It is the same with appointments to borough situations; the following occurrence can be vouched for. An advertisement in a local paper announced that a caretaker was wanted. Several prominent citizens and large rate-payers thought it an excellent opening for a middle-aged couple of superior education and reduced means. They approached the chairman of the committee (who had to receive the nomination with a recommendation) but were told that the place had already been given to another couple and that the advertisement was only inserted to comply with the rules. Comment is superfluous.

no loss should be incurred and no large profit should be made. It is said the poor must be enabled to bury their dead, and this is a very nice sentiment, but unfortunately the poor spend so much money on useless trappings, flowers and like show, that pity should cease, and the unfortunate rate-payer should not be saddled with the costs of their whims and fancies. Really poor people should be buried absolutely free of charge and not in a pauper's grave; but those who make a show should pay for the luxury. This is only an example, which can be equally well applied to other points, from docks, piers and quays to baths and wash-houses, all of which can be economically managed to permit low charges—but the costs should be covered. A loss is a sign that the best brains have not directed the business of the particular department in which it occurs.

Besides the loss on money invested in unremunerative concerns, there is great extravagance to be noted in the expenditure on stationery, printing, account keeping, advertisements and in the employment of too many people on the clerical staffs. The army of clerical workers employed by the borough councils is enormous, and many of the duties of these officials overlap. It is not that the individual officials are overpaid for their services, or that the individual council could dispense with workers; this is by no means the case. The waste is in the double performance of a duty, in the double expenditure of salaries and other clerical expenses, when one man's work would be as effective when applied over a larger area, as is now the work performed by two or three or more. The same principle applies to stationery, printing, account keeping and advertisements, which expenditure is too seldom considered. By themselves,

these items represent only small amounts, but in the aggregate and when counted for several years they account for many pennies in the rise of borough taxation.

The Local Government (London) Act, which on November the 9th, 1900, created boroughs out of the London vestries, has made it impossible to frame a strict indictment of the individual vestries, *i.e.*, councils, on the above mentioned points, since one is deprived of the opportunity to compare the amounts expended for these purposes for, let us say, the last ten years and for the period from November the 9th, 1900, onward; the time has been too short for a fair, proper and convincing comparison. The former vestries have in most cases changed their boundaries. Islington had a slice of South Hornsey added to it; Lambeth has lost Penge; Westminster has had two other vestries added; Holborn Borough cannot be recognised when compared with the Holborn Vestry; Stoke Newington and Hackney people hardly know to-day to which borough they have been transferred, and so on. It would, therefore, be obviously unfair to place the new boroughs in comparison with the old vestries and vice versa, because the rating value and the necessary expenditures have undergone a reformation. The St. Pancras comparison, it must again be mentioned, was chosen because the area is as nearly as possible the same, and on the whole only a few alterations have been made. A direct challenge on the smaller expenditures could, therefore, only be issued after another two or three years have passed, but though deferring the direct attack one need not remain silent. Day after day the money is being spent, and should the warning now given have any effect on those responsible for the present extrava-

gances, the public revelations will afterwards be less severe and easier to bear. No municipal reformer will complain about account-keeping and stationery charges in reason. The accounts require careful investigation by experienced men, but if the account keeping for the London boroughs could easily be added up, the figures would be startling. It would be a good thing for one of the societies or bodies representing the London rate-payers, to sift carefully the records of the smaller expenditures of the boroughs. The work, which needs months of attention, is too much for individual effort and the detailed accounts are not easily obtained by the ordinary investigator; but since the amount expended is large, increasing, and often far beyond what is reasonable, the test should be applied. It is possible that in the result many rate-payers would look very hard at those whom they had entrusted with the privilege of guarding their interests, and the next elections might show a distinct revival of interest on the part of the voters.

One often finds an advertisement for a clerk to a borough council, who must also be a barrister, in a small local paper, a piece of useless advertisement even worse than advertising for a scullery-maid or an assistant laundry-maid in the *TIMES*, *STANDARD*, and other expensive papers. Some of the morning contemporaries must draw a large revenue from the local councils in need of a workhouse attendant or an infirmary nurse, and some of these advertisements appear simultaneously, costing at least from £5 to £8, when the annual salary for the post amounts to about £16 to £20. This is extravagance, and the system compares badly with that of other big establishments such as hotels or schools, which need domestic servants. In

itself the matter is small, the expenditure little, but when all these points are considered together, they form an important item.

Nobody acquainted with municipal work is surprised to find the local printer and newspaper proprietor so much interested in election contests, particularly when borough elections take place. Printing contracts are very good business assets, especially if the local friends do not scrutinise the figures too closely, and at elections and contracting "kissing goes by favour." How many borough councils would risk accepting the lowest tender from somebody outside the voting area, particularly if it is a contract which does not attract much local attention? The printer is quite willing to keep the terms as secret as possible. Frequently the local printer also owns the local paper, and the advertising canvasser and paragraph writer (sometimes he is also called the editor) of this news sheet are one and the same man. Human nature, with its erring tendencies, added to the desire for many advertisements and a relative commission, can hardly be blamed for favouring those who keep the pot boiling, and the local newspaper thus becomes an agency for influencing the councillors and officials. The local reporter is apt to make it hot for those who oppose him. Sly allusions without foundation, and consequently without a chance of direct and open contradiction, can seriously damage a candidate. The borough officials—also only human, and therefore, not faultless—make mistakes sometimes, for which they do not desire to be publicly reproached, nor are they anxious to be the subject of the leading article. It happens thus, that the local newspapers receive all advertisements for tenders and situations, although they are often quite unsuitable for the purpose and do not reach

the people for whom these are intended. The officials claim to be impartial by treating all alike, forgetting that to the unfortunate ratepayer the treatment is unfair.

It would be possible to improve the conditions under which the borough councils exist by various means—for instance, by attracting a better type of representatives and by a more severe control over financial arrangements being kept by the electors, but these are only make-shifts and do not go to the root of the evil. Everything is so old-fashioned in English institutions that a somewhat drastic remedy for an evil is at once called a revolution. The cry of anarchy becomes loud when matters are shifted onward to keep step with universal progress. And all this in London, the centre of the universe, with a progressive central authority! The anomaly cannot be understood by outsiders and only few Londoners grasp the reason for this remarkable divergence of opinion. One thing however is plain enough: the London County Council election attracts much attention, and then the policy of both sides is carefully scrutinised by the daily press and a large number of people; the voting is for a policy represented by a party in which the individual is, to a certain extent, subordinate to the control of the people. The small areas of the borough councils, on the other hand, do not receive the same attention and this gives the solicitor, the builder and a few shopkeepers a chance to control the policy. Contracts go to friends, and, whether more expensive or not, all orders are given to electors, as a reward or a bribe, and not to the man who supplies the best quality for the cheapest price. A direct charge of bribery or corruption can seldom be brought home; it is only a co-operation between neighbours and friends, which costs

the rate-payers money. It is very well to employ local people and to purchase goods locally, as long as the difference in price is small; but a careful scrutiny or competition would frequently prove that the difference is far from small.

There is only one remedy for all these evils, which culminate in the over-taxation of the boroughs, and the sooner a reconstruction takes place, the better will it be for the over-burdened citizens of London. The boroughs ought to be centralised, all under one head for the whole of London; or, if this should be deemed too large, then two towns should be created, one north and one south of the Thames. To make of London one administrative whole under an authority like the London County Council would be bringing it up to the standard of the other so well managed capitals of Europe. The example might be followed with advantage, not only so far as administration, but so far as taxation also is concerned. It has frequently been proposed to equalise the London rates, to bring Paddington, the City, Bermondsey, Poplar, Woolwich, Kensington, Westminster and Hampstead, all under one rating authority, leaving the administration under the present representatives. This plan would not facilitate matters, but would be an aggravation of the evil. Now the local councils have to bear the onus of a rating authority and their expenditure is criticised from that standpoint. Should they be able to spend money without direct taxation, the localities would shift the responsibility on to the central taxation authority and other boroughs, never admitting they could have saved, only stating their wants and giving their supporters the full share of the revenue. It would certainly relieve the over-burdened and overcrowded river-side boroughs,

but it would not prevent a Westminster paving scandal, or the strangely short-sighted policy of the St. Pancras Council in permitting the widening of the Hampstead Road without the direct road rights for a tramway extension right on to Oxford Street. The borough councils have succeeded in making themselves as troublesome as possible to the central authority, and for this reason their creation has stultified itself. But why should the rate-payers be made to pay for the dislike of one set of municipal administrators towards another? And nobody can doubt that this has been the principal achievement of the borough councils.

London's wide area should be one town in fact as well as in name; the traditional geographical distinctions which have come down to us must be overridden. Sir John Gorst in a recent interview said, "Over every area I would have one authority and only one authority, with supreme powers of local taxation. I would accept the areas as at present constituted by county and county boroughs and a better demarcation could even be arrived at. Given the area to be what it is, I would then make the County or Town Council *all inclusive*. I would negative *ad hoc* in every department. Education, licensing, poor law, etc., would all be under the single, undivided control of one popularly elected council, working through committees." And then read Mr. H. G. Wells's lecture on "The Question of Scientific Administrative Areas in relation to Municipal Undertakings," given at a meeting of the Fabian Society, where his main point was that, unless municipal reformers go in for larger areas, the great trusts and others are likely to make the best profit out of the taxpayers' pockets. Towns are sprawling nearer towards

each other and soon will have to be linked together; the developments of the past century have rendered existing local areas inconvenient for all such purposes as tramways, lighting, water supplying, sanitation, education and poor law. The writer of *ANTICIPATIONS* believes the future will make matters worse and that the inconvenience will increase with the injustice of the rating system. Why the whole of London now existing as postal districts, and even a few adjacent districts such as Tottenham, West Ham, Ealing, Willesden and others included, should not be made one administrative town, is to him incomprehensible, and the contemplation of the undertaking need not make anyone dizzy. Under the guidance of a strong state department, in place of the overburdened and inadequate Local Government Board, it would easily be possible to arrive at a greater co-operation between local authorities lying contiguous to each other, and to get rid of the suspicion, jealousy and over-taxation which we now so often find.

The London County Councillor is a highly selected municipal representative and administrator, but even he can in time be more highly selected; the smaller areas can never command such talent. And is not Kensington interested in the sanitation of White-chapel? Why should not both have the same dust bins and dust destructors and electrical generating stations? The inconvenience of municipal elections in London would disappear, and the government of London, in this respect, would become intelligible. An elector finds now that he is in one voting district for the County Council, another for the Borough Council, another for Parliament and yet another for the Board of Guardians. A change of this farcical

arrangement has long been promised, but after an introduction in Parliament, the bill was withdrawn. An attempt will probably be made to secure another next session, but there is little hope of its passing, since Parliament will have little or no time. Should the plan of larger areas for municipal authorities be adopted, it would automatically settle the matter and, such an arrangement once made, it could be agreed every decade to hold an enquiry for the adjustment of areas.

To-day the levying of borough rates and the administration of small areas cost a large percentage of the total income, the greater part of which could be saved. Instead of having, day after day, to ask for co-operation, to make enquiries and to settle differences between local bodies, a central council with sectional committees could do the work more economically and better. Away, therefore, with small local authorities; fuse the boroughs into a central London government with inclusive powers; attract the best administrative talents; prevent local cliques from managing other people's business; let supply and demand and not local considerations rule the conditions of contracts; make the administrative position an honoured one without titles; endow the men chosen with all powers under a suitable Government supervision—then you abolish jobbery, incompetence and the waste of the rates. High rates with no proportionate advantages, such as exist at present, are caused by mal-administration, by a wrong policy. Change the policy, make a Town of London, carefully choose the elected representatives and it is certain that the rates will not only decline, but will achieve better results for less money.

ALOYS N. EMMEL.

HOPE.

THE shadowy thoughts in the dream
 Of Eternity we,
 The myriad motes in the beam,
 Of the Ever to Be ;
 But we dream that slow time shall absolve
 The gold from the dust on a day,
 And in mutable splendours dissolve
 The motes in the ray.

This hope is the star of our night,
 Scarce discernible, pale ;
 That pierces with visual light
 Life's shadowy veil.
 Lone vista of orient skies
 Old visions with beauty you crowned ;
 They passed, and yet hope never dies
 'Till Illusion is drowned !

The elusive delight of a dream,
 Of the moon in a pond,
 The light of a wandering gleam
 That is ever beyond
 The soul, that is drawn by the star,
 Enrobing each thought in a glow
 That is here, that is hence, then afar
 Where no man may know.

Yet surely this star shall be ours !
 Then time shall grow cold,
 And grief shall be melted to flowers
 For seraph to hold ;
 Shades fairer than life from the tomb
 Shall rise ; the empyrean throng,
 And poets that died in the womb
 Shall burst into song.

The thoughts shall be light in the dream,
 The motes shall be bright in the beam,
 And being be bliss !
 And for this did Hope's wandering star
 Through the wilderness lead us afar ;
 Aye, surely, for this !

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE statement that it is more important to be assured that the people has song-makers than that it has law-makers sounds at the first hearing like one of the exaggerations of a specialist, but there is in it a very considerable element of fundamental truth; we learn more of the people's characteristics by a study of its amusements than by a study of its more serious propensities. Yet is it undeniable that one half of the world does not know how the other half amuses itself. This is a pity for, however much we may scorn the amusements which are the delight of that vast class which for the purposes of this little article I propose to call the *people*, the fact remains that it is from a study of those amusements that we shall learn most clearly what the desires and aims of the people really are.

Now, by the people I mean that vast substratum of society which lies on the far side of the narrow line that in England divides the semi-detached from the houses in rows. Of this great class I would venture to say that it has only very recently learned that there is such a thing as amusement at all. In this respect its enlightenment has been curiously slow. It has lingered far behind its enlightenment with regard to social and political welfare, and even farther behind its enlightenment with regard to the acquiring of such accomplishments as contribute to the more skilful performance of the day's work, all of which is generally ranged under the head of technical education. But when we

come to the less materialistic question of amusement, or the spending of leisure generally, there is room for serious enquiry. It is simply astonishing that after thirty years, at least, of education acts the people should as yet have such a meagre idea of the sweetness of true amusement, and such a poor appreciation of the simpler delights which are available to all of us who have seeing eyes. We shall have but little difficulty in showing that the tendency in the class with which we are dealing is rather towards brute-beast methods of passing leisure, and that the amusements which allure it are not those which we care to regard as the amusements of men and women who are to form the backbone of the state.

In the great towns of what may be called the industrial area we find this to be strikingly characteristic. The men are brave, heroic men; they know what toil is; they have something of enlightenment in respect to the affairs of the world. They read their newspapers with a keen and intelligent interest. They borrow books and magazines from the libraries which happily abound, and their choice of books and magazines is not such as to raise the fear that the love of light literature has ousted all regard for serious reading. Indeed, we may go further in our estimate of the purposefulness of that portion of artisan life which is connected with the affairs of the world. The vast classes of artisans and workers have on not a few occasions wielded an immense influence

upon English politics. The peculiar enthusiasm which fires them in respect to any movement which attracts their ardour is remarkable, whether it be the abolition of the slave trade, the re-arrangement of the fiscal policy of England, or the extension of the franchise, for these are among the various opinions which at one time or another they have made their own—and they have lived to see England adopt them on the morrow. It may not be true, though the proverb says that it is, that Lancashire only acts as the pioneer to English thought, but it certainly is true that the industrial centres have an enormous influence upon the national life.

But should we care to predict in considering the lighter side of life, that is to say the leisure side of life, that the ideas of the Lancashire of to-day will become the ideas of the England of to-morrow? Lancashire (and under this name I include all the industrial area) has but a very vague idea of what amusement can be. The greyiness of the atmosphere seems to have affected the moments which the artisan might call his own. We are apt to think, viewing the situation from the outside, that the mill-hand and the collier are persons who aim at the most riotous enjoyment on those occasions when the opportunity for enjoyment presents itself. As a matter of fact, the mill-hand and the collier, as a class, have but the poorest idea of enjoyment. It is well worth our while to examine with some closeness the life of Lancashire in this respect. Of course it is not to be pretended that enjoyment or amusement are matters which anyone can decide for another individual. "Each to his taste" is the essential law which governs such matters, and all we can do at present is to review these methods of spend-

ing leisure and to regret that they are not such as we rejoice to see. And, in spite of our regret, we must not make the mistake of thinking that by some effort we can immediately improve the taste of industrial England for forms of pleasure. Other influences are at work, and we need not be pessimistic, and patience is the virtue of virtues in this as in other things.

If we begin with the out-door sports we shall at the outset find much occasion for disappointment. It is not to be expected that men who work hard at physical labour should yearn to spend their leisure in physical exercise. But there is a healthy interest which might be taken in the physical exercises of others. For example, in the days gone by, when one village met another at cricket, there were among the spectators those who were quite as interested as the players themselves. Nowhere was this more characteristic of village life than in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Certainly the future Waterloo will not now be fought on the playing-fields of Lancashire and Yorkshire. The advance of the towns has prejudiced such games as cricket. Here and there an old-established club maintains its reputation by the aid of the wealthy inhabitants, but the cricket club which is supported by the workers, of which the workers are members, in which they take a vivid interest, is practically non-existent. Here and there a town sets aside a piece of land and calls it a park. It consists mostly of a green sward, which must not be walked on, a few sylvan corners, a rockery, and a lake for a couple of swans. It never or very rarely reaches the civic mind that a plain unadorned field where games might be played would be of far more value than the dainty imitation of

cheap rusticity. By the way it may be said in dealing with the question of parks, that they are certainly not used as day-by-day delights. On holidays and festivals they are crowded with children, but I have yet to see the park in an inland industrial town which is used to any considerable extent by the men and women for whom it was intended.

Returning to sport, however, we may discuss the football craze. This is peculiarly the out-door interest of the Lancashire man in the winter, and he flocks to witness the matches in his thousands and tens. of thousands. Now it must at the beginning be recognised that the northern football team is exploited by a limited liability company, whose main object is to pay a dividend out of their receipts. Sometimes the club does not reach to this height but is financed by a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who may or may not desire to gain pecuniary benefit by the venture. One thing is certain in both cases, and it is this which offers the most serious objection to the delight which the artisan takes in the winter sport; there is in it always something of the nature of professionalism. In the bigger clubs it is quite frank and open. In the smaller clubs it is disguised a little, and a useful man is often employed by a patron of the club in some work which gives him leisure both for playing and practice, which is another way of paying him. This resolves itself into indirect professionalism. The consequence is that football has become not a sport, in the proper sense of the word, but a performance. It is exploited precisely as Punch and Judy are exploited. The players offer themselves to the highest bidder. They play this year for one club; the next year they may play for that club's bitterest opponents. There is

no such thing as a patriotic spirit, as we may say, for the player has not the slightest feeling of it, and I have heard a prominent player on leaving the field after a game blandly ask a spectator what the result of the game had been—such was his interest in the sport in which he had taken a prominent part. It is not therefore a matter for surprise that there are scandals. It was made public the other day that a leading professional team had permitted its opponents on a recent occasion to win the match in order that they might not be deposed from a position which was of great advantage from the standpoint of dividend-making. Such sport is no sport. The spectator has no guarantee of the genuineness of the contest. He pays his sixpence to see a game, and that is all he sees. But he never, nowadays, sees a battle royal for pre-eminence in physical prowess between men representing different neighbourhoods. The spirit which marks that type of contest is quite absent from the football match as football is played to-day.

Cricket is rapidly coming to be disregarded as a spectacle. The spectators declare that after a winter's football the summer game is far too slow. Certainly cricket has not yet become so defiled by professionalism, though there are inroads which are full of danger to the honour of the game. Athletic sports, once the greatest of attractions, have been so ruined by professionalism, and by the fact that the spectator is utterly unable to place his confidence in the genuineness of the running, that they have become a by-word. Here and there you may find a bowling green or a skittle alley, but unfortunately these have become so allied in the people's mind with the idea of the public-houses with which they are

connected that their popularity is prejudiced at the outset. It is commonly said that the few who still continue to be patrons of the two games in question are partial rather to the public-house than to the sport. This of course is grossly unjust, but it stands in the way of the general adoption of two eminently suitable games. An effort was made a few years ago to introduce an excellent game by the name of English baseball. It was founded largely on the American model, though it had several distinct improvements, and it had a great advantage over cricket in that it required less room and less appliances. Unfortunately it has died from sheer inanition. Handball, twenty years ago, was the most popular of Lancashire games, but now it is only played in rare instances where there happens to be a piece of waste land near to the gable end of a house. The bicycle has curiously failed to attract the class to which I am referring, largely perhaps because the country-side has not sufficient loveliness to invite people to ride forth and see it. Pigeon-flying, dog-fancying—these and other similar delights have now fallen upon evil days; in short it seems that in all matters touching amusement there is a spirit of lethargy abroad which is lamentable to observe and difficult to explain. If it points, as there are many who hold that it points, to a lethargic interest in life itself, the pity is all the more. It would seem that the keenness of the race for life exhausts the worker so that he has lost his zest for much that was outside the working-life of his fathers.

In one respect, however, there has been a striking change. The desire for the annual holiday has grown to such an extent that even the humblest worker strives that he may have his week at the sea-side with his family.

It is unhappily the case that this beneficial development has not yet met with the proper appreciation, for those who betake themselves to Blackpool or to the Isle of Man for the most part seek boisterous pleasures rather than the simpler joys which nature offers in such profusion. The singing booth, the oyster saloon, the variety theatre, the dancing palace, these are crowded, and but a small minority cares for the healthier walk by the shore or the invigorating tramp into the country. There is a good reason for this. At home the denizens of the crowded towns know nothing of good theatrical performances. They know that there is a place called the theatre in their little town, but often it is a mere tarpaulin-covered fabric, patronised by boys eager for sensational melodrama. And even these theatres, meagre though they be, are losing ground. One by one they are being changed into variety shows, a tribute to the general desire in the industrial area for pleasure which costs no effort in the reception. When the sturdy melodrama, with its foiled villainy, much hissed, and its triumphant virtue, much-applauded, ceases to allure, and men and women prefer the lion comique and the acrobat we may be sure that there is a spirit of boredom in the air. It is this spirit of boredom, of indifference, of sluggish somnolence which is the social feature most to be regretted in the life of our toilers.

Mr. William Watson sings of a "large and liberal discontent." We might do worse than see if there is not the material from which revolutions are made in the sombre recklessness of our populace to-day. If one remembers the German beer-garden, whither the artisan comes at eventide with his family that he may listen to the music, one is painfully struck by

the reflection that such a movement is not possible in England. There is the climate against it, they say, but in very truth there is more than the climate. There is the fatal fact that the people has not learnt how to find real recreation in the simpler delights which are offered to it. Museums and art galleries in the provincial towns are largely neglected by the class for which they were intended. Music, save the steam-organ which comes with the merry-go-rounds, is ignored. Some of the people may have pianofortes in their houses out of a desire to emulate in magnificence the furniture of their neighbours, but the fact remains that as a mass they do not care for music, and the daughter who learned to "play" forgets all about it so soon as she is able to add to the family exchequer by earning her livelihood. It is a pitiable picture, perhaps, but is there anyone who knows the life of the industrial area with any intimacy who will deny it? There has no doubt been improvement

in the material things of life, in wages, food, and bodily comforts, but there seems to have been actual retrogression in all that touches the recreation of the mind and the spirit.

In what way this can be met is one of the most difficult problems of the hour. It is easy to suggest specifics; most have been already suggested and most have already been tried. But that they have failed is beyond question. The Gallic sneer was that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly. We have attempted to rebut it as a slander upon our race. Is it not too true? Is it not the fact that the pleasures which Englishmen take are pleasures on the whole which are utterly lacking in the first element of pleasure? At least this is so in the case of the social substratum with which I have been dealing. Better a day at Hampstead with the coster than a cycle of Lancashire with the gloomy artisan and his fellows.

J. G. LEIGH.

SOME OPINIONS OF A PEDAGOGUE.

THIS paper is not an *apologia* for the public schools, partly because the writer thinks they have virtues enough to dispense with one, and partly because he knows of defects for which no *apologia* can be found. There is no need however to be scared into a general confession because pelting these institutions has been much in fashion during the last six months. There will be at least nothing to put in their place, if public clamour should ever destroy them, whatever superiorities we concede to the system that ousts them. Meanwhile they should be very grateful for so much plain speaking; for mutual admiration societies are even graver obstacles to progress than the obsolete belief in classical studies.

IN TWELFTH NIGHT the clown tells us, "he is the better for his foes and the worse for his friends"; and his justification of the phrase will serve public schools as well as some other institutions—"My friends praise me and make an ass of me." One does not like classing that charming novelist, Mr. W. E. Norris, among such friends, but when in a recent novel he talks of those who "*ignorantly* deery the prominent place assigned to athletics in our national system of training," he must be told that it is not ignorance but an excess of painful knowledge, which he happily does not possess, that thus complains. Any one may feel with the hero of this novel "a vicarious enthusiasm with regard to the harmonious working of eye and hand," when a young friend distinguishes himself athletically, but his transport is some-

what abated if he, finds the young friend so steeped in athletics that he can talk and think of nothing else. Mr. Norris's novels are the best evidence in the world that he does not find the man with one idea interesting; and those who deplore the prominence given to athletics are so much of his mind that what they chiefly dread is that the public schools should indefinitely multiply those uninteresting persons.

But enemies are more important than friends, and the Latin proverb does not put the case strongly enough when it bids us learn *even* from them; there is no one of the numerous counsel for the prosecution but provides us with valuable lessons. It is true the things said have not been new things; but truths known to ourselves when made public property by our enemies have a much sharper sting than an easily seared conscience can give them. A little of this cruelly wholesome diet (if we may mangle a famous sentence of Junius) will soon recover the public schools from the delirium of "old-boys' dinners"; the eulogistic dulness of speech-days will be silent; and even the venal muse (presumably school-magazines), though happiest in fiction will forget their virtues. Quotation however generally over-shoots the mark, and in this case the cruel enemy is often generous in his award of moral virtues; it is only when he comes to those virtues which are connected with schools as places that cater for the mind that he finds they have no reason for existence. One sees that there are not wanting facts to give plausibility

to such a contention. One feels that to choose such famous words as "mind moves the mass" for a school motto, would, while the *political* constitution of our schools is what it is, be the suggestion of a cynic, or of one who does not know the scale of school values, the curious climax of school duties, and "*what little things are great to little men.*"

That damaging estimate being admitted, there is no need to assume that because the intellect might be more ceremoniously treated it is literally starved; or that a wholesale blunder is being made about the diet provided. And why, one may ask, does the enemy assume so often that a literary diet is provided with the object of making everybody a man of letters? "What is impossible can never happen—at least very rarely"! This truth, impressed upon Dean Hook by a sermon he heard in his youth, would seem to have good authority; and even schoolmasters know that it is equally rare to make a man of letters out of the average schoolboy. And, if they were fatuous enough to believe it possible, no percentage of disappointments, no dose of hellebore or dose of good advice could cure them of the belief, so that all appeals would be idle, and all discussion fruitless. Literary study is a discipline and a very valuable one, but that is a very different thing from the acquisition of a literary sense, which can only come, if it comes at all, at a much later stage. A familiar mathematical text-book provides in its preface a far saner and far sounder view of the different objects pursued by education. "A very small proportion" (so the sentence runs) "of those who study elementary geometry and study it with profit, are destined to become mathematicians in any special sense." Of course not! A mathe-

matician or a man of letters—even a man with a literary sense—has a pursuit. An elementary study is not a pursuit and may never reach the stage of a pursuit. Apart from the discipline of language and the faculties evoked thereby, the education of books is sufficiently authorised as a general training for average humanity by Johnson's defence of it—"A man is an astronomer or geometer by accident, but he is a moralist always."

But here again we cheerfully agree that there is plenty of education to be got without books, and some that no books can give. The best educated man is a person we can all recognise. He is seen to be making the most intelligent use of life, and no one is at pains to ask what aids to reflection he has chosen to employ. Only it must not be forgotten that books have this recommendation, among others, that they considerably enlarge the personal experience of those who have few other opportunities of enlarging it, and when these opportunities come they are better prepared for them. Moreover the humane education so liberally provided by books never spoils the pleasure of those so educated when they are in the society of men who owe nothing to books. This is not unimportant. There is a sense in which Menander's great maxim, "Choose equality," which so strongly appealed to Matthew Arnold, is easier of application for those who have had what is called a literary education than for any other.

The mate of a ship is generally a man of an intelligent and sympathetic type; and it is no paradox to say that an acquaintance with books properly so called is a better preparation even for that kind of intimacy than a course of navigation and logarithms. It would be superfluous to qualify this position by admitting that not all the intelligent uses of life

can be learned from books ; for the most intelligent mates, as a rule, have small knowledge of them. All that is contended for is the contention of a statesman of old days who had a fair number of *practical* successes—that words are no hurt to action, or, we may add, to the acquisition of other knowledge than that of words. The great Duchess of Marlborough's books were, we know, men and cards—she wanted no others. But when a Latin poet held his famous two-line brief for books, the beneficent effects he mentioned were such as the wildest spirit of unscrupulous malignity never discovered in the great Sarah. It was never said of her that her manners were softened and were not suffered to be brutal. Darwin, his biographer tells us, deplored the six years he wasted at Shrewsbury, and that fact alone, it might be urged, should give pause to those who prefer to stand upon the ancient ways. But should it? For an equable and humane tone in controversy (a thing rare enough anywhere, and not least rare perhaps among men of science) Darwin stands unrivalled—unless Sir Thomas Browne might be ranked with him. And those who pin their faith to the Latin saw which connects books and manners may be forgiven for thinking those six years were not all sheer waste.

If it be said that in all that is here put forward there is a calm assumption of the very point disputed by most adversaries—that a boy comes away with a book or books that he has made his own, the answer is that the assumption, if there be one, is something much less imposing. It is not pretended that more than a very small minority come away with anything but fragments. Still anyone who knows anything about boys or schools would say that they are *fragmenta aurea* to most of those wh

retain them. The adversary who has had no first-hand experience of schools will of course never agree to that. He prefers to dwell on what undoubtedly exists, the average boy's rooted antipathy to knowledge as such ; and this he thinks is intelligible in the public schools, as they have such uninteresting work to do. Apparently before we can justify classical education we must be able to report third form boys as crying out with all the enthusiasm of the late George Lang, "What does a man want as long as he has got his Caesar?" We used to be told that there was no royal road to learning and that sheer drudgery must be endured if we were ever to taste its pleasures. But now little books and little pictures and little vocabularies gild the pill of learning at every stage—a method procuring the double advantage of degrading both the pupil and the subject, to say nothing of the teacher. The writer of this paper gratefully recalls an example of the older and better type. He was condoling with a pupil who began Greek late on the drudgery of learning verbs, and promising interesting things further on—"I find it interesting now," said the pupil. One could only murmur with a modern Latin poet, *O vires raras indomitamque gulam !*

It may be frankly admitted that many have suffered from being kept to literary studies when they might have pursued scientific ones to greater advantage. But what we hear on all hands about the average Englishman is that he is indifferent to the things of the mind, and the average boy is said to be actively hostile to them. It is not therefore *a priori* very probable that the average boy, who resents as an outrage being asked to think, will at once passionately desire initiation into that uncongenial and disheartening process, only because

observation and experiment have taken the place of what, to please him and the late Mr. Bottles, we will call "antiquated rubbish." And we have some *a posteriori* evidence. Not a few teachers of science have (most ungratefully) confessed themselves disappointed with the pleasure in experiments evinced by boys who have proved themselves unable or unwilling to think. Four or five months ago Mr. Punch (not it is to be hoped an apocryphal authority) mentioned some distinguished person as having recommended good fiction (naming Scott and George Meredith) for reading-books in some primary schools where the reading-books were of a very puerile order. Those who know nothing of primary schools should not speak of them; but those who know public schools may hazard the conjecture that if third forms were given the first chapter of *ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS* to read, the literary beauties, or rather the charming simplicities of their *Cæsar* and their *Ovid* would open to their mind as they had never opened before. It is surely a strange optimism to suppose that the "happy English child" is made less unhappy by difficult science or even by difficult English than by difficult Latin.

When we come to dwell on failings which have been the most open of secrets since the public schools were important enough and representative enough to be much talked about—a period of little more than sixty years—we shall find that the true bill found against them can be summed up in a single phrase coined by their ingenious and injurious foes. "Professional schoolboyism" is indeed a name (and we can all call names), but unfortunately this is a name for something that exists. The modest and learned ignorance which Gibbon talks of is a splendid thing; and the

ignorance which is modest without being learned is a very creditable thing—the ignorance which confesses the interest and importance of things it does not know. But the schoolboy here indicted is a stranger to both kinds. *Amant longa otia culpam*, which here may be freely rendered: Long disuse of thinking has made thinking discreditable. The view ascribed to him is that study is a trivial and unmanly interlude interrupting more magnanimous occupations.

Without ceasing to believe in those *fragmenta aurea* before spoken of, or in the boys who carry them away from school, we may admit that this is a type which is beyond question familiar. Professional schoolboyism divides its contemporaries into "those who are good at work and those who are good at games," with a fine accent of contempt for the first. And if the whole merit of those others were covered by the word *work*, their contempt would be easier to justify; for studious industry by itself is not a thing to attract those who have no capacity for it. The sad thing is that the desire to speak and write better than the uneducated should not seem a commendable desire, that there should be indifference to all that educated people mean by education—thinking justly and widely, speaking and writing lucidly, an imagination enlarged, a vocabulary possessing some fulness and variety. The weakness alleged, it would seem, is due to a sort of tyranny of the majority—to the professional view that the school is everything, the individual nothing. This on the face of it sounds really magnanimous—Hellenic if we choose to call it so, or even devoutly Christian—*qui quærit privata amittit communia*, which in its context seems to mean: private aims may easily destroy public discipline. Unfortunately *we mortal*

millions live alone; and our morals are not more helped in some cases by remembering Thomas a Kempis's aphorism than our intellect in all cases by remembering Matthew Arnold's: and the help so received does not end with the intellect either. It is possible to have many talents and yet a self so attenuated that it can be said of the man or boy, "when he is gone, there wants one, and there's an end." That can easily happen at the public schools, even with those who have abilities and acquirements, for the majority are not encouraged by their traditions to think of the things they call work as things that can profit or deliver, much less things "that share our wakeful nights, that walk with us at home and travel with us abroad." If boys begin school life with the germs of such a sentiment, with a real self perhaps, it is difficult for it to live in such an atmosphere, say the critics, not without plausibility. With the friendly forcing of the domestic hot-house in the holidays, it may occasionally acquire some new vitality, but even then it will only "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

There is too much truth in this picture, but a long experience has many exceptions to be grateful for—an experience which recalls with shame a belated acquaintance with White's *NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE* and Leigh Hunt's *ESSAYS*, made even then on the recommendation of boys, and not distinguished boys either. It also recalls a passionate fourth form admirer of Disraeli who read all his novels in one term. This reading was no doubt the reverse of helpful to his work, but he seemed to think it made for his soul's health; and after all in mature life everybody blunders in hunting for his real self at some time or another, and this youth had a real self to hunt for. His contemporaries

called him mad. If he was, it is a pity he did not bite them. They would have been the better for a touch of his ailment. But such exceptions, and every schoolmaster has been cheered by many of them, are not enough to disarm an enemy, though they are sufficiently numerous to keep us from despairing of the public schools. And just because despair means exaggeration we can afford to make the critics a present of the worst cases. It is, alas! too common a thing to be reading with a form a great book, full of great things, bright things, witty things, on which some emphasis has been laid and to see boys who looked as if it were almost an insult to their self-respect to suppose that they could be interested; and to see others moved with a sort of divine compassion for the teacher as who should say, "Is the game worth the candle? Surely not to us! For the English whom we represent in our mature youth are a serious people. There is no harm in all this, but what trifles words are! The political or public life is all that should arrest our serious selves." This is the type that made the late Latin professor at Oxford (himself a public school man) say of a distinguished pupil, "You see he has great advantages. He came up older [morally as well as literally he meant] than the other men, *and* he was never at a public school."

What people mean by this is of course that the last years at school and the first at college are all of a piece, and that in both the average schoolboy is the slave of youthful conventions. It is the last word that is all important, the head and front of the damaging confession. There may be intellectual interest scattered up and down a school, even a liberal distribution of it, but it must never,

so the convention rules, be taken seriously. Things are cut sharp as by an axe, in spite of the philosopher, and there are only two spheres recognised by public opinion, games and work, of which the second cannot be allowed any public status, but must be carefully tabooed. This is really the only alarming part of the indictment against the public schools—it counts for far more than any attack on studies or method of teaching. What it says and says truly has been best phrased for us by Sir Thomas Browne, "*Nos numerus sumus* is the motto of the multitude and for that reason they are fools."

When the philosophers bid us follow nature, we do well with Rascals to ask them what they mean by it, and they are not more likely to satisfy us than the prince of Abyssinia. In this case we must do much more than refuse to follow nature, we must in the interest of the public schools, fight her to the last gasp, for she is their friend only in their worst moments.

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

That same type need give loyal dispositions no anxiety—it will outlast them whether for good or ill; it is a robustious periwig-pated fellow; it is no sensitive plant, suffering with every change of temperature. But the single life—that is a fragile creature which takes very little killing. Once we let it be crushed by its overbearing neighbour, and the boys of England or such part of them as inhabit public schools may tell their genius or their guardian angel (for a self is a protecting as well as a protected thing) that his occupation is gone—that "he is a very dull fellow and that they desire no more of his acquaintance."

"Nature acts very seriously and in

very good earnest whether we men be so or no," so seriously that nothing is gained by exaggeration, or by such alliterative amenities as scientific sciolisms or public perils. We have no need

To call the Gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate our helpless right,

partly because they would not listen to us, and partly because it is not helpless.

A passion for science, like other intellectual passions, is seldom short of magnanimity; a scientific lawyer like Sir Henry Maine, after demolishing Rousseau's law, logic and history, will not leave him without a splendid tribute to his humanity. Magnanimity in things intellectual may be defined in the Pauline phrase as the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind, and no scientific man with these three things is likely to be really hostile to education by literature whatever he may say of the public schools. It is otherwise with some of their humbler and more malignant enemies. They can be described but they cannot be argued with (one might as well argue with Mrs. Gallup and try to convince her that Shakespeare and Ben Jonson did not have their verses done for them by a disinterested lawyer who suppressed his name). To such people the utility of science appeals, never its beauty; and when they talk of literature they mean books, any books. They can see that,

Ball who was so poor at Greek
Is very rich at Canton,

and this is all that they can see on the educational question. They fee that public opinion is unsteady on such questions, and they are anxious to be on the winning side. And again they resent the privilege

of "knowing the bad by the rule of the good," which comes of literary education and which more than anything else distinguishes one man from another: for they feel rightly enough that, while the public schools retain the old traditions, there is every chance of this aristocratic privilege surviving. And so they foster a demand for a spurious equality in which no man shall presume to have any tastes and interests that his fellows cannot share. In this way they get up a cry which is wonderfully effective with the half-educated, that the triumphal car of progress cannot travel at the proper speed (make the proper running they would say) because it has to drag after it the relics of ancient civilisation: and meantime they do not know what civilisation means, ancient or modern—or worse, they *do* know but dare not say, lest they should disparage that educational watchword of every democracy but the Athenian—"small profits and quick returns."

Wordsworth said some very severe things about his fellow countrymen. He told them their civilisation was a "fen of stagnant waters," and asked where was their "heroic wealth of hall and bower?" He knew how much of it they had sacrificed, but he also knew that there was some left, that they still had the traditions of literature, and thinking of this he changes his note: *These* were their "titles manifold."

It may be no news to the representatives of the public school *type* that they are of earth's best blood, have titles manifold; but they will do well to remember that, for Wordsworth at least, an Englishman's right to that boast comes only from the great names in his literature—from those *single lives* which have made their country's fame, and consecrated for ever her children's right to a literary education as their inalienable heritage.

SIDNEY T. IRWIN.

A TOILER'S ROMANCE.

Two men sat by the fire and talked. Their conversation had lasted so long that from homely, familiar topics they had wandered to other things. At present they were discussing beer and its effect on the peerage. "I hate mushrooms," announced Sir Anthony testily. "Give me good oak, even if it grows by a ditch."

"But surely," argued the other, "you cannot disapprove of the infusion of fresh blood into the House of Lords?"

"Infusion of fiddlesticks! What is wrong with the blood of the House of Lords? What sort of an improvement do you expect from your brewers? I tell you, Martin, that I have no patience with these penny-farthing upstarts, and I would sooner see my little girl marry any farmer who does his work like a man than one of them."

Upon which Martin reflected once more that his host was a man of violent opinions, and discreetly changed the subject.

I.

It was a glorious day of June with a clear sky, bright sun, and just the suspicion of a breeze. Down the long meadow came four men, each being behind and to the right of the one in front so that, while the first was close to the hedge, the last was some little distance from it. With bent backs and slow swaying steps they came, the scythes swinging evenly, now in unison, now in broken intervals, now in unison again. Before them the tall thick grass

bowed and bent beneath the gentle breeze; behind them it lay in heavy even swathes, loading the air with the incense of its sacrifice. They had covered rather more than half the length of the meadow when the second man, a stumpy, grizzled old fellow with the regular agricultural fringe of grey whisker called a halt.

"Steady on mate," he said to the leader, "let's have blowin's a minute. We're not all so young as you."

The one addressed stopped, straightened himself up and bent to and fro a few times to take the stiffness out of his back; then with the handle of his scythe resting on the ground, he stood leaning on it with one arm along the back of the glistening blade, and the others more or less followed his example. He was, in spite of his evident youth, a fine figure of a man already, tall and stalwart with an honest, open yet strong and determined face, fair hair and blue eyes. There was about him too a subtle indefinite difference from the other men, but it would have been hard to fix on a cause for it. Perhaps it lay in his entire lack of the shambling looseness of build which so characterises the farm labourer of east Kent, or it may have been in the unusual neatness of his person. At all events, there it was, and it marked him at once to even the most casual observer. Down in the village they sneered at him with the sourness of secret envy, but that did not trouble Dick Hilton much—very few things did.

Presently, having rested and cooled

down sufficiently they set to their toil again. Almost at the top of the meadow a footpath ran across it from the stile placed in a gap in the hedge. As the men came on with their heads bent, they naturally would not observe anyone who might pass to or fro along it, but when the leader was almost up to the stile, and his scythe was cutting through the grass on the very edge of the narrow path, he became aware of someone standing there, and looking up found himself face to face with as fair a vision as any man could wish to see. A girl, hardly more than a child, stood on the lowest step of the stile, evidently waiting till they should be past to go on her way. She was dressed very simply in white with a broad shady hat of some soft straw. Over her shoulders there fell a rippling mass of dark-brown hair; and a pair of merry brown eyes looked out from under the long even lashes. Taken together with the bright colour of perfect health, a very firm little mouth and straight little nose, the whole formed a picture of surpassing delight, so that whoever saw her would carry away a memory that must ever afterwards be a happy thought and pleasant recollection—if nothing more. All this Dick Hilton took in at a moment's glance, and stepped back instantly to let her pass. She just lifted her eyes to his for a moment, dropped them again, and with a softly-spoken "Thank-you" went lightly forward, leaving him rooted to the spot, and blushing to the roots of his hair. Seeing that he had stopped, the others did likewise and gazed after the retreating figure.

"Purty gal that," said one.

"Y'r right there," said another.

"Who is she?"

"Ol' Sir Anthony's darter. She's the only one he's got, an' 'e's that

precious fond of her—" The sentence was left unfinished in the usual indeterminate fashion, and Hilton having recovered from his confusion, which happily none of the others had noticed, set to work again. By the time they had reached the top of the meadow and turned back to the bottom to begin again, the girl was nearly out of sight across the next field, but at least one pair of eyes shot a last furtive glance after her.

For the rest of that day Dick Hilton was unusually silent, but worked like a man possessed, so that the others had to pull him up continually, not having the inclination to keep pace with him. When work was over he walked back alone to the cottage where he lived, and after tea went out again and did not re-appear for nearly two hours. His landlady imagined that he had gone "up the village" to see some one, or perhaps to the Duke's Head, but she was mistaken. He had wandered away by himself into the fields, and coming at last to a certain spot where he knew he would be undisturbed, he had thrown himself down on the grass in a fit of mental abstraction, which was in itself an unusual thing for a farm labourer to do; but then he was not by any means an ordinary labourer. To begin with, he was not one of those children of the soil whose ancestors have toiled on the land before them for countless generations. His father had been a younger son of a large landowner in another part of the country, and had discredited himself with his parents by marrying beneath him. Cut off from all hopes of an inheritance, and forced to earn his own living, he had taken a position as bailiff on a farm in this very neighbourhood, and Dick had been sent to the village school with all the other children of the parish. Afterwards he had worked through

the various stages of the budding farm labourer until he arrived at the dignity of the finished article, with no particular prospect of ever being anything else. His mother had died when he was quite a child; when he was eighteen his father had followed her, and now he had for the last two years been standing alone in the world, without any kith or kin that he knew of, and hardly ever troubling himself with anything that lay beyond the narrow horizon of his daily life.

But now everything seemed different. A passing glance, a murmured word, and a picture that he could never forget had changed the whole aspect of life for him, and he felt that it could never be the same again. These things so little in themselves had called to him, and, perhaps without his quite realising it, had given the first stimulus to his latent ambition and dormant energy, demanding that from henceforth he should live for them, toil for them, and perhaps in the end cast all the fruits of his labours before them, an unavailing sacrifice, only he did not as yet see clearly into the distance. After a long time he rose, and walked half a mile further through the fields till he came to a fence that bounded a wide-spreading park. Far away among the trees the white walls of Sir Anthony Hallam's stately home gleamed in the light of the rising moon. He stood gazing at it for a while, and then went back to his home, to pass the night in dreaming many strange things.

The next day when work was done he gave himself an extra wash, put on a better coat, and went off up the hill to where the village school stood close by the old grey church. At work in his garden he found the schoolmaster, a tall man with a kindly face, but bent and worn and

grey beyond his years by the thankless, heart-breaking toil of a country school. He looked up from his French beans as his visitor entered the gate, and came across to shake hands with him. "How are you, Dick?" he said. "Splendid weather for the hay, isn't it?"

But putting aside all such mundane matters as the weather and the crops, the young man went straight to the point, and for over half an hour they talked in the garden, while the everlasting miracle of the sunset was performed once more behind the western hills.

"Well," said the schoolmaster at last, "you will want some books. Shall I get them for you?"

"If you wouldn't mind."

"Not at all. Come in a minute, will you? I think I have some catalogues that will tell us just what we want." For half an hour more they talked over price lists of different educational firms, and at last Hilton rose to go. "I shall have the books down in about a week," said the other, "but we may as well start at once. Can you come up to-morrow night?"

"Yes."

"Very well, come at eight then, will you?"

"All right; and, I'd rather pay in advance."

"Just as you like, there's no need unless you would rather. Well, as you will. I am only too glad to be of any use to you. Good-night."

"What did that young man want?" asked the schoolmaster's wife when he went in to supper.

"He is going to qualify himself for a bailiff's position," was the reply; "and I am to teach him arithmetic and book-keeping and land-measuring and all the rest; so he is coming up here for an hour three evenings a week; I am to have two

pounds a quarter for it, and he has paid the first in advance."

"What a blessing! Now I can pay the butcher to-morrow!"

"Yes. I wish I could find a few more like him, we could have a regular evening school. Why, we might get permanent technical instruction classes in time! It would be the making of the place." And so on and so on all through the supper time. Even a village school-master can see visions in the future.

II.

February, cold bleak February, with the bitter wind and stinging rain which chill one through and through, and which yet are things of joy, for are they not driving away the last ridge of snow from under the sheltering hedgerows, and do they not proclaim that the winter is passing?

On a dull grey day when the distant landscape was blurred by the driving mist of fine rain, Dick Hilton was busily going about his work. He was bailiff now on the farm where he had been a labourer, and he had held the position for two years past, for it was now the fourth year since that memorable June day. His work was hard and incessant, and holidays were things unknown, but he did not mind that, and when his long days were over he would spend hours in reading and studying those things which he thought would be of use to him now or in the future, until he knew as much about the theoretical and scientific side of farming as he did about the practical and homespun, and that was not a little. This day he was up and about soon after six as usual and, as it was too dark to do anything out of doors he spent the first hour in settling up the farm accounts for the week. After a hurried breakfast

at seven he went out and paid a visit of inspection in the immediate neighbourhood of the farm buildings, and then set off to a distant field to see about some work that was being done. At half-past eight he was back again, and then went across the road from the farmyard to a meadow in which were some of the sheep. The meadow was dotted with erections of straw thatched hurdles—"wattle-gates" we call them—for the early lambs had begun to arrive, and shelter was badly needed. He went round to each of these arrangements to see that they were so firm and strong that there was no danger of their being torn up by the fierce wind. At last, having seen to all the rest, he turned to go over to one which stood by itself in a corner of the meadow. A sick sheep lay there; she had seemed very ill last night when he had paid his last visit with a lantern, and he hurried to see how she was now.

There is hardly a more pitiful sight that meets the farmer's eye than a lamb, only a few days old, beside the body of its dead mother. The poor ungainly little thing seems so utterly at a loss to understand what is the matter, and its distress must touch even the most accustomed. Hilton felt very sad as he took the extra hurdle he had brought last night for a little more protection, and placed it across the entrance to keep out the others, and then gently picked up the lamb and carried it away. The farmer in him hated losing a sheep, and the man was sorry for the death of the animal, the more so as he had done all in his power for her. But he had not gone more than half the distance across the meadow to his house when he saw two figures coming towards him that made him forget all about the sheep and the

lamb too, while his heart beat so furiously that he could hardly breathe, and it needed a great effort to walk calmly on. For the tall grey-headed old man with the keen, kindly face was Sir Anthony Hallam, the largest landowner for miles around, and with him was his daughter, the girl of the vision of June, whom for all these years he had silently worshipped from afar. But now she smiled brightly as the old baronet nodded in response to his bared head, and greeted him cheerily.

"Good morning, Hilton. Nasty weather for the lambs. What's that one? Mother dead?"

"Yes, Sir Anthony, I am going to take it home. Do you want me?"

"Yes, I want to ask you something. Are you a fixture here, in your present position?"

Hilton looked at him hardly comprehending. "A fixture?" he repeated. "No, not if I get the chance of something better," he said simply.

"Very good. Then, that being the case, how would you like to come to me?"

"Come to you, sir?" said Hilton still puzzled. What could Sir Anthony want with a farm bailiff?

"As my steward." Too astonished to speak, Hilton stared at him for a moment, and he went on. "You see Vickers is leaving me in a month, going to marry and start on his own account, and I have had my eye on you for some time, and I have come to the conclusion that I could not get a better man if I advertised all over England, so the place is yours for the taking."

"I thank you very much, Sir Anthony," he replied, speaking slowly, for in his amazement it was difficult to find words. "I need hardly tell you how honoured I feel, and it means

more to me than I can say. But I don't know that I am competent for such a post."

"But I am sure you are, and that settles it! I should not have asked you unless. Come now, will you take it?"

"I will, sir, certainly, if——."

"I'm glad to hear it," broke in Sir Anthony cutting short Hilton's doubts. "Well, you are a busy man and so am I, so we will not stay longer now. Can you come across and see me about nine this evening?" Hilton promised to do so. "Very well, we can talk over matters then, and get everything settled. Good morning, Hilton."

"Good morning, Sir Anthony."

He held open the gate of the meadow for them. As they passed through the girl stopped and gently rubbed the woolly head of the lamb which Hilton carried. "Poor little thing," she said, "how lonely it looks." Then she went on to join her father leaving him standing still by the gate. As they went up the hill Sir Anthony said, "Well Marjorie, I hope you are satisfied now."

"Yes, daddy," was the reply, "and what is more I believe you are too."

"Well, yes, I think I am."

Till they were out of sight Dick Hilton stood looking after them as though in a kind of trance; and then feeling the lamb move in his arms, he took it indoors to his housekeeper, who immediately set about making some milk warm for it, while he went out and about his business once more. And as he performed each of the accustomed toilsome duties the sense of the reality of his good fortune rose in him like the tide, flooding his whole being with a thankful joy that was almost too much to bear.

III.

It was an evening of August, calm, clear and warm with the sun slowly sinking towards the west, as Hilton walked up the avenue that led to Sir Anthony Hallam's house, tired out with a long day's work. To be sure he might have driven, but the house where he now lived was not far off, and his horse was, if anything, more tired than he was.

For four years and six months he had been Sir Anthony's steward, and the time had left its mark on him in lines about the mouth and eyes which showed how the years had been spent, and spoke of strenuous toil and patient silent service. It had been a hard, but in the main a happy time. His work had been plentiful and often difficult, but that did not matter to him; the more complex and tedious it was the more he threw himself into it, till his employer wondered at his powers and was increasingly thankful that he had found such a man to serve him. What made his position hard was the very thing that gave him his chief happiness—his association with Marjorie Hallam. For now he met her almost every day, on terms of greater equality with each succeeding year, and it was very difficult at times to smother the flames that burned so continually within him, and it often needed all his powers of self-control to keep his voice and hand steady, lest by any chance they should betray him. Of late too there had been a change in her attitude towards himself which troubled him. Her old manner of frank friendliness seemed to have vanished, and to have left a kind of timid reserve which he found hard to bear and impossible to understand. However, there was no help for it; he could not alter it, much less enquire the cause of it, so he bore it as best

he could, and worked harder than ever.

When he reached the house he was shown up at once to Sir Anthony's study, and some ten minutes later the old baronet himself came in. "Here you are then, Hilton," he said. "I am sorry I could not come before, Martin has been here, chattering everlastingly as usual. Well, what have you been doing to-day? Two men's work I suppose. Are those the plans for the new cottages? Let's see what Johnson has done for us this time." Then for the next half hour the talk was of business, deeply interesting to the interested, but hardly so to the mere outsider. When at last it was over, Hilton was rising from his chair when his employer laid a hand on his shoulder and made him sit down again.

"I want you to stop and have dinner with us to-night," he said; "for one thing, I believe that if you don't you will go back to your place and get to work again, and I can't allow that; you do too much as it is; and for another reason, Marjorie and I are all alone and we want some one to liven us up a little."

"Then I fear you have chosen the wrong person, Sir Anthony. You should have kept Martin, he would have been far more entertaining. Besides, I haven't so much as looked at soap or a towel since this morning, to say nothing of my being in these things."

"It's no use for you to make excuses. There's plenty of soap here and you shall have all the towels you can use, and, as I have said, there will only be the three of us. Martin indeed! When I want a gramophone I'll buy one." With which declaration of independence the old gentleman rang the bell, and, when the placid footman appeared, handed Hilton over to him with the informa-

tion that he had just a quarter of an hour till dinner time. The footman took him off to a dressing-room, supplied hot water, and left him to wash to his heart's content.

Just as he had finished the gong sounded and he went out to go down to the dining room. On the landing he met Marjorie Hallam. "Oh, Mr. Hilton," she said, "I am glad that father persuaded you to stay. He said he would try."

"There was not much persuasion about it, Miss Hallam," he replied laughing, "not in the gentler sense of the word at any rate. Sir Anthony fairly commanded me to stay, and I confess I am glad he did, for in my present state I should hardly have cared to otherwise."

"You speak as though dinner here was a kind of court function. It's a good thing he did use the imperative mood if you are so extremely punctilious!"

They went down-stairs together and found that Sir Anthony was already in the drawing-room. During dinner they talked chiefly on matters concerning the estate, of which the girl knew as much as either of them, for, since her mother died six years ago, she had been her father's constant companion, and often when the two men found themselves in a dilemma they went to her for advice. It was a very pleasant little dinner, and Hilton thoroughly enjoyed it. They were not in the great dining-room but in a smaller, and they sat at a round table that was just the right size for three. The windows faced the west, and the room was lighted up by the glory of the sunset, and it shone full on the girl's face as she sat, and he found himself constantly watching her while he thanked Heaven that he had come so near to her as this. To-night too the reserve which had troubled him was gone,

and if her manner was not quite the same as it had been, it was even more charming, and he rejoiced in it.

After dinner they continued their conversation in the drawing-room for some time, and then Sir Anthony went off to his study, declaring that there was an article in the *Times* that he must read. The two went on talking for a few minutes, and then there came a silence. Marjorie rose from her place and went to the French window which stood open, and Hilton joined her. "How beautiful it is," she said, "shall we go out on the terrace for a little while?" Without waiting for an answer she crossed the threshold into the gentle twilight, and he followed, his heart beating wildly; he had never been alone with her quite like this before, and he prayed that he might have strength to control himself.

They paced slowly up and down together, and with every passing minute they seemed to draw nearer to each other, till it was almost more than he could bear, and looking up at him, she saw that his face was very white. "You are working too hard, Mr. Hilton," she said gently, "I am sure of it; you look quite ill to-night. You really must take care of yourself, for I don't know what we should do if anything happened to you. Why don't you go for a little holiday? We could manage somehow for a fortnight or so."

"It is very kind of you to suggest it, Miss Hallam," he replied, "but I assure you there is nothing the matter with me, and if I had a holiday I should not know what to do with it. As long as I can be of use to Sir Anthony and you I am perfectly happy, and don't wish for anything else whatever."

As he said this, she glanced up at him quickly, and then answered, "I

think it is very nice of you to say that, seeing how hard father works you. But at the same time I think you know how highly he values your services. He often says to me that the bare thought of your ever leaving us makes him feel miserable."

"He need have no fear of my ever doing that. Such a thought has not once entered my head. Sir Anthony took me very much on trust, and I should be ungrateful indeed if I were to forget it. I am glad to think that he finds me useful, and if we part it will not be my doing."

They came to the end of the terrace, and stood there, looking far across the park to the fields beyond, rolling away to the horizon, now standing out dark against the last afterglow of day. But Hilton felt none of the calm of that quiet evening. He was torn by a struggle so terrible that his whole body shook with it, and he leaned against the stone balustrade for support. If she only knew how hard it was for him! But it seemed that she was determined to make it harder, for she laid a timid little hand on his arm, and with the other she indicated the scene before them. "Look," she said very softly, "are you not sorry for me? All this will—will be mine, some day. What shall I do then? Will you still help me?"

He turned round and faced her. "Miss Hallam," he said, and his voice shook even as did his body, "till the hour of my death I can have no greater happiness than in serving you while I may. But for the love of Heaven have pity on me! Don't drive me to say that which I must not!"

"You talk of pity," she replied, the merciless sweetness of her voice piercing him through and through. "Have you none for me?" She was looking him full in the face. There

was no merry sparkle in her eyes now, but a strange new light.

"Marjorie," he said huskily, answering not what was spoken by her lips so much as what was shining from her eyes. "Do you mean that?" But she continued to look up at him and did not speak.

And then she was clasped in his arms, but before their lips met he had caught her whisper, "Oh, Dick, I thought you never *would* see!"

* * * * *

Now it happened that all this had taken place just below the open window of Sir Anthony's study, and in the great stillness of that evening every word had come clearly up to him where he sat, and presently he realised what was taking place. His first impulse was to spring up and interpose, but he sank back into his chair again. "It is my own fault," he said to himself, "I ought to have known, I ought to have seen it coming, but it is too late now. It would break her heart to send him away—and, I can't do without him. Well, after all, perhaps it is best so; I shall always have them with me, and she will have someone to take care of her, presently. But yet, she might have married any one!"

And then there came back to him the words he had spoken to Martin so many years ago. "Give me good oak," he had said, "even if it grows by a ditch." Well, if ever man was good oak, good solid oak, Dick Hilton was, he had proved him. Yes—and there was a touch of pride in the thought—and he had had no small share in the making of him. So by degrees the father and the friend triumphed over the baronet and the master; and at last with a smile full of kindness he rose and softly left the room, lest any more sacred speech should come up to him.

THE IRREGULARS OF THE NAVY.

IN all our naval wars, from the days of the Plantagenets to those of George the Third, the Royal Navy has been supplemented by a more or less numerous fleet of private ships of war, whose numbers varied in inverse ratio to the efficiency of the Royal Service. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the ships "of the Tower," which was then the principal Royal Arsenal, were no more than the nucleus of the naval forces of the Kingdom, which were drawn from every port along the coast. Not only the Cinque Ports (which enjoyed special privileges on condition of holding their ships always at the King's command) but every coast town from Land's End to Berwick,—from Hartlipole, Tynmouth, Lemington, Broughtlingsey, Grynshie, to others less recognisable, such as Swynehumber, Hamilhoke and Stotchhithe—contributed its quota to the great muster of the national forces. Even in Elizabeth's time it was recognised that the Royal Navy was only a part of the navy of England; for that included every ship that flew the Red Cross of St. George. Some of the Queen's officers bore her full commission; others were content to act upon her private licence; and it was not always easy to distinguish between them. The first regular "letters of marque and reprisal,"—the commission of the privateer—seem to have been issued in 1295. Bernard D'Ongressill, merchant of Bayonne, which was then part of the dominions of the King of England, sent his ship, the *St. Mary*, to Barbary; and on her return

voyage she was driven by stress of weather into the Tagus, where she was seized and plundered by an armed force, and the King of Portugal took a tenth of the booty. D'Ongressill estimated his loss at £700, and prayed the King's lieutenant of Gascony to grant him "licence of marking the men and subjects of Portugal," and their goods by land and sea, until he had recouped himself. This licence was granted, and confirmed by the King for five years from June, 1295; to cease as soon as restitution had been made.

Again, in 1377, John Philipot, then Lord Mayor of London, fitted out at his own expense a squadron of ships, manned them with a thousand fighting men, and led them himself to put a stop to the depredations of John Mercer, a Scotch "irregular" who was harrying our eastern coast with a fleet of ships manned by Frenchmen, Scots, and Spaniards. When he returned, bringing Mercer and fifteen prizes with him, the Lords of the Council demanded, by the mouth of the Earl of Strafford, how he dared make war without their formal authority; but they held their peace when Philipot told them that if they had done their duty there would have been no need for him to risk himself and his property in defence of their country.

In 1406, when the naval forces of the nation were fallen by neglect into utter insufficiency, the merchants, mariners, and ship-owners formally undertook the work of policing the Narrow Seas against anything short of "the royal power of the King's

enemies" with a fleet carrying two thousand men-at-arms, beside mariners; and Richard Clyderow and Nicholas Blackburne were invested with "such powers as had hitherto been granted to Admirals."

It would be unjust to these men, and their successors the privateers, to disparage them as merely mercenary adventurers who looked to plunder, and nothing else, for their reward. They took it, when it came in their way, just as the knightly heroes of Froissart made profit of their prowess when they could and thought no shame. Like them, the irregulars of the sea were fighting the battles of their country. It is only in later times that the fighting man has been expected to devote his life to doing his duty for something less than the current rate of wages, and to live penuriously, satisfied with the knowledge of duty done.

The Royal Navy has never been strong enough to perform all its multifarious functions in time of war with a first-class naval power. In earlier times the employment of private ships was found necessary, and their position as part of the national defences was recognised. As the Empire grew, and the trade with its outlying dependencies developed, the class of ships trading to the East and West Indies improved, and their armament was increased with their cargoes, till they became a match for anything that they were likely to encounter, save regular ships of war belonging to a hostile power. But they could not legally make prize of any marauding vessel which attacked them unless they were authorised to do so by letters-of-marque. Therefore many of the larger ships carried such letters: the ships of the East India Company always did so; not because they had any intention of cruising against the

sea-borne trade of hostile nations, but in order to legalise their position if they should be attacked by armed vessels of any, or no nationality. These regular traders were not to be confounded with the privateers which were fitted out in time of war by private owners, and were sent out to prey upon the commerce of the enemy. Two ships that sailed out of Liverpool about the year 1780 were typical of the two classes of "letters-of-marque,"—the *MERSEY*, Captain Gibbons, owned by Whitaker and Co., of fourteen hundred tons, carrying twenty-eight guns and a hundred men, which was a regular trader; and the *BELLONA*, Captain Fairweather, owned by Bolden and Co., of two hundred and fifty tons, carrying twenty-four guns and a hundred and forty men, which was a privateer.

The golden days of privateering began with the War of the Austrian Succession in 1740. The sensational incident of Jenkins's ear precipitated a naval war at a time when the Royal Navy, being scarcely strong enough to face the active hostility of the Spaniards and the scarcely veiled antagonism of the French, could give little or no protection to our commerce, which suffered terribly from the depredations of privateers of all nations, cruising under the Spanish flag. Walpole was compelled to issue letters-of-marque and reprisal wholesale in order to supply the lack of Royal cruisers and to protect our trade, as well as to attack that of the enemy. Privateers were fitted out in nearly all the considerable ports throughout the kingdom, but it was in Liverpool and Bristol that the irregular naval war was most popular.

The year 1744 was full of misfortune for the Navy, then at its lowest ebb. Admiral Matthews's muddled action with De Court, the loss of Sir John Balchen and the

VICTORY on the Caskets, and of five line-of-battle ships and two frigates by wreck or capture, made up a list of catastrophes which, happily, has never been equalled. It was a curious coincidence that the following year saw the first cruise of the most successful squadron of privateers that ever sailed the sea. Certain merchants of London and Bristol, Messieurs John Casamajor, Valentine Comyns, Edward Ironside, William Belcher, Israel Jalabert, and James Talbot, fitted out a squadron of three ships, and sent them to sea under the command of James Talbot as commodore. His broad pendant was hoisted in the PRINCE FREDERICK, and there sailed with him the DUKE and the PRINCE GEORGE. According to an account in the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE officers and men signed articles to accept half the value of the prizes that might be captured in lieu of wages, to be paid at Bristol by Henry Casamajor, their agent, in certain stipulated proportions. In the summer of 1745 they were cruising off Louisbourg, where the French were then besieged by a colonial force from Massachusetts, covered by a score of privateers. Talbot's squadron, which had naturally received the nickname of "the Royal Family" chased and captured two French ships, the LOUIS ERASMUS and the MARQUIS D'ANTIN, of almost fabulous value. It is said that the owners' share amounted to £700,000. The officers' shares are not mentioned, but each seaman took £850. A third ship, the NOTRE DAME DE LA DELIVERANCE, was taken by H.M.S. SUNDERLAND and CHESTER, and was valued at £600,000.

The discipline of the privateer cruisers was closely copied from that of the Royal Navy; no detail was neglected, nothing was left to chance. Mr. Gomer Williams, in his LIVERPOOL PRIVATEERS, reproduces the

quarter-bill of a privateer of the middle eighteenth century, carrying twenty nine-pounders on the main deck and four three-pounders on the quarter deck and forecastle. The captain fought the ship from the quarter-deck; the master, who handled her under the captain's orders, stood beside him; a midshipman was in attendance to pass the word and perform the duties of an aide-de-camp. One quarter-master was at the helm, another was in charge of the two three-pounder guns, and their crew of three men and a powder-boy; and the "first marine officer and twenty-four musketeers" completed the quarter-deck complement. Upon the main deck below them the first lieutenant commanded the ten foremost guns, five on each side; and the second lieutenant the ten aftermost guns, with the gunner to assist wherever he was required. Six men and a powder-boy were stationed at each of the ten guns in broadside, and its opposite. In the open waist, between the forecastle and the quarter-deck, were two masters'-mates, to tend the foretopsail braces and work the ship forward, with the boatswain's mate and two seamen to assist them and attend to any repairs of rigging. The carpenter and his crew attended to pumps and plugged any shot-holes near the water-line. The boatswain commanded on the forecastle with two seamen to work the ship and repair rigging, while three men and a boy served the two three-pounder guns, and the second marine-officer with nine musketeers supplied the small-arm fire. A midshipman and five small-arms men were stationed in the main-top; five more were in the fore-top, and three in the mizen-top. The gunner's mate and assistants were in the powder-room, and the surgeon and his mate in the cock-pit. All told, they mustered a

hundred and fifty officers and men. The main-deck guns were probably medium nine-pounders, eight feet long, weighing about twenty-six hundred-weight; the three-pounders would weigh about seven hundredweight. The whole art or science of privateering was expounded in a handy little text book by Captain Hutchinson, a celebrated master of the craft, who died in 1801. The only special fighting instruction addressed to the privateer was an injunction to be careful of his ship and so far as possible to keep her out of damage, as a duty which he owed to his owners. For this reason he was recommended to attack his enemy upon the quarter, then to pass under his stern, and rake him, and to keep clear of his broadside; very sound advice, which was founded upon the practice of all frigate-captains, but had no special virtue for the privateer.

Before the Seven Years' War began, privateering had been organised and reduced to a system; the haphazard methods of the earlier irregulars were past and gone. Even then it was not likely to be regarded with much favour by the officers or men of the regular service; for the chief object of its existence was to pick up valuable prizes which might otherwise have fallen to the share of His Majesty's ships. But, however it may have been with the small fry, the leading members of the profession earned and received much consideration and respect from the King's officers. They displayed a singularly lofty sense of the obligations imposed upon them by their letters-of-marque. They did not regard themselves as mere picaroons or commerce-destroyers; they were private ships of war, owned by private citizens, and they acknowledged the same duties, and were bound by the same loyalty, as the cruisers of the King. When-

ever national interests were at stake they co-operated with the King's forces, of which they were proud to be reckoned a part. In presence of the enemy they maintained the honour of the flag as jealously and fought as readily, as if their owners had sent them to sea to win glory, and had no care for prize-money. They were useful scouts, for they were constantly cruising, and they reported to the naval officers whenever it was practicable. They were officially desired to correspond with the Secretary of the Navy, and to report to him any captures or incidents which they considered of importance.

Across the great gulf of one hundred and fifty years that lies between their lives and ours, there floats, now and again, a faint echo of some of the gallant deeds that were done by these good seamen of a bygone day. A new school of ethics has arisen since then. Straightforward methods are denounced (the more's the pity) and virile virtues are out of fashion. The sturdy patriotism that saw no harm in spoiling the enemy who was doing his best to spoil them, is out of date, like the pig-tails, the old-fashioned finery, the heavily-built beak-headed ships, of those hard-fighting heroes by whose grace there is now a British Empire to be a happy hunting ground for philanthropists. They fought and took prizes with a steady persistence that was never shaken by sick dreams of magnanimity or weakened by anæmic visions of a graceful surrender. We are more enlightened now, and more humane. Although it is the non-combatants who declare war and make peace, yet the property of non-combatants must be respected, and the rough business of war must be carried on with a tender consideration for their convenience. It was not by observing such scruples that any nation emerged victorious from

the conflicts of the past. War is brutal ; that is conceded. It may be the truest mercy to make it short and sharp. Waged politely it tends to become chronic.

Among the many privateer captains who would have done honour to any service, was Fortunatus Wright. He came of a fighting stock ; his father, John Wright, master mariner and ship-owner of Liverpool, defended his ship for two hours against two enemies of superior force. Fortunatus began life by "following the sea" like his father. But in 1741, being then in business in Liverpool, he found it necessary to quit his native land somewhat abruptly (an accident which befell many other honest gentlemen in the troublous times about "the Forty-five") and settled with his wife and family at Leghorn. When the war broke out in 1746 some merchants of Leghorn fitted out the brigantine *FAME* as a privateer, and procured letters-of-marque from the British Government. Wright obtained the command. Captain Hutchinson, who at one time served under him, describes him as a master in seamanship and specially commends his carefully-devised system of cruising. It was certainly successful, for the *GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* appraised his captures at the conventional sum of £400,000. That amount occurs so frequently in privateering records that it was probably understood to signify vaguely the potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. Whatever the actual value may have been, Wright's share does not appear to have made a rich man of him. He got into trouble with the Tuscan Government, which ordered him to restore the value of a French ship, which had been taken after a smart engagement and legally condemned in a prize court. He refused, and was imprisoned for

six months. Then he gave bail in the Admiralty Court to answer the action, and was handed over to the British Consul and liberated ; but the action was never brought to trial.

When the Seven Years' War began, in May, 1756, Wright was fitting out a new ship, the *ST. GEORGE*. Those ten years had taught the Tuscan Government many things ; the duties of neutrals were better understood than they had been in 1746, and the English ships in the port were forbidden to make any additions to their normal crew or armament. Wright applied for information as to the limit which would be permitted for the *ST. GEORGE*, and learned that she might carry twenty-five men and four small guns. He requested the authorities to examine the ship and certify that she carried no more. Armed with this certificate and very little else, he sailed on July 28th, 1756, with four English ships, each armed and manned up to the legal limit, under his convoy. Once out of sight of land, the convoy brought to, and transferred their superfluous men and guns to the *ST. GEORGE*, till she carried her full armament of twelve guns, and her complement of eighty men. The process of transshipment was scarcely over when a large French ship hove in sight. The French had retained a lively recollection of Wright's exploits during the previous war, and were naturally anxious to prevent any repetition of them. It is related that Louis the Well-beloved had issued an edict at Marseilles, offering rewards to any one who should capture him. Twice the value of the *ST. GEORGE*, the command of a King's ship, a pension and the Cross of St. Louis, were among the inducements offered to the successful champion ; and the captain of this ship, a xebec of sixteen guns and a hundred and thirty men, was

the first to attempt the adventure. Wright met his advances half way, and after a lively encounter the xebec returned to Marseilles with the loss of the captain, a lieutenant, and sixty men killed.

Wright's operations were terribly hampered by his selection of Leghorn, a neutral port, for his base. When he returned to repair damages he was at once arrested for violating the neutrality of the port. Sir Horace Mann, the British minister, protested, but nevertheless the *St. GEORGE* and sixteen other English ships at Leghorn were detained, till Admiral Hawke, commanding in the Mediterranean, sent Captain Burnaby with two ships of the line to bring them out "by force if necessary."

The naval records of those days are not too trustworthy, and the exploits of popular privateers, described by unofficial chroniclers whose patriotic enthusiasm was stronger than their regard for historical accuracy, are perhaps exaggerated. But though the details may be generously treated, there is no doubt that they described incidents which actually occurred. Such an incident, sufficiently characteristic of the popular conception of privateers in general and *Fortunatus Wright* in particular, is recorded as happening at Malta. The *St. GEORGE* put in for provisions; but French influence being paramount in the island there were none to be had. There were, however, many British seamen who had been set ashore there by the French privateers who had captured their ships. Wright took these unlucky waifs, who were not prisoners of war, on board the *St. GEORGE*, to give them a passage to some neutral port, whence they might return home. He was ordered to send them ashore again, but refused to do so, as he considered it inconsistent with his duty to deliver up British subjects

under the British flag. He persisted in his refusal, till a royal galley anchored alongside the *St. GEORGE* with orders to give no quarter unless the men were given up. It was not long before he was able to retaliate. Mr. Tatem, British Consul at Messina, reported on Jan. 19th, 1757, that the *St. GEORGE*, Captain *Fortunatus Wright*, had fought two actions in the Channel of Malta, one at night and one in the day-time, with *L'HIRONDELLE*, a French polacca, of twenty-six guns and two hundred and eighty-three men. In spite of the disparity of force, Wright beat the Frenchman off. Four months later it was reported in a Liverpool newspaper that the *St. GEORGE* had gone down at sea in a gale on March 16th. Then came a later report that she had arrived at Messina on May 26th, with a valuable prize. It is an undeniable testimony to the general esteem in which *Fortunatus Wright* was held, that the *CHRONICLE* expressed its joy and relief in a lengthy poem.

He lives ! He lives ! In spite of all his
foes,
Celestial Powers were pleased to inter-
pose ;
He lives to conquer—lift the Flag on
high !
And let the joyful cannon greet the
sky.

These decorous lines extended to half a column or so, and might have been cut off the same piece as the lyrical tributes to Boscawen or Hawke. But their rejoicing was premature. Two months later Sir Horace Mann wrote, "It is feared, by his not having been heard of for some months, that he foundered at sea." Like many another good sea-captain—like Balchen, Troubridge, La Pérouse, Hyde Parker, and a thousand unnamed heroes—the mysterious sea claimed him and his

ship, and no man knows where they are lying.

Here is an advertisement which appeared in *WILLIAMSON'S ADVERTISER*, a Liverpool paper, on December 17th, 1756.

Now fitting out for a cruise, and will be ready to sail next week against the enemy of Great Britain, the ship *KING OF PRUSSIA*, privateer, under the command of William Mackaffee. Burthen 250 tons, mounts 16 carriage guns, all nine-pounders, 20 swivels, and 154 men. All gentlemen-seamen and able-bodied landmen that are willing to imitate the brave king whose name the ship bears, in curbing the insolence of the French and making their fortunes immediately, will meet with suitable encouragement by applying to Messrs. Thomas Parke and Stanhope Mason, Merchants; or the Commander. N.B.—The ship carried a commission last war, met with great success in taking many prizes, and is a prime sailor.

Mackaffee fell in with an outward-bound convoy in April, in the Gut of Gibraltar. Five of them struck to him, but four French men-of-war bore down and obliged him to draw off; he went in again after night-fall, and captured one ship, the snow *LA FAVORITE*, which sold for 30,000 livres, beside 20,000 dollars which were found on board her. Rear-admiral Charles Saunders, who had succeeded Hawke in the Mediterranean, was cruising with a squadron within sound of Mackaffee's guns, and was therefore entitled to share in the prize-money, "but," says Mackaffee, "the noble-spirited Admiral gave up his claim, and the rest of the captains followed his example." During the year the *KING OF PRUSSIA* took many prizes, one of which was worth 250,000 French livres. After twelve months' cruising Mackaffee had still a hundred of his "gentlemen-seamen" aboard with him in good health, beside prize-crews sent into Malta

and Candia; but condemnation was very expensive, and all the authorities expected presents. Perhaps that explains why the *KING OF PRUSSIA* was sold by auction in 1758, in consequence of the bankruptcy of one of her owners. In the same year Captain Hutchinson, the master craftsman, met with an annoying mishap. He commanded the crack privateer *LIVERPOOL*, carrying eighteen twelve-pounders and four nines, and captured a £20,000 prize in the Bay of Biscay. Soon afterwards, during the night of September 11th, he sighted another large ship. By his own rules he should have taken his position on her quarter or under her stern; but he neglected all precautions, ran alongside her, and by a natural but fatal blunder hailed her in French. There was no mistaking the language of the reply, which came in the form of a broadside that wounded twenty-eight men and half-unrigged the ship. Hutchinson's evil star had led him to attack the *ANTELOPE*, a fifty gun ship belonging to the fleet with which Hawke was blockading Brest. He was neither the first nor the last officer whose theory was more cautious than his practice.

Perhaps the first and greatest of privateer captains was George Walker. In daring, determination, and professional skill he was the equal of any naval captain of his day; his success as a cruising commander was almost unbroken; yet the evening of his day of glory was clouded by poverty. He, to whom all the seas had been free, knew what it was to spend years within the walls of a debtor's prison; and after having fought a Spanish line-of-battleship on equal terms he was indebted to a friend and namesake for the chance of earning his living in command of a fishing-boat. He was not deserted by the friends who knew him, though the skinflint

owners whom he served so well left him to starve in gaol. We owe it to one of his officers, who published an anonymous relation of Walker's VOYAGES AND CRUISES at Dublin in 1762, that his career is better known to us than that of any other hero of the irregular navy.

He began his adventurous life in the Dutch service, and cruised as a lad in the Levant against Greek and Turkish pirates. In 1739 he had risen to be the owner and commander of the *DUKE WILLIAM*, a ship of twenty guns, carrying a crew of only thirty-two men. Although he was so short-handed he thought it worth his while to obtain letters-of-marque before sailing for Gibraltar and thence to South Carolina. At daybreak off Cape Finisterre he fell in with a Spanish privateer of twenty-four guns. Less than half manned as he was, he set his crew to work to rig up dummy musketeers on deck. Hand-spikes covered with rags and remnants of clothing made a warlike show; the boatswain piped away shrilly after the naval fashion, and the *DUKE WILLIAM* stood on for her foe, captain and crew alike roaring with laughter at the dishevelled, stolid puppets that manned the deck. "Blaze away, lads, and make plenty of smoke," said Walker, "or we shall have these Spanish jokers picking off some of our wooden men!" But the dummies were men enough to overawe the Spaniards and they declined the action. When the *DUKE WILLIAM* arrived at her destination Walker found the coast of South Carolina unprotected by a single cruiser and harried by Spanish privateers.¹ He had a perfectly clear

conception of the duty that devolved upon the irregular navy in the absence of His Majesty's ships, and at once offered his vessel to the colonial government. He reinforced his irregular commission by entering as a volunteer in the colonial service, and his example was followed by so many gentlemen "of the county" that the *DUKE WILLIAM* went a-cruising with a full crew of a hundred and thirty men. For four months they served against Spanish ships afloat and Spanish batteries ashore. When the arrival of naval reinforcements relieved him of his self-imposed duty, he received the thanks of Governor Gabriel John-son and the Assembly. He remained upon the station till 1742 and then sailed for England in convoy of a fleet of merchantmen. They had a bad passage; the heavily timbered ships of that time were singularly weak in construction, and ill-fastened. Six hundred miles west of Sicily the *DUKE WILLIAM* started a butt. Night and day the pumps were kept going, and all but two of the guns were thrown overboard, but still they had eight feet of water in the hold, and, do what they would, the leak gained on them. Walker was down with dysentery, and after three days of a losing struggle Captain Burroughes, one of the convoy, took them off. Two hours after they left her, the ship went down.

Walker had lost everything but the clothes he wore; and when he reached England a new misfortune awaited him. His agent had allowed the insurance to lapse, and every shilling he had in the world had gone down with the *DUKE WILLIAM*. For a short time he had command of a Baltic trader; but he had found his vocation; he had tasted the fascination of privateering, and, what was more to the purpose, he had established a reputation as a commander, and in

¹ It was in 1740 that General Oglethorpe induced the Governor of Carolina to lend him the entire naval force on the station, some half-a-dozen frigates under Commodore Vincent Pearse, to assist in his unsuccessful attempt on St. Augustine in Florida.

1744 he obtained for the first time the command of a real private ship of war, unencumbered by cargo. Some gentlemen "of Dartmouth and London" had fitted out two ships, each of twenty-six guns and about a hundred and thirty men; one was the *MARS*; the other had been the French frigate *MADÉE*, and now bore the name of *Boscawen*, who had captured her a few months before. Walker was given the command of the *MARS*.

There was no regular naval uniform at that time. Such a thing was not even prescribed till 1746, and it was not generally adopted till ten or a dozen years later. All sea-officers dressed as they pleased; Smollett has left it on record that Commodore Truncheon boarded the "*RENUMMY*" in 1747 in a red jacket, and there are many incidents which suggest that the naval preference was for scarlet rather than blue. That self-respecting privateer, Captain George Walker, probably went ashore in all the glories of a full-skirted scarlet coat, with great boot-cuffs turned back to show lace ruffles, and a lace cravat instead of the standing collar of later days; for the rest, a long-flapped waistcoat, scarlet or white, scarlet knee-breeches, silk stockings and buckled shoes. The silver-hilted cut-and-thrust hanger would be half-hidden under the wide skirts; his hair, tied in a queue and powdered—or, it may have been, an elaborate wig—was covered with a three-cornered hat, which, like coat and waistcoat, cuffs and pockets, was heavy with gold lace. On the quarter-deck his dress would be better adapted to withstand wind and weather, but so smart a seaman could never have been slovenly. Dress him how you will, in rough sea-cloth or dainty foppery, he was every inch a man and an officer.

Two days after sailing from Dartmouth they fell in with a French frigate of twenty-six guns, out of Brest. Walker engaged her, but the *BOSCAWEN* gave no assistance and the Frenchman escaped into Brest again. Walker went on board the *BOSCAWEN* and had an interview with her captain which seems to have impressed him, for he behaved himself better afterwards. One December midnight the *MARS* fell in with two big Frenchmen, the *NEPTUNE*, seventy-four, and *FLEURON*, sixty-four. The *BOSCAWEN* was not then in company, and the *MARS*, being foul, sailed badly. Walker called all hands aft and said, "Gentlemen, I'm not so rash as to attempt an engagement with such superior force against me. All I ask is—obey orders, and, if possible, we'll get off without surrendering." They kept up a hot fire from their stern-chasers till both the line-of-battle ships ranged up, one on each quarter, and opened their lower-deck ports. Then he struck. The captain of the *FLEURON* to whom he was sent, asked him how he dared fire on a line-of-battle ship from so small a vessel. "If you look at my commission," said the undaunted privateer, "you'll see that I had as good a right to fight as you. And if my force had been greater I'd have been more civil to you aboard my ship than you are to me." Six Frenchmen had been killed. Several more had been wounded by strange missiles, and Walker was accused of loading his guns with broken glass. An enquiry was held and it was found that an Irishman at one of the after guns, seeing that there was no chance of escape, put all his money, sixteen shillings, in a handkerchief and crammed it in after the shot. "If I bribe them with this," said he, "maybe they won't plunder me."

Walker's mouth must have watered

when he learned from the captain of the *FLEURON*, who was civil enough after the Irishman's eccentricity had been explained to him, that the two big ships were homeward-bound from Martinique with specie amounting to nearly £4,000,000. A few days later they were chased by four British line-of-battle ships, two of seventy, and two of sixty guns, under Captain Savage Mostyn, who recaptured the *MARS* but did not attack the two Frenchmen. Mostyn was brought to a court-martial and acquitted, but he never recovered his reputation. Walker was landed at Cherbourg, and the day after he left her the *FLEURON* blew up, and all his property and his letters of credit went up with her. Left penniless for the second time he was fortunate enough to be exchanged almost immediately, and his owners appointed him to the *BOSCAWEN*. This ship measured one hundred and fifteen feet in the keel (which would imply a length of about one hundred and forty feet on the gun-deck) and was thirty-eight feet in breadth. She had originally carried twenty-eight nine-pounders on the main-deck; Walker substituted twelve-pounders for some of them, but these appeared by the sequel to be too heavy for the hull. She carried three hundred and fourteen men, and was in fact an exceedingly powerful frigate for her time. As usual, there were more ships fitting out than crews to man them. There was a certain Captain Tailor, of the privateer *EXETER* which was completing at Topsham when Walker was getting ready for sea at Dartmouth. Both were short of men and Tailor tried to induce some of the *BOSCAWEN*'s to desert their ship in order to join the *EXETER*. But Walker's name was better known than Tailor's, and so when seventeen of his people went over to Topsham to return the visit

they were able to use such arguments as enabled them to start upon the return journey with eighty of the *EXETER*'s men in tow. Walker met the motley assemblage tramping it along the road—and it is thirty long miles from Topsham to Dartmouth. Somewhere upon the road (it may have been at Newton Abbot) he provided a dinner for all hands, only stipulating that no man should get drunk “but come to their proprietors sober.” During the festivities he hired all the horses he could find in the town to carry them over the rest of the journey; there were not enough to give each man a separate mount, but they all found a berth somewhere, and it is recorded with pride that they were all sober when they arrived at Dartmouth, which may perhaps have been due to the unaccustomed horse-exercise. In those busy times it needed something more than an advertisement and a shipping office to obtain a crew for a privateer.

The *BOSCAWEN* sailed on April 19th, 1745, “the most complete privateer ever fitted out in England.” On May 24th, while cruising in company with the twenty-two-gun privateer *SHEERNESS*, a fleet of eight sail was sighted and chased. The *SHEERNESS* dropped astern; the enemy formed in line of battle, but Walker was nevertheless disinclined to believe that they were ships of war. “If you give me your votes for leading you on,” said he, “I’ll pawn my life to bring you off victorious.” Sixty men were lying sick below, but only three were absent when he beat to quarters. They laid the *BOSCAWEN* alongside the commodore, who was in a ship of twenty-four guns; and presently found themselves in hot action with an enemy on each side, another across their bows and a fourth under their stern. Yet this privateer crew at-

tended each man to his duty, and the BOSCAWEN was fought as steadily as if she had been a three-decker with Hawke himself on the quarter-deck. In forty-five minutes the commodore struck; not without reason, for his ship went down ten minutes afterwards. The rest held out for half an hour longer, and then Walker found himself in possession of five prizes, homeward bound from Martinique. Including the ship that had gone to the bottom they carried among them ninety-eight guns and three hundred and thirty men, of whom one hundred and thirteen were killed or drowned. The BOSCAWEN had only one man killed and seven wounded,—fairly good proof of the proficiency of her gunners. Walker was no less admirable in victory than in defeat; the commodore had lost everything, and Walker made him free of his own wardrobe. The case of an old lady who had been a passenger required more delicate treatment; but she managed as best she could with the gallant captain's silk night-gowns! The voyage home was enlivened with musical evenings and other entertainments; when they reached England he carried his prisoners to Bath where they remained as his guests for two months, and when he had obtained their release he provided a cartel to carry them home. This very gentle perfect knight duly received the congratulations of their Lordships through their Secretary, Mr. Corbet, and none can say that he had not deserved them.

George Walker thoroughly understood how to deal with privateersmen, always a difficult class of crew to handle. During the cruise a mysterious legend was whispered through the ship. It was said that a French gunner had murdered his wife on board of her while she was the *Médée*, and that the ghost of the

victim still haunted the BOSCAWEN. Sober, trustworthy men declared that they had seen the apparition and described its dress and appearance. The ghostly lady had not waited to be spoken to; woman-like, she had spoken first, and uttered dismal forebodings. By her account the BOSCAWEN was to be lost three times over. The crew were greatly depressed. It was useless to combat their superstitious fears, so Walker adopted a simpler method. He found two other men, no less sober and trustworthy than the first, who were willing for a consideration to declare that they had personated the phantom; whereupon all hands regained confidence and became cheerful again. But they were a troublesome set to deal with. A snow was captured, the *FORTUNE* of Hamburg; she was beyond all doubt a neutral, and Walker accordingly released her. The disappointed crew broke out in mutiny, and two of them were seized by the officers and put in irons. Next day Walker mustered all hands, read to them the clauses of the Treaty of 1674 relating to neutral ships, and furnished his insubordinate crew with copies to be studied at leisure. This treatment too was successful.

The BOSCAWEN had never been a strong ship, and she was only iron-fastened; the thirty-two hundred-weight twelve-pounders racked her to pieces, and she became so leaky on the voyage home that the people were worn out with labour at the pumps. Walker remained on deck for seven days; but the crew lost heart and the leaks gained on them. When the weather was at its worst and their hopes lowest, Walker suddenly hailed for a sail in sight, and bade the drummer beat to quarters. The worn-out crew turned on him in despair. "Are we going to engage like this?" demanded some of the more faint-

hearted. The haggard captain faced his disheartened crew. "Yes!" he roared at them, huskily. "You're going to fight your worst enemy—your own fear! Do you expect me to save the ship by myself? Turn to, and do your duty!" They managed to keep her afloat till Walker beached her at St. Ives with the loss of four men only. Every one knew that but for Walker's seamanship and determination the BOSCAWEN would have foundered with all hands.

He had not long to wait for another command. Late in 1745 Captain James Talbot and the "Royal Family" privateers had returned to England and the owners had shared £700,000 among them. They were eager for another venture, but Talbot was now a rich man and had no mind to go to sea again. The command of the KING GEORGE and the squadron was offered to Walker; the ships were fitted out at Bristol under his own eye, and the squadron was increased till it consisted of the KING GEORGE, Captain and Commodore Walker, of thirty-two guns and three hundred men; the PRINCE FREDERICK, Captain Hugh Bromedge, of twenty-six guns and two hundred and sixty men; the DUKE, Captain Edward Dottin, of twenty guns and two hundred and sixty men; and the PRINCESS AMELIA, Captain Robert Denham, of twenty-four guns and a hundred and fifty men; in all, one hundred and two guns and nine hundred and seventy men. Bristol was as busy as a royal dockyard, and the "Royal Family" had no need to advertise for seamen; they could pick and choose among a crowd of eager applicants.

The cruise began badly. The PRINCE FREDERICK was put on shore in the Bristol Channel by her pilot, and had to go back for repairs. A man in the DUKE murdered one of his shipmates and the assassin and

two witnesses were sent back to Bristol. The murderer was hanged, the PRINCE FREDERICK was left in dry dock, and the squadron sailed without them. Off Scilly they were chased by three French line-of-battle ships, and when night came Walker played the time-honoured trick of rigging a spar in a tub and setting it adrift with a lantern on the top of it; then he steered an altered course with all lights out, while the Frenchmen continued in chase of his tub. They met the West Indian and Newfoundland trade under convoy of H.M.S. RYE and MILFORD, and gave them warning of the French ships; and the King's ships and the "Royal Family" punctiliously saluted one another before parting. The PRINCE FREDERICK rejoined at the Azores, and soon after they captured the BUEN CONSEJO, a Spanish register ship sailing from Cadiz to Buenos Ayres with a cargo worth £60,000 and a number of lady-passengers. Walker agreed to accept ransom for the ship and cargo and took her into Lisbon. All hands seem to have been delighted when the Spanish ladies offered Walker heavy bribes of their jewellery to purchase "civil treatment," bribes which were courteously declined, inasmuch as the articles of the squadron forbade them to make prize of "clothes, personal ornaments, watches, rings, swords, or private property of any kind." Not long afterwards, in February, 1747, they chased and captured another register ship, the NINFA, and, by a curious coincidence, a number of their former prisoners in the BUEN CONSEJO had taken passage in her and fell a second time into their hands. The whole cruise lasted eight months; not one man of the squadron was lost; and the prizes taken sold for more than £220,000.

The "Royal Family" was again

reinforced for the next cruise. Dottin shifted into the PRINCE FREDERICK, Denham into the DUKE; Andrew Riddle commanded the PRINCESS AMELIA, Francis Davidson the PRINCE GEORGE, Frederick Hamilton the PRINCE EDWARD. Regardless of superstitions Walker sailed on a Friday, July 10th, 1747. His new cruising ground was between Cape St. Mary on the coast of Portugal and Cape Cantin in Morocco, covering both sides of the Straits and Cadiz. Three days after sailing on that ill-omened Friday misfortune overtook them, and the croakers were justified. On Monday, in a heavy sea, the PRINCE EDWARD went down suddenly, stern first, lost by a very strange and unusual accident. By the working of the ship the mainmast slipped out of the mast-step and knocked a hole through the bottom. Only Hamilton and two seamen were rescued. In October they watered in Lagos Bay. The PRINCE FREDERICK filled her casks first, and standing out of the bay at five o'clock in the morning sighted a large ship to the southward steering northerly towards Cape St. Vincent. The wind was from the north-east, and very light. Walker, already under way in the KING GEORGE, threw out the signal to chase; the PRINCE FREDERICK edged to the southward to cut off her retreat to leeward, while the KING GEORGE headed to cross her bows. As she drew nearer her appearance grew more and more formidable. Walker despatched a small settee tender to hurry up the PRINCESS AMELIA, which was still at anchor, and the PRINCE GEORGE and the DUKE which had misread the signal to chase and were hove-to. Presently the big stranger altered her course to the westward to avoid being caught between the KING GEORGE and the PRINCE FREDERICK. For five hours the slow pursuit went

on, the wind growing gradually lighter. About noon the last faint drain of it brought the KING GEORGE within gun-shot distance. Then it fell flat calm, and the two ships lay with their heads all round the compass, while the PRINCE FREDERICK was becalmed to the southward and the rest were out of sight. The big stranger hoisted her colours, but there was no breath of wind, and they hung from the mizen peak, limp and undecipherable. Spanish or Portuguese, friend or enemy, no one could distinguish. Walker had information of some homeward bound Spanish Indiamen of great value; none that he could hear of was more than a fifty-four gun ship. Even so, she was a handful; but presently, in lazy disdain, she opened her ports and ran out her guns. A seventy-four, no less! For a still half-hour she lay shimmering in the sun with her two tiers, both of twenty-four pounders, Spanish fashion, reflected in the water under her. She was the GLORIOSO; Walker did not know that three months before she had beaten off the WARWICK, a sixty-four gun ship; and that the OXFORD of fifty guns, the SHOREHAM and the LARK, both of twenty-four, sailing in company, had let her alone as too big for them to tackle. From the course she was steering he took it for granted that whatever she carried was still on board, and, big or little, he had no mind to let her carry it into a Spanish port.

When the GLORIOSO had allowed the little ship to count every gun and reckon up what poor chances she had of silencing them, she hauled in her guns and dropped her ports, never dreaming that she would yet be compelled to open them again in self-defence. Walker was a born leader of men, and here was proof of it; he inspired his officers and men with a

daring as reckless, a courage as steadfast, as his own. He called a council on the quarter-deck. All were of opinion that she carried treasure; that she also carried guns was a secondary consideration, and their unanimous vote was to attack. At five in the afternoon a light breeze ruffled the water and the Spaniard shaped her course for St. Vincent. They were confirmed in their opinion that she was a treasure-ship, trying to reach the protection of the batteries there; and without more ado George Walker took his ship alongside her, and hailed in Portuguese. There was no answer. He hailed again in English, and was answered in the same language: "What was his ship?" "The KING GEORGE." Up went the ports again; the guns ran out; and with a blaze and a roar the heavy broadside crashed into the KING GEORGE. Two of her guns were dismounted, and the maintopsail-yard hung in fragments, but the broadside was returned; it was then eight o'clock and quite dark, and for three mortal hours the fight went on, the big ship and the little one standing in to the land side by side. There is no instance of any single frigate, belonging to any service, deliberately engaging a line-of-battle ship in close action on equal terms, save this; and it was left to George Walker the privateer to establish a unique record.

After the first broadside the Spanish gunners fired as fast as they could, but each gun was served independently. There would be a salvo of five or six at once; then single guns one after another; while the well-drilled gunners of the KING GEORGE sent in their broadsides "neatly and regularly, the last as good and as steady as the first." The whole ship worked like a machine. Andrew Riddle's brother James was "captain of marines" and kept up

a heavy fire of musketry; three times over his men had to change their heated muskets, while the captain fought the ship with his own inimitable coolness and composure. As they neared the shore the Castle on Cape St. Vincent opened fire; the KING GEORGE was terribly mauled. Every brace was cut through, all three masts were damaged; the ship was unmanageable and the hull was shot through and through, yet she had only sixteen men hit; most of the GLORIOSO's shot passed over her. At half-past ten the PRINCE FREDERICK came up on the Spaniard's larboard quarter and opened fire; at eleven o'clock at night the GLORIOSO made sail out of action. The KING GEORGE was unable to follow, and Walker dared not send the PRINCE FREDERICK in chase lest his own ship should sink under him; but shot-holes were plugged and rigging knotted or spliced, and at the dawn the two Princes and the DUKE were despatched in chase.

Above the horizon to the east there rose the topsails of a large ship. The RUSSELL, of eighty guns, Captain Matthew Buckle, was on her way home from the Mediterranean, with only half a crew and many of them sick. Walker despatched his settee with a letter to her captain, informing him that the squadron in sight to the westward was his "Royal Family" in pursuit of a Spanish seventy-four which would be an easy conquest for the RUSSELL. Buckle returned compliments and thanks and stood on after the Spaniard. Walker kept an anxious eye on the fortunes of his squadron. He saw the leading ship had got alongside the chase, and was in hot action. Suddenly a huge cloud of smoke burst from her; when it slowly rose and drifted away the Spaniard was still there, but her antagonist had disappeared. Walker

turned to his officers. "If we have tears, gentlemen," said he, "we may shed them now, for our friends are gone!" As he spoke an explosion shook his own ship from stem to stern. His "marines" had piled muskets and cartridge-boxes on the quarter-deck gratings while they assisted to repair the rigging, and a kick to a loaded musket had ignited the whole pile. The after sails took fire, and the crew, who had fought so steadily through the action were wild with panic. Walker, Riddle, and the chaplain (whose name is not given) extinguished the fire and restored order.

The ship that they had seen go up in a cloud of powder-smoke was not the *PRINCE FREDERICK*, but the *DARTMOUTH*, a fifty-gun ship which had been attracted by the sound of the heavy firing of the night before. Of her crew of three hundred only Lieutenant O'Brien and sixteen seamen escaped. The *GLORIOSO* was still full of fight, and when the *RUSSELL* at length brought her to action she gave the half-manned eighty a great deal of trouble. For five hours she defended herself most gallantly; but at length her main-topmast went over the side and the Spanish colours came down.

Lieutenant O'Brien and the survivors of the *DARTMOUTH* were picked up by the boats of the *PRINCE FREDERICK*. When the scorched and half-drowned lieutenant came up the side he politely saluted Captain Dottin, and excused himself for coming on board a strange ship in such a pickle, on the ground that he had left his own ship in such a hurry that he had no time to change his dress. When the *KING GEORGE* was once more a manageable ship, she brought to near the scene of the action, and Walker and Riddle went on board the *RUSSELL*. Captain Buckle received

them on the quarter-deck and introduced them to the captain of the *GLORIOSO*, who greeted them with the chivalrous courtesy of a Spaniard. "Sir," said he to Walker, "I owe to you the death of my son; but that was the fortune of war, not your fault. I am sorry that you have no better reward than empty glory. My ship carried nothing but guns; all the treasure was landed at the Groyne before we met." Three millions of treasure had been landed at Ferrol! The blow was utterly unexpected; but the great privateer was equal to the occasion. There was no trace of disappointment in his courteous expression of satisfaction that so brave a commander had escaped unhurt from the action he had fought so well: and then he returned with unmoved serenity to break the news to his squadron. The whole fleet put into Lisbon with their unremunerative prize, and there Lieutenant O'Brien, who was under the care of the surgeon of the *KING GEORGE*, was invited to go on board one of His Majesty's ships then in harbour, but he declared that he preferred to remain where he was unless they were going to make him a captain at once, for "Captain Walker had spoiled him for anything else."

The managing owner of the "Royal Family" (apparently Mr. Casamajor) came to Lisbon and gave Walker "a very uncouth welcome" for venturing their ship against a line-of-battle ship; but that was more than he could put up with. "Had the treasure been aboard as I expected," said he, "your compliment would have been other ways. Had we let her escape with that treasure aboard, what would you have said?" He was fated to have another difference with this man before they separated. Casamajor had arranged the ransom

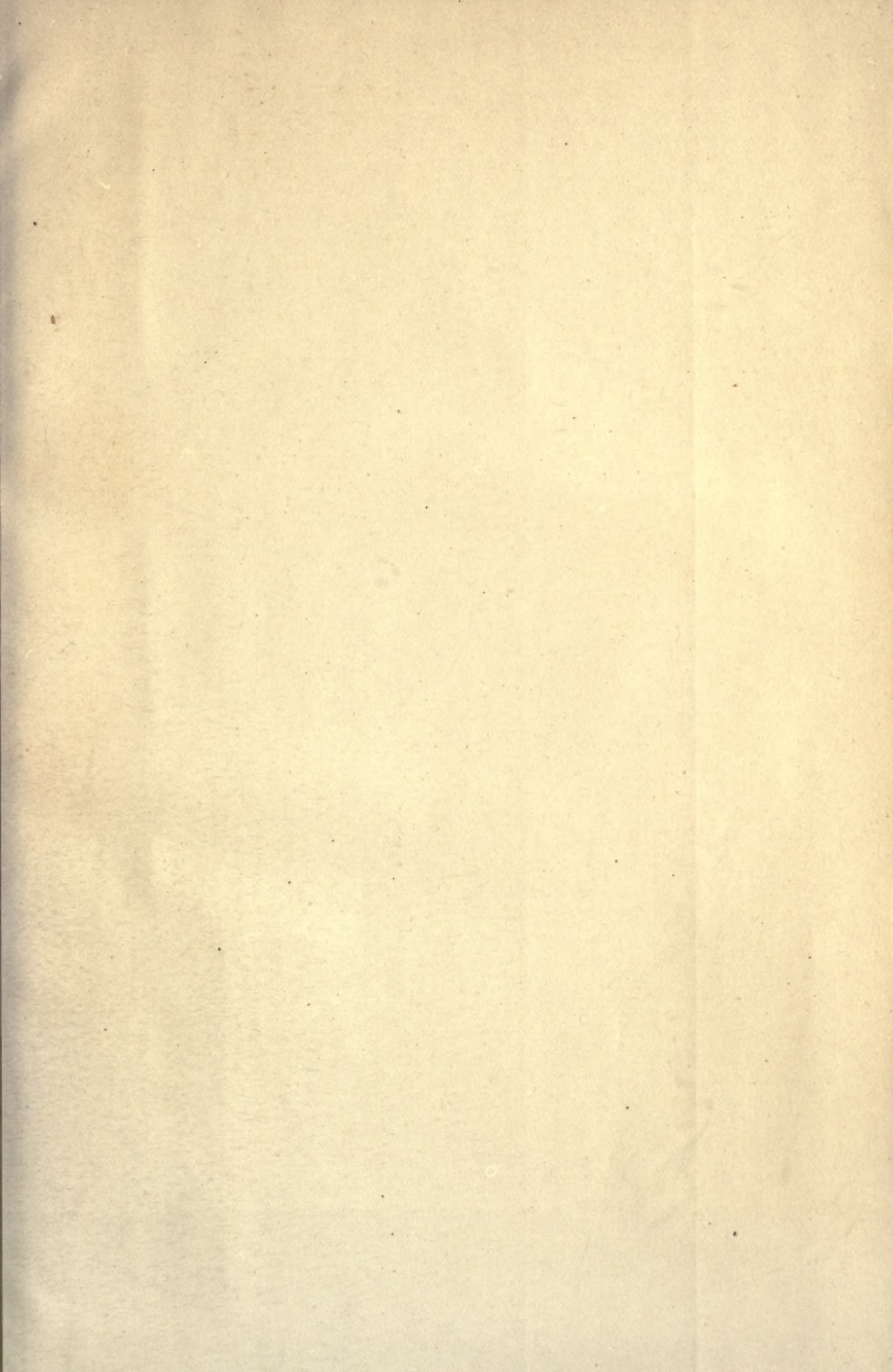
for the *BUEN CONSELJO*, and in the articles which he had signed there was a clause undertaking that Walker should give her convoy as far as the Canary Isles. Walker very properly refused to give protection to the King's enemies, and the result was a quarrel. The question was referred to Sir Benjamin Keene, the British minister, who approved of Walker's action and administered a sharp reprimand to the managing owner.

That quarrel cost Walker dear. Peace was signed in 1748, and, his occupation being gone, he busied himself in an endeavour to organise a "General British fishery," and with that object visited the coasts of Scotland and Norway, taking soundings and making charts; but the accounts of his cruises had been ill-kept, and his owners began to be troublesome. Privateers had multiplied and the enemy's trade had decreased since Talbot's time; the reapers were many and the crop was scanty, yet the "Royal Family" while under his command had garnered £400,000. The worst accusation that his enemies could bring against him was that of extravagance in making advances to officers and men while abroad; but the honest tradesmen who had fitted out the "Royal Family" had neither forgotten nor forgiven the sturdy independence of their fighting commodore. George Walker had regarded himself as an officer of irregulars, bearing the King's licence, if not his commission, to harass the enemy's communications and make prize of his commerce wherever he found it. What his owners saw was their own paid servant, who owed no duty to any but themselves, and whose sole business was to obey their orders and earn their dividends. There was

a dispute as to a sum of £5,000 for which Walker was held liable; whatever money he had saved was swallowed up in legal expenses, and in 1756, just as the Seven Years' War was beginning, he was imprisoned for debt. No one knows exactly how long he remained in hopeless bondage, but he was still there in 1762. When the Seven Years' War was passed and over he was released, utterly penniless; he was indebted to a friend and namesake, who had had no share in his prosperity, for a refuge in the day of his distress; and George Walker, the equal of any officer of the Royal Navy of his day, was thankful to obtain the command of a fishing boat, to cruise against the cod and ling in the northern seas. He died in 1777.

He was the very type and pattern of the reckless, generous, extravagant sailor of romantic drama, the hero of song and story, the idol of this little island that only exists by grace of such as he. What more natural than that he should end his meteoric career in a debtors' prison or a North Sea fishing smack? Of all those for whom he had made money, or with whom he had spent it, of all the men whom he had led in action and in weather fair and foul, there was none to remember him save the friend who chronicled his exploits and the namesake who found him the means of livelihood. That was the fate of most of the privateers. Not for them the thanks of Parliament or the glories of Westminster Abbey. Yet in the evil days when our Navy was at its worst, hide-bound by the tradition of Fighting Instructions that had long ceased to be fighting tactics, they served their country well and struck hard to win and hold her sea-dominion against all the world.

W. J. FLETCHER.



W.S.T.

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